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LONDON:

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LONDON MAGAZINE

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HERRIS,

[Edwards of Salisbury, Wilt.]

THE LION'S HEAD

Is quite overwhelmed by the liberal offers of Sophronia. Her Sonnet on the Iron Bridge is too like Wordsworth's in the subject. The Moral Essays, in the manner of Pope, are too chaste in style for the readers of this age. The Nativity is not a good subject for a Tale; and an Essay on Platonic Love would not be fairly treated by her.

The Echo we fear will not answer.

H.'s Captivity is in some parts pathetic; but in others he has allowed himself to be tempted into a strain that accords but ill with its melancholy:

Ah me, it is the worst of wretched things,
When men are pinioned and have got no wings;
They watch regretfully the sparrows small,
And gaze with envy on a *freestone* wall.
Night brought me hither and reliev'd my pains
Awhile, because she hid me from my chains;
The morning came and she was *mist*, but I
Was left in bonds, &c.

Alien is foreign to his subject.

We think prose a good vehicle for *Telemaque*, and should be sorry to see him reduced to feet even of the Heroic measure.

Senex—is he 81 in the shade? appears to have suffered by the dry weather. Perhaps his aftercrop will be better.

H. is completely mistaken in his theory—but if he will call on Mr. Thornton, No. 59, Great — Street, (he knows where) the author of the article will give him a satisfactory answer.

“It is pleasant to be immortal,” says a Correspondent signed S., “if it is only for a season.” Marry, here is a fellow that discounts Eternity!

Anacreon, in his foolish Greek manner, entreated one of the Royal Academy of Antiquity (some Sir Thomas Lawrence of Teos) to paint his Mistress, and though he desired effects which were sufficient to poze the acutest brush, he still did not (to use Mr. Egan's fanciful phraseology) “render the features perfectly unintelligible.” A Chelsea Anacreon submits the following directions to the R. A.'s of this age. Whether they are capable of

execution we leave to the painters to determine—but the lines have an originality about them which seems to hold out its own protection. We should like to see Mr. Shee or Mr. Phillips working to this pattern.

COME, take thy pencil—paint my love,
More tender than most tender dove ;
Suffuse her cheeks with that warm glow,
Would fain on lover hope bestow ;
And make it frequent *go and come*,
Back to and from its sighful home.
Lay on her *tongue the tone of truth*,
The vesper hymn of virgin truth,
She loves each eve, in pious praise,
To lisp to Sol's declining rays ;
And hide that song from vulgar ken
Within its own most hallow'd pen,
By double row of pillars, chaste
As Dian in the *moral waste*, &c.
From those lips *let odours breathe* ;
Round them *all my kisses wreath*.
In her fond voluptuous chin
Mould a dimple, hearts to *gin* ;
And make thy magic art uprear
A heartsease smile behind each tear, &c. &c.
Give to her feet the airy motion
Of sunbeams trembling on the ocean ;
Lay her white fingers on a harp
Of gold the pow'r of gloom to warp.
And *if thou cans't*, in its eburn nest
Paint, paint the heart beneath her breast ;
Make visible its million springs,
Nor snap one of its thousand strings ;
Depict it in a tear wave guise
Floating upon a sea of sighs,
Its hundred ears inclined to one
Sweet tale of love, &c. &c. &c.

The following are (to use a tender word) rejected:—The Exile's Lament; Fanny Faddle; Sonnet on a Cluster of Snowdrops; Lines written on a height overlooking Spithead; The First Kiss; G.— Sonnet on the Death of Buonaparte; Pensive on the Doctor's Pantaloons; Aliquis; A. S. M. Answers for others are left at our Publishers'.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXI.

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VOL. VI.

WANDERINGS IN JUNE.

THE season now is all delight,
Sweet smile the passing hours,
And Summer's pleasures, at their height,
Are sweet as are her flowers ;
The purple morning waken'd soon,
The mid-day's gleaming din,
Grey evening with her silver moon,—
Are sweet to mingle in.

While waking doves betake to flight
From off each roosting bough,
While Nature's locks are wet with night,—
How sweet to wander now !
Fast fade the vapours cool and grey ;
The red sun waxes strong,
And streaks on labour's early way
His shadows lank and long.

Serenely sweet the Morning comes
O'er the horizon's sweep,
And calmly breaks the wakening hums
Of Nature's nightly sleep.
What rapture swells with every sound
Of Morning's maiden hours !
What healthful feelings breathe around !
What freshness opes the flowers !

Each tree and flower, in every hue
And varied green, are spread,
As fair and frail as drops the dew
From off each blooming head ;
Like to that beauty which beguiles
The eyes of wondering men,
Led blushing to perfection's smiles
And left to wither then.

How strange a scene has come to pass
 Since Summer 'gan its reign,
 Spring flowers are buried in the grass,
 To sleep till Spring again :
 Her dew-drops Evening still receives
 To gild the morning hours ;
 But dew-drops fall on open'd leaves
 And moisten stranger flowers.

The artless daisies' smiling face
 My wanderings find no more ;
 The king-cups that supplied their place,
 Their golden race is o'er ;
 And clover heads, with ruddy bloom,
 That blossom where they fell,
 Ere Autumn's fading mornings come
 Shall meet their grave as well.

Life's every beauty fades away,
 And short its worldly race ;
 Change leads us round its varied day,
 And strangers take our place :
 On Summers past, how many eyes
 Have waken'd into bliss,
 That Death's eclipsing hand denies
 To view the charms of this !

The open flower, the loaded bough,
 The fields of spindling grain,
 Were blooming then the same as now,
 And so will bloom again :
 When with the past my being dies,
 Still summer suns shall shine,
 And other eyes shall see them rise
 When death has darken'd mine.

Reflection, with thy mortal shrouds
 When thou dost interfere,
 Though all is gay, what gloomy clouds
 Thy musings shadow here !
 To think of summers yet to come,
 That I am not to see !
 To think a weed is yet to bloom
 From dust that I shall be !

The misty clouds of purple hue
 Are fading from the eye ;
 And ruddy streaks, which morning drew,
 Have left a dappled sky ;
 The sun has call'd the bees abroad,
 Wet with the early hour,
 By toiling for the honey'd load
 Ere dews forsake the flower.

O'er yonder hill, a dusty rout
 Wakes solitude from sleep ;
 Shepherds have wattled pens about,
 To shear their bleating sheep :
 Less pleasing is the public way,
 Traced with awaken'd toil ;
 And sweet are woods shut out from day,
 Where sunbeams never smile.

The woodbines, fresh with morning hours,
Are what I love to see ;
The ivy spreading darksome bowers,
Is where I love to be ;
Left there, as when a boy, to lie
And talk to flower and tree,
And fancy, in my extacy,
Their silence answers me.

While pride desires tumultuous joys,
And shuns what nature wears ;
Give me the choice which they despise,
And I'll not sigh for theirs ;—
The shady wilds, the summer dreams,
Enjoying there at will,
The whispering voice of woods and streams
That breathe of Eden still.

How sweet the fanning breeze is felt,
Breathed through the dancing boughs !
How sweet the rural noises melt
From distant sheep and cows !
The lovely green of wood and hill,
The hummings in the air,
Serenely in my breast instil
The rapture reigning there.

To me how sweet the whispering winds,
The woods again how sweet,—
To find the peace which freedom finds,
And from the world retreat ;
To stretch beneath a spreading tree,
That far its shadow shoots,
While by its side the water free
Curls through the twisted roots.

Such silence oft be mine to meet
In leisure's musing hours ;
Oft be a fountain's brink my seat—
My partners—birds and flowers :
No tumult here creates alarm,
No pains our follies find ;
Peace visits us in every calm,
Health breathes in every wind.

Now cool, the wood my wanderings shrouds,
'Neath arbours Nature weaves,
Shut up from viewing fields and clouds,
And buried deep in leaves ;
The sounds without amuse me still,
Mixt with the sounds within,—
The scythe with sharpening tinkles shrill,
The cuckoo's soothing din.

The eye, no longer left to range,
Is pent in narrowest bound,
Yet Nature's works, unnamed and strange,
My every step surround ;
Things small as dust, of every dye,
That scarce the sight perceives,
Some clad with wings fly droning by,
Some climb the grass and leaves.

And flowers these darksome woodlands rear,
 Whose shades they yearly claim,
 That Nature's wond'rous mystery wear
 And bloom without a name :
 What different shapes in leaves are seen
 That o'er my head embower,
 Clad in as many shades of green
 As colours in the flower !

My path now gleams with fairer light,
 The side approaches near,
 A heath now bolts upon the sight,
 And rabbit-tracks appear :
 I love the heath, though 'mid the brakes
 Fear shudders, trampling through,
 Oft check'd at things she fancies snakes
 Quick nestling from the view.

Yet where the ground is nibbled bare
 By rabbits and by sheep,
 I often fearless loiter there,
 And think myself to sleep ;
 Dear are the scenes which Nature loves,
 Where she untamed retires,
 Far from the stretch of planted groves,
 Which polish'd taste admires.

Here oft, though grass and moss are seen
 Tann'd brown for want of showers,
 Still keeps the ling its darksome green,
 Thick set with little flowers ;
 And here, thick mingling o'er the heath,
 The furze delights to dwell,
 Whose blossoms steal the summer's breath,
 And shed a sultry smell.

Here threat'ning ploughs have tried in vain
 To till the sandy soil ;
 Yon slope, already sown with grain,
 Shows Nature mocks the toil ;
 The wild weeds choak the straggling ears,
 And motley gardens spread ;
 The blue-cap there in bloom appears,
 And poppies, lively red.

And now my footsteps sidle round
 The gently sloping hill,
 And faulter now o'er marshy ground ;
 Yet Nature charms me still :
 Here moss, and grass, and flowers appear
 Of different forms and hues ;
 And insects too inhabit here
 Which still my wonder views.

Here horsetail, round the water's edge,
 In bushy tufts is spread,
 With rush, and cutting leaves of sedge
 That children learn to dread,
 Whose leaves like razors mingling there
 Oft make the youngster turn,
 Leaving his rushes in despair,
 A wounded hand to mourn.

What wonders strike my idle gaze,
 As near the pond I stand!
 What life its stagnant depth displays,
 As varied as the land:
 All forms and sizes swimming there,
 Some, sheath'd in silvery den,
 Oft siling up as if for air,
 And nimbling down agen.

Now rising ground attempts again
 To change the restless view,
 The pathways leading down the lane
 My pleasures still renew.
 The osier's slender shade is by,
 And bushes thickly spread;
 Again the ground is firm and dry,
 Nor trembles 'neath the tread.

On this side, ash or oak embowers;
 There, hawthorns humbler grow,
 With goatsbeard wreath'd, and woodbine flowers,
 That shade a brook below,
 Which feebly purls its rippling moans
 With summer draining dry;
 And struttles, as I step the stones,
 Can scarcely struggle by.

Now soon shall end these musing dreams
 In solitude's retreat;
 The eye that dwelt on woods and streams
 The village soon shall meet:
 Nigh on the sight the steeple towers;
 The clock, with mellow hum,
 Counts out the day's declining hours,
 And calls my ramblings home.

I love to visit Spring's young blooms
 When wet with April showers;
 Nor feel less joy, when Summer comes,
 To trace her darker bowers;
 I love to meet the Autumn winds
 Till they have mourn'd their last;
 Nor less delight my journey finds
 In Winter's howling blast.

JOHN CLARE.

THE INCONSTANT LADY.

A SONNET.

DID I not fly to thee, and in thine eyes
 Look for all comfort? Listening to the sound
 Of thy gay innocent voice, have I not found
 Intense delight, speaking it with my sighs?
 Thou didst not know it, but I shaped replies,
 That so thy converse, with unbroken round
 Of melody, as from enchanted ground,
 Might win my soothed soul to paradise.—
 Ah, what a change!—The world is all alike
 Buried in darkness to the scorn'd and blind:
 I see no glimpse of joy. Thy features strike
 Other beholders still with love, and find
 Worshippers every where:—but I disdain
 To pray to gods that answer not again.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM MASON.

IN CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

IT is to be regretted that no one of Mason's friends has thought fit to pay the same tribute of respect to his memory, which he had himself paid to that of his two poetical friends, Gray and Whitehead. In this dearth of authentic biography, we must be contented with such information concerning him, as either his own writings, or the incidental mention made of him by others, will furnish.

William Mason was born on the 23d of February, 1725, at Hull, where his father, who was vicar of St. Trinity, resided. Whether he had any other preceptor in boyhood, except his parent, is not known. That this parent was a man of no common attainments, appears from a poem which his son addressed to him when he had attained his twenty-first year, and in which he acknowledged with gratitude the instructions he had received from him in the arts of painting, poetry, and music. In 1742, he was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge; and there, in 1744, the year in which Pope died, he wrote *Musæus*, a monody on that poet; and *Il Bellicoso* and *Il Pacifico*, a very juvenile imitation, as he properly calls it, of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. In 1745, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and in the ensuing year, with a heavy heart, and with some fear lest he should grow old 'in northern clime,' bade farewell to *Granta* in an Ode, which commemorates the virtues of his tutor Dr. Powell. He soon, however, returned; by his father's permission visited London; and removing from St. John's College to Pembroke Hall, was unexpectedly nominated Fellow of that society in 1747, when, by the advice of Dr. Powell, he published *Musæus*. His fourth Ode expresses his delight at the prospect of being restored to the banks of the Cam. In a letter to a friend written this year, he boasts that his poem had already passed through three impressions. At the same time, he wrote his Ode to a

Water Nymph, not without some fancy and elegance, in which his passion for the new style of gardening first showed itself; as his political bias did the year after in *Isis*, a poem levelled against the supposed Toryism of Oxford, and chiefly valuable for having called forth the *Triumph of Isis*, by Thomas Warton. To this he prefixed an advertisement, declaring that it would never have appeared in print, had not an interpolated copy, published in a country newspaper, scandalously misrepresented the principles of the author. Now commenced his intimacy with Gray, who was rather more than eight years his senior, a disparity which, at that period of life, is apt to prevent men at college from uniting very closely. His friend described him to Dr. Wharton as having much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty. "I take him," continued Gray, "for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body he meets with: he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it." On reviewing this character of himself twenty-five years after, he confessed, what cannot be matter of surprise, that this interval had made a considerable abatement in his general philanthropy; but denied having looked for more emolument from his publications than a few guineas to take him to a play or an opera. Gray's next report of him, after a year's farther acquaintance, is, that he grows apace into his good graces, as he knows him more; that "he is very ingenious, with great good nature and simplicity; a little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and so undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think

of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all." At this time, he published an Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle, which his friend, who was a laughing spectator of the ceremony, considers "the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance," and thinks it, "with some little abatements, uncommonly well on such an occasion:" it was, however, very inferior to that which he himself composed when the Duke of Grafton was installed.

His next production (in 1751) was *Elfrida*, written on the model of the ancient Greek Tragedy; a delicate exotic, not made to thrive in our "cold septentrion blasts," and which, when it was long after transferred to the theatre by Colman, was unable to endure the rough aspect of a British audience. The poet complained of some trimming and altering that had been thought requisite by the manager on the occasion; and Colman, it is said, in return, threatened him with a chorus of Grecian washerwomen. Matters were no better when Mason himself undertook to prepare it for the stage.

In 1752, we find him recommended to Lord Rockingham, by Mr. Charles Yorke, who thought him, said Warburton, likely to attach that Lord's liking to him, as he was a young nobleman of elegance, and loved painting and music. In the following year he lost his father, in the disposition of whose affairs he was less considered than he thought himself entitled to expect. What the reason for this partiality was, it would be vain to conjecture; nor have we any means of knowing whether the disappointment determined him to the choice of a profession which he made soon after (in 1754), when he entered into the church. From the following passage, in a letter of Warburton's, it appears that the step was not taken without some hesitation. "Mr. Mason has called on me. I found him yet unresolved whether he would take the living. I said, was the question about a mere secular employment, I should blame him without reserve if he refused the offer. But as I regarded going into

orders in another light, I frankly owned to him he ought not to go unless he had a call; by which I meant, I told him, nothing fanatical or superstitious, but an inclination, and on that a resolution, to dedicate all his studies to the science of religion, and totally to abandon his poetry: he entirely agreed with me in thinking that decency, reputation, and religion, all required this sacrifice of him, and that if he went into orders he intended to give it." This was surely an absurd squeamishness in one of the same profession, as Warburton was, who had begun his career by translations in prose and verse from Latin writers, had then mingled in the literary cabals of the day, and afterwards did not think his time misemployed in editing and commenting on Shakspeare and Pope. Yet he was unreasonable enough to continue his expectations that Mason should do what he had, without any apparent compunction, omitted to do himself; for after speaking of Brown, the unfortunate author of *Barbarossa*, who was also an ecclesiastic, he adds: "How much shall I honour one, who has a stronger propensity to poetry, and has got a greater name in it, if he performs his promise to me of putting away these idle baggages after his sacred espousal." After all, this proved to be one of the vows at which Jove laughs. The sacred espousal did not lessen his devotion to the idle baggages; and it is very doubtful whether he discharged his duties as King's Chaplain or Rector of Aston (for both which appointments he was indebted to the kindness of Lord Holderness) at all the worse for this attachment, which he was indeed barefaced enough to avow two years after by the publication of some of his odes. At his Rectory of Aston, in Yorkshire, he continued to live for great part of his remaining life, with occasional absences in the metropolis, at Cambridge, or at York, where he was made Precentor and Canon of the Cathedral, and where his residence was therefore sometimes required. I have not learnt whether he had any other preferment. Hurd, in a letter written in 1768, mentions that the death of a Dr. Atwell threw a good living into his hands. Be this as it

might, he was rich enough, and had an annual income of about fifteen hundred pounds at his death. Lord Orford says of him somewhere in his letters, that he intended to have refused a bishopric if it had been offered him. He might have spared himself the pains of coming to this resolution; for mitres, "though they fell on many a critic's head," and on that of his friend Hurd among the rest, did not seem adapted to the brows of a poet. When the death of Cibber had made the laurel vacant, he was informed that "being in orders he was thought merely on that account less eligible for the office than a layman." "A reason," said he, "so politely put, I was glad to hear assigned; and if I had thought it a weak one, they who know me will readily believe that I am the last man in the world who would have attempted to controvert it." Of the laurel, he probably was not more ambitious than of the mitre; though he was still so obstinate as to believe that he might unite the characters of a clerk and a poet, to which he would fain have superadded that of a statist also. *Caractacus*, another tragedy on the ancient plan, but which made a better figure on the stage, appeared in 1759; and in 1762, three elegies. In 1769, Harris heard him preach at St. James's early prayers, and give a fling at the French for the invasion of Corsica. Thus politics, added his hearer, have entered the sanctuary. The sermon is the sixth in his printed collection. A fling at the French was at all times a favourite topic with him. In the discourse delivered before George III. on the Sunday preceding his Coronation, he has stretched the text a little that he may take occasion to descant on the blessings of civil liberty, and has quoted Montesquieu's opinion of the British government. In praising our religious toleration, he is careful to justify our exception of the church of Rome from the general indulgence. Nor was it in the pulpit only that he acted the politician. He was one of those, as we are told in the *Biographical Dictionary*, who thought the decision of Parliament on the Middlesex election a violation of the rights of the people; and when the counties began, in 1779,

to associate for parliamentary reform, he took an active part in assisting their deliberations, and wrote several patriotic manifestos. In the same year appeared his Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain, on the trial of Admiral Keppel, in which the poetry is strangled by the politics. His harp was in better tune, when, in 1782, an Ode to Mr. Pitt declared the hopes he had conceived of the son of Chatham; for like many others, who espoused the cause of freedom, he had ranged himself among the partizans of the youthful statesman, who was then doing all he could to persuade others, as he had no doubt persuaded himself, that he was one of the number.

In the mean time Gray, who, if he had lived longer, might, perhaps, have restrained him from mixing in this turmoil, was no more. The office which he performed of biographer, or rather of editor, for his deceased friend, has given us one of the most delightful books in its kind that our language can boast. It is just that this acknowledgment should be made to Mason, although Mr. Mathias has recently added many others of Gray's most valuable papers, which his former editor was scarcely scholar enough to estimate as they deserved; and Mr. Mitford has shown us, that some omissions, and perhaps some alterations, were unnecessarily made by him in the letters themselves. As to the task which the latter of these gentlemen imposed on himself, few will think that every passage which he has admitted, though there be nothing in any to detract from the real worth of Gray, could have been made public consistently with those sacred feelings of regard for his memory by which the mind of Mason was impressed, and that reluctance which he must have had to conquer, before he resolved on the publication at all. The following extract from a letter, written by the Rev. Edward Jones, brings us into the presence of Mason, and almost to an acquaintance with his thoughts at this time, and on this occasion. "Being at York in September 1771," (Gray died on the thirtieth of July preceding,) "I was introduced to Mr. Mason, then in residence. On my first

visit, he was sitting in an attitude of much attention to a drawing, pinned up near the fire-place; and another gentleman, whom I afterwards found to be a Mr. Varlet, a miniature painter, who has since settled at Bath, had evidently been in conversation with him about it. My friend begged leave to ask *whom* it was intended to represent. Mr. Mason hesitated, and looked earnestly at Mr. Varlet. I could not resist (though I instantly felt a wish to have been silent) saying, surely from the strong likeness it must be the late Mr. Gray. Mr. Mason at once certainly forgave the intrusion, by asking my opinion as to his fears of having caricatured his poor friend. The features were certainly softened down, previously to the engraving." *—*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix. p. 718.

In the next year, 1772, appeared the first book of the *English Garden*. The other three followed separately in 1777, 1779, and 1782. The very title of this poem was enough to induce a suspicion, that the art which it taught (if art it can be called) was not founded on general and permanent principles. It was rather a mode which the taste of the time and country had rendered prevalent, and which the love of novelty is already supplanting. In the neighbourhood of those buildings which man constructs for use or magnificence, there is no reason why he should prefer irregularity to order, or dispose his paths in curved lines, rather than in straight. Homer, when he describes the cavern of Calypso, covers it with a vine, and scatters the alder, the poplar, and the cypress, without any symmetry about it; but near the palace of Alcinous he lays out the garden by the rule and compass. Our first parents in Paradise, are placed by Milton amidst

A happy rural seat of various view;

but let the same poet represent himself in his pensive or his cheerful moods, and he is at one time walking "by hedge-row elms on hillocks

green;" and at another, "in trim gardens." When we are willing to escape from the tedium of uniformity, nature and accident supply numberless varieties, which we shall for the most part vainly strive to heighten and improve. It is too much to say, that we will use the face of the country as the painter does his canvas;

Take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours.

The analogy can scarcely hold farther than in a parterre; and even there very imperfectly. Mason could not bear to see his own system pushed to that excess into which it naturally led; and bitterly resented the attempts made by the advocates of the picturesque, to introduce into his landscapes more factitious wildness than he intended.

In 1783, he published a Translation from the Latin of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, in which the precepts are more capable of being reduced to practice. He had undertaken the task when young, partly as an exercise in versification, and partly to fix on his mind the principles of an art in which he had himself some skill. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having desired to see it, added some notes, and induced him to revise and publish it. The artist found in it the theory of ideal beauty, which had been taught him by Zachary Mudge, from the writings of Plato, and which enabled him to rise above the mere mechanism of his predecessors. That Mason's version surpasses the original, is not saying much in its praise. In some prefatory lines addressed to Reynolds, he has described the character of Dryden with much happiness.

The last poem which he published separately, was a *Secular Ode on the Revolution in 1688*. It was formal and vapid; but sufficed to show that time, though it had checked "the lyric rapture," had left him his ardour in the cause of freedom. Like the two leaders of the opposite parties, Pitt and Fox, he hailed with glad voice the dawn of French liberty. It was

* It is said, that the best likeness of Gray is to be found in the figure of Scipio, in an engraving for the edition of *Gil Blas*, printed at Amsterdam, 1735, vol. iv. p. 94.—See Mr. Mitford's *Gray*, vol. i. lxxxii. A copy of this figure would be acceptable to many of Gray's admirers.

only for the gifted eye of Burke to foresee the storm that was impending.

At the same time he recommended the cause of the enslaved negroes from the pulpit. The abolition of the slave trade was one of the few political subjects the introduction of which seemed to be allowable in that place. In 1788, appeared also his *Memoirs of William Whitehead*, attached to the posthumous works of that writer; a piece of biography, as little to be compared in interest to the former, as Whitehead himself can be compared to Gray.

His old age glided on in solitude and peace amid his favourite pursuits, at his rectory of Aston, where he had taught his two acres of garden to command the inequalities of "hill and dale," and to combine "use with beauty." The sonnet in which he dedicated his poems to his patron, the Earl of Holderness, describes in his best manner the happiness he enjoyed in this retreat. He was not long permitted to add to his other pleasures the comforts of a connubial life. In 1765, he had married Mary, daughter of William Shermon, Esq., of Kingston-upon-Hull, who in two years left him a widower. Her epitaph is one of those little poems to which we can always return with a melancholy pleasure. I have heard that this lady had so little regard for the art in which her husband excelled, that on his presenting her with a copy of verses, after the wedding was over, she crumpled them up and put them into her pocket unread. When he had entered his seventieth year, Hurd, who had been his first friend, and the faithful monitor of his studies from youth, confined him "to a sonnet once a year, or so;" warning him, that "age, like infancy, should forbear to play with pointed tools." He had more latitude allowed in prose; for in 1795 he published *Essays Historical and Critical on English Church Music*. In the former part of his subject, he is said, by those who have the best means of knowing, to be well informed and accurate; but in the latter to err on the side of a dry simplicity, which, in the present refined state of the art, it would not answer any good purpose to introduce into the music of

our churches. In speaking of a wind instrument, which William of Malmsbury seems to describe as being acted on by the vapour arising from hot water, he has unfortunately gone out of his way to ridicule the projected invention of the steam-boat by Lord Stanhope. The atrocities committed during the fury of the French revolution had so entirely cured him of his predilection for the popular part of our government, that he could not resist the opportunity, however ill-timed, of casting a slur on this nobleman, who was accused of being over-partial to it. In the third essay, on *Parochial Psalmody*, he gives the preference to Merrick's weak and affected version over the two other translations that are used in our churches. The late Bishop Horsley, in his *Commentary on the Psalms*, was, I believe, the first who was hardy enough to claim that palm for Sternhold, to which, with all its awkwardness, his rude vigour entitles him.

When he comes to speak of *Christianizing* our hymns, the apprehension which he expresses of deviating from the present practice of our establishment seems to have restrained him from saying something which he would otherwise have said. The question surely is not so much, what the practice of our present establishment is, as what that of the first Christians was. There is, perhaps, no alteration in our service that could be made with better effect than this, provided it were made with as great caution as its importance demands.

His death, which was at last sudden, was caused by a hurt on his shin, that happened when he was stepping out of his carriage. On the Sunday (two days after) he felt so little inconvenience from the accident as to officiate in his church at Aston. But on the next Wednesday, the 7th of April, 1797, a rapid mortification brought him to his grave. His monument, of which Bacon was the sculptor, is placed in Westminster Abbey, near that of Gray, with the following inscription:—

Optimo Viro
Gulielmo Mason, A.M.
Poetæ,
Si quis alius
Culto, Casto, Pio
Sacrum.
Ob. 7. Apr. 1797.
Æt. 72.

Mason is reported to have been ugly in his person. His portrait, by Reynolds, gives to features, ill-formed and gross, an expression of intelligence and benignity. In the latter part of life, his character appears to have undergone a greater change, from its primitive openness and good nature, than mere time and experience of the world should have wrought in it. Perhaps this was nothing more than a slight perversion which he had contracted in the school of Warburton. What was a coarse arrogance in the master himself, assumed the form of nicety and superciliousness in the less confident and better regulated tempers of Mason and Hurd. His harmless vanity cleaved to him longer. As a proof of this, it is related that, several years after the publication of *Isis*, when he was travelling through Oxford, and happened to cross over Magdalen Bridge at a late hour of the evening, he turned round to a friend who was riding with him, and remarked that it was luckily grown dusk, for they should enter the University unobserved. When his friend, with some surprise, inquired into the reason of this caution; what, (said he) do you not remember my *Isis*?

He was very sensible to the annoyance of the periodical critics, which Gray was too philosophical or too proud to regard otherwise than as matter of amusement. He was the butt for a long line of satirists or lampooners. Churchill, Lloyd, Colman, the author of the *Probationary Odes*, and, if I remember right, Paul Whitehead and Wolcot, all leveled their shafts at him in turn. In the *Probationary Odes*, his peculiarities were well caught: when the writer of these pages repeated some of the lines in which he was imitated, to Anna Seward, whose admiration of Mason is recorded in her letters, she observed, that what was meant for a burlesque was in itself excellent. There is reason to suppose that he sometimes indulged himself in the same licence under which he suffered from others. If he was indeed the author of the *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Cham-*

bers, and of some other anonymous satires which have been imputed to him, he must have felt Hayley's intended compliment as a severe reproach:

Sublimer Mason! not to thee belong
The reptile beauties of invenom'd song.

Of the *Epistle*, when it was remarked, in the hearing of Thomas Warton, that it had more energy than could have been expected from Walpole, to whom others ascribed it, Warton remarked that it might have been written by Walpole, and buckramed by Mason. Indeed, it is not unlikely that one supplied the venom, and the other spotted the snake. In a letter of expostulation to Warton, Mason did not go the length of disclaiming the satire, though he was angry enough that it should be laid at his door. I have heard that he received with much apathy the praises offered him by Hayley, in the *Essay on Epic Poetry*. He has remarked, "that if rhyme does not condense the sense, which passes through its vehicle, it ceases to be good, either as verse or rhyme."* This rule is laid down too broadly. His own practice was not always consonant with it, as Hayley's never was. With Darwin's poetry, it is said that he was much pleased.

His way of composing, as we learn from Gray's remarks upon his poems, was to cast down his first thoughts carelessly, and at large, and then clip them here and there at leisure. "This method," as his friend observed, "will leave behind it a laxity, a diffuseness. The force of a thought (otherwise well-invented, well-turned, and well-placed) is often weakened by it." He might have added, that it is apt to give to poetry the air of declamation.

Mason wished to join what he considered the correctness of Pope with the high imaginative power of Milton, and the lavish colouring of Spenser. In the attempt to unite qualities so heterogeneous, the effect of each is in a great measure lost, and little better than a *caput mortuum* remains. With all his praises of simplicity, he is generally much

* *Essays on English Church Music, Mason's Works*, vol. iii. p. 370.

afraid of saying any thing in a plain and natural manner. He often expresses the commonest thoughts in a studied periphrasis. He is like a man, who being admitted into better company than his birth and education have fitted him for, is under continual apprehension, lest his attitude and motions should betray his origin. Even his negligence is studied. His muse resembles the Prioress in Chaucer,

That pained her to counterfete chere,
Of court and be stateliche of manere,
And to been holden digne of reverence.

Yet there were happier moments in which he delivered himself up to the ruling inspiration. So it was when he composed the choruses in the *Caractacus*, beginning,

Mona on Snowdon calls—

Hail, thou harp of Phrygian frame—
and

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread—
Of which it is scarcely too much to say that in some parts they remind us of the ancient tragedians.

In each of his two Tragedies, the incidents are conducted with so much skill, and there is so much power of moving the affections, that one is tempted to wish he had pursued this line, though he perhaps would never have done any thing much better in it. One great fault is that the *dramatis personæ* are too much employed in pointing out the *Claudes* and *Salvator Rosas* with which they are surrounded. They seem to want nothing but long poles in their hands to make them very good conductors over a gallery of pictures. When Earl Orgar, on seeing the habitation of his daughter, begins

How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun.
Embosom yon fair mansion ! The soft air
Salutes me with most cool and temperate
breath ;

And, as I tread, the flower-besprinkled lawn
Sends up a cloud of fragrance—

and Aulus Didius opens the other play with a description somewhat more appropriate :

This is the secret centre of the isle :
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of
wonder

Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad
brown arms

Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark
yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged
base,
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this
wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone ; they awe my
soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd through his drear domain—

we could fancy that both these personages had come fresh from the study of the English garden. The distresses of *Elfrida*, and the heroism of *Caractacus*, are in danger of becoming objects of secondary consideration, while we are admiring the shades of *Harewood*, and the rocks of *Mona*. He has attempted to shelter himself under the authority of *Sophocles* ; but though there are some exquisite touches of landscape-painting in that drama, the poet has introduced them with a much more sparing hand. It is said that *Hurd* pruned away a great deal more luxuriance of this kind, with which the first draught of the *Elfrida* was overrun ; and we learn from *Gray*, in his admirable letter of criticism on the *Caractacus*, that the opening of that tragedy was, as it at first stood, even much more objectionable than at present. Such descriptions are better suited to the *Masque*, a species of drama founded on some wild and romantic adventure, and of which the interest does not depend on the manners or the passions. It is therefore more in its place in *Argentile* and *Curan*, which he calls a legendary drama, written on the old English model. He composed it after the other two, and during the short time that his wife lived ; but, like several of his poems, it was not published till the year of his decease. The beginning promises well ; and the language of our old writers is at first tolerably well imitated. There is afterwards too much trick and too many prettinesses ; such is that of the nosegay which the princess finds, and concludes from its tasteful arrangement to be the work of princely fingers. The subordinate parts, of the *Falconer*, and *Ralph*, his deputy, are not sustained according to the author's first conception of them. The story is well put together. He

has, perhaps, nothing else that is equal in expression to the following passage.

Thou know'st, when we did quit our anchor'd barks,

We cross'd a pleasant valley ; rather say
A nest of sister vales, o'erhung with hills
Of varied form and foliage ; every vale
Had its own proper brook, the which it
hugg'd

In its green breast, as if it fear'd to lose
The treasure'd crystal. You might mark
the course

Of these cool rills more by the ear than eye,
For, though they oft would to the sun unfold
Their silver as they past, 'twas quickly lost ;
But ever did they murmur. On the verge
Of one of these clear streams, there stood
a cell

O'ergrown with moss and ivy ; near to
which,

On a fall'n trunk, that bridged the little
brook,

A hermit sat. Of him we ask'd the name
Of this sweet valley, and he call'd it Hake-
ness. (*Argentile and Curan, A. 1.*)

In two lines more, we are unluckily
reminded that this is no living land-
scape.

Thither, my Sewold, go, or pitch thy tent
Near to thy ships, for they are near the
scene.

Since the time of Mason, this rage
for describing what is called scenery
(and scenery indeed it often is,
having little of nature in it) has in-
fected many of our play-writers and
novelists.

Argentile's intention of raising a
rustic monument to the memory of
his father, is taken from Shakspeare.

This grove my sighs shall consecrate ; in
shape

Of some fair tomb, here will I heap the turf
And call it Adelbriht's. Yon aged yew,
Whose rifted trunk, rough bark, and gnarl-
ed roots,

Give solemn proof of its high ancience,
Shall canopy the shrine. There's not a
flower,

That hangs the dewy head, and seems to
weep,

As pallid blue bells, crow-tyes and marsh
lilies,

But I'll plant here, and if they chance to
wither,

My tears shall water them ; there's not a
bird

That trails a sad soft note, as ringdoves do,
Or twitters painfully like the dun martlet,
But I will lure by my best art, to roost

And plain them in these branches. Larks
and finches

Will I fright hence, nor aught shall dare
approach

This pensive spot, save solitary things
That love to mourn as I do.

How cold and lifeless are these
pretty lines, when compared to the
"wench-like words," of the young
princes, which suggested them.

If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not
lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale prim-
rose ; nor

The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock
would

With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
The rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

This is grief, seeking to relieve and
forget itself in fiction and fancy ; the
other, though the occasion required
an expression of deeper sorrow, is a
mere pomp of feeling.

His blank verse in the English
Garden has not the majesty of Aken-
side, the sweetness of Dyer, or the
terseness of Armstrong. Its cha-
racteristic is delicacy ; but it is a de-
licacy approaching nearer to weak-
ness than to grace. It has more re-
semblance to the rill that trickles
over its fretted channel, than to the
stream that winds with a full tide,
and "warbles as it flows." The
practice of cutting it into dialogue
had perhaps crippled him. As he
has made the characters in his plays
too attentive to the decorations of the
scene-painter, so in the last book of
the English Garden he has turned his
landscape into a theatre, for the re-
presentation of a play. The story of
Nerina is too long and too compli-
cated for an episode in a didactic
poem. He will seldom bear to be
confronted with those writers whom
he is found either by accident or de-
sign to resemble. His picture of the
callow young in a bird's-nest is, I

think, with some alteration, copied from Statius.

—— Her young meanwhile
Callow and cold, from their moss-woven
nest
Peep forth; they stretch their little eager
throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone
spray
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.
(*English Garden*, b. 3.)

—— Volucrum sic turba recentum,
Cum reducem longo prospexit in æthere
matrem,
Ire cupit contra, summâque e margine nidi
Extat hians; jam jamque cadat ni pectore
toto
Obstet aperta parens et amantibus increpet
alis. (*Theb. lib. x. 458.*)

Oppian's imitation of this is happier.

Ως δ' ὅπ' ὅτ' ἀπτήνίσσι φέρι βόσιν ὄρ-
ταλίχοισι
Μήτηρ, ἰαρινὴ Ζεφύρου πρωτάγγελος
ὄρνις,
Οἱ δ' ἀπαλὸν τρύζοντες ἐπιθρώσκουσι
καλῆ,
Γηθόσυννοι περὶ μητρὶ, καὶ ἱμείροντες
ἰδωδῆς
Χεῖλος ἀναπνύσσουσιν ἅπαν' ἐπὶ δῶμα
λέληκεν
Ἀνδρὸς ξεινοδόχοιο λίγα κλάζουσι νεοσ-
σοῖς. (*Halieut. l. iii. 248.*)

Hurd, in the letter he addressed to him on the Marks of Imitation, observed, that the imagery with which the Ode to Memory opens, is borrowed from Strada's Prolusions. The chorus in *Elfrida*, beginning

Hail to thy living light,
Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseate ray:
is taken from the Hymnus in *Auroram*, by Flaminio.*

His Sappho, a lyrical drama, is one of the few attempts that have been made to bring amongst us that tuneful trifle, the modern Opera of the Italians. It has been transferred by Mr. Mathias into that language, to which alone it seemed properly to belong. Mr. Glasse has done as much for Caractacus by giving it up to the Greek. Of the two Odes, which are all, excepting some few fragments, that remain to us of the Lesbian poetess, he has introduced Translations into his drama. There is

more glitter of phrase than in the versions made, if I recollect right, by Ambrose Phillips, which are inserted in the *Spectator*, No. 222 and 229; but much less of that passionate emotion which marks the original. Most of my readers will remember that which begins,

Blest as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

It is thus rendered by Mason:

The youth that gazes on thy charms,
Rivals in bliss the Gods on high,
Whose ear thy pleasing converse warms,
Thy lovely smile his eye.

But trembling awe my bosom heaves,
When placed those heavenly charms
among;

The sight my voice of power bereaves,
And chains my torpid tongue.

Through every thrilling fibre flies
The subtle flame; in dimness drear
My eyes are veil'd; a murmuring noise
Glides tinkling through my ear;

Death's chilly dew my limbs o'erspreads,
Shiv'ring, convuls'd, I panting lye;
And pale, as is the flower that fades,
I droop, I faint, I die.

The rudest language, in which there was anything of natural feeling, would be preferable to this cold splendour. In the other ode, he comes into contrast with Akenside.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant queen of love;
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move.
Why is my faithful maid distressed?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, flies he? soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts? he soon shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows? he shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

Akenside, b. 1, Ode 13.

This, though not unexceptionable, and particularly in the last verse, has yet a tenderness and spirit utterly wanting in Mason.

What from my power would Sappho claim?
Who scorns thy flame?
What wayward boy
Disdains to yield thee joy for joy?
Soon shall he court the bliss he flies;
Soon beg the boon he now denies,
And, hastening back to love and thee,
Repay the wrong with extacy.

* A translation of this will be found at page 77, of the present number.

In the *Pygmalion*, a lyrical scene, he has made an effort equally vain, to represent the impassioned eloquence of Jean Jaques Rousseau.

In his shorter poems, there is too frequent a recurrence of the same machinery, and that, such as it needed but little invention to create. Either the poet himself, or some other person, is introduced, musing by a stream or lake, or in a forest, when the appearance of some celestial visitant, muse, spirit, or angel, suddenly awakens his attention.

Soft gleams of lustre tremble through the grove,
And sacred airs of minstrelsy divine
Are harp'd around, and flutt'ring pions move.
Ah, hark! a voice, to which the vocal rill,
The lark's extatic harmony is rude;
Distant it swells with many a holy trill,
Now breaks wide warbling from yon orient cloud.—*Elegy* 2.

And,
But hark! methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian extasy.

Ode vi.

After the extatic notes have been heard, all vanishes away like some figure in the clouds, which

Even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

His abstractions are often exalted into cherubs and seraphs. It is the "cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine;" "heaven-descended Charity;" "Constancy, heaven-born queen;" Liberty, "heaven-descending queen." Take away from him these aerial beings and their harps, and you will rob him of his best treasures.

He holds nearly the same place among our poets, that Peters does among our painters. He too is best known by—

The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace;

And he too, instead of that gravity and depth of tone which might seem most accordant to his subjects, treats them with a lightness of pencil that is not far removed from flimsiness.

In the thirteenth Ode, on the late Duchess of Devonshire, the only lady of distinguished rank to whom the poets of modern times have loved to pay their homage, and in the sixteenth, which he entitles *Palinodia*, he provokes a comparison with Mr. Coleridge. One or two extracts from each will show the difference between the artificial heat of the schools and the warmth of a real enthusiasm.

Art thou not she whom fav'ring fate

In all her splendour drest,
To show in how supreme a state
A mortal might be blest?

Bade beauty, elegance, and health,
Patrician birth, patrician wealth,
Their blessings on her darling shed;

Bade Hymen, of that generous race
Who freedom's fairest annals grace,
Give to thy love th' illustrious head.

Mason.

Light as a dream, your days their circlets ran,

From all that teaches brotherhood to man
Far, far removed; from want, from hope,
from fear,

Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear,
Obeisant praises sooth'd your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detain'd your eye from nature; stately vests,

That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,

Were your's unearn'd by toil.

Coleridge. Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

Say did I err, chaste Liberty,

When, warm with youthful fire,

I gave the vernal fruits to thee,

That ripen'd on my lyre?

When, round thy twin-born sister's shrine

I taught the flowers of verse to twine

And blend in one their fresh perfume;

Forbade them, vagrant and disjoin'd,

To give to every wanton wind

Their fragrance and their bloom?

Mason.

Ye clouds, that far above me float and pause,

Whose pathless march no mortal may controul!

Ye ocean waves, that, wheresoe'er ye roll,

Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye woods, that listen to the night-birds singing,

Midway the smooth and perilous steep reclin'd;

Save when your own imperious branches swinging,

Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man belov'd of God,

Through glooms, which never woodman
trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flow'ring weeds
I wound,
Inspir'd beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquer-
able sound!
O, ye loud waves, and O, ye forests high,
And O, ye clouds, that far above me
soar'd!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free,
Bear witness for me wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still
ador'd
The spirit of divinest liberty.
Coleridge. France, An Ode.

The Elegy written in a church-
yard in South Wales, is not more be-
low Gray's.

Of eagerness to obtain poetical
distinction he had much more than
Gray; but in tact, judgment, and
learning, was exceedingly his infe-
rior. He was altogether a man of
talent, if I may be allowed to use the
word talent according to the sense it
bore in our old English; for he had a
vehement *desire* of excellence, but
wanted either the depth of mind or
the industry that was necessary for
producing anything that was very
excellent.

PARTING.

I CANNOT live, and love thee not!
When far away
From thee I stray,
Should slanderer's tongue of rival youth,
Or jealous maid, belie my truth,
Let the false rumour move thee not.

And if, when I am near thee not,
Some busy foe
Shall bid me know
"Another basks in *my* love's smile;"
The tale I'll heed not of thy guile;
Thou canst not change—I fear thee not.

No! falsehood can assail thee not—
'Twas not the excess
Of loveliness
That hems thee round, first fix'd me thine;
But thy pure soul—thy love divine—
And truth—and these can fail thee not.

Then let our parting grieve thee not—
But quell that sigh,
And from thine eye
I'll kiss away the gathering tear,
And think!—in one short fleeting year,
I shall return to leave thee not.

But, ah! should truth pervade thee not!
I could not brook
Thine alter'd look;
But, like a bud by unkind sky
Nipp'd timeless, I should droop, and die,
In silence—but upbraid thee not.

E.

ON MAGAZINE WRITERS.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

I can scarcely conceive a nobler and more inspiring sight than that of the man of genius in the solitude of his closet, conscious of his powers, and warmed by the fire of his conceptions—pouring forth those treasures of imagination and intellect which are to enrich, exalt, and delight future ages. It is a spectacle of unmingled gratification, which raises our ideas of human powers, and sublimates them by the reflection that those powers are exerted for the benefit of universal man—unalloyed by any mean and sordid interests, and uninfluenced by any but the generous impulses of hope and love. There is another picture of the occupations of genius—or what would be thought genius—which we are sometimes admitted to view, and though far less interesting it is still inexpressibly amusing. I mean that of a young and unfledged author surrounded with all the equipage of his profession ;—the fair sheet spread open before him, the pen freshly nibbed, the inkstand constructed after Mr. Coleridge's newest receipt—his brain throbbing with confused conceptions—his ambition all on fire to achieve something “ which the world will not willingly let die ”—his brows aching with the pressure of imagined laurels—and his fancy, like that of the strange but gifted enthusiast Cellini, dazzled by “ resplendent lights hovering over his shadow.”—Most men, I suspect, have at some period of their lives seen those visions of glory play before their eyes, and revelled in the homage which their toils were to exact from ages yet unborn. For my own part, I should be ashamed to deny what there is no shame in avowing. My early experience, some five and twenty years ago, as a magazine writer, when magazines were quite another sort of thing, furnished many such moods of mind and body, and though years, by making me “ a sadder, but a wiser man,” have long since struck me from the list of scribblers, yet I can still recognise the excitement of literary glory on a youthful mind, and enter into its ima-

ginations and hopes. Every one is more or less impressed with a consciousness of acquirement and ability, and is uneasy until he has obtained the reputation of possessing them. Hence the vast number of candidates for literary fame, who throng about the several channels of publicity. In one of these outlets by which overcharged brains free themselves from their burthen—and by which brains of a contrary description would gladly satisfy their wild ambition, it may not be misplaced or unacceptable to make a few remarks upon those writers who are, and those who wish to be writers for magazines.

The first great difficulty which presents itself is the selection of a subject. “ The world is all before him where to choose.” But in the midst of abundance he knows not what to select ; like the sapient beast in the fable between the two bundles of hay, he is perplexed by contending claims. He sees a mass of things, but nothing distinctly. Shall he be merry or sad ;—shall he fathom the depths of the mind, or sport lightly over the surface of things—shall it be a sketch, or a finished work—a disquisition, or a rhapsody ?—all varieties of topics are before him, and, as he conceives, equally obedient to his will ; but he knows not which to evoke from its repose into light and life—and devote to earthly immortality by enshrining it in some one of the thousand monthly temples of fame. “ It is here ! ” said Barry, striking his forehead, after a long meditation ; “ it is not here,” says the scribbler, using a similar gesture. This perplexity springs from an obvious source. The writer sits down to compose—not because his brain labours in the parturition of some long meditated matter—not because he has reflected deeply, and acquired much—but he is feverish with some vague longing after literary notoriety. He resolves to write before he has learned to think. Having never subdued the straggling denizens of his brain to any thing like obedience, they refuse to be commanded—and

having never made the knowledge of others his own by long and habitual meditation—nothing is clear and fixed—his ideas float in an atmosphere of confusion, out of which he is still earnest

To frame he knows not what excelling things,
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder.

But writing is not "as easy as lying." The pen, it is true, is an eloquent instrument which may be made to "discourse most excellent music;" yet something more is requisite to draw forth its notes, than the bare will to make it vocal.

Some are thus, in the very outset of their career, discouraged by the difficulty of choice; they give up the pursuit in despair, and suffer the glowing visions of futurity to fade into the light of common day. After all they may be right. There is more prudence in relinquishing an enterprise too vast for our capacity, than in continuing to scribble on "in spite of nature and our stars." But there is another and a large class, which, undaunted by difficulty, uninstructed by experience, and unabashed by ridicule, still bear up against every sort of obstacle, "bating no jot of heart or hope." These, with some pretensions to erudition, and some habit of reflection—assist to swell out the pages of reviews and magazines, those foundling hospitals for the bastard progeny of prurient imaginations. They buzz for a while about the fields of literature, loud, busy and importunate—till some chilling blast or rude hand sweeps them away for ever, leaving behind

—— cotal vestigio
Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.

Every one at all conversant—and who is not?—with this class of publications, must be aware of the immense change which has taken place in them "for better for worse" within twenty or thirty years. They have in some respects followed, in others formed, that part of the public taste which depends on the public manners. They have changed their place in the system of literature. Emerging from the shell with which they were encrusted, they display their "gaily gilded trim" soaring

aloft into higher spheres, and venturing into regions, the terra incognita of other times. This is partly owing to the wider dispersion of letters, but chiefly, I think, to the liberality of publishers, which has made it not unworthy the very highest names in English literature to contribute to magazines. It is not of these that I am now speaking, but of a very different class. The style has undergone a change as well as the subject. If we are no longer bored with endless and heavy allegories about Asem the Manhater, the Hill of Science, and the Happy Valley, so no one who courted even an insertion in a magazine would venture to begin "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who, &c. &c." It might be amusing to conjecture who of the elder essayists would be popular writers in the magazines of the present day. Addison, of course, but less so, I think, than Steele. Johnson, notwithstanding the habitual elevation of his sentiments, and the justice and acuteness of most of his remarks upon life and manners, would stand but a poor chance of an engagement if he retained the ponderous armour, and heavy jack boot march of the Rambler. The bow-wow manner which gave a zest to his conversation cannot be printed with any types that I am acquainted with. Goldsmith was more at home in his *humanities*—and, together with his exhilarating gaiety and touching pathos, he had a fine conception of the ridiculous, and great tact in exposing it. He would be eagerly snapped at by an editor, especially if all his articles were as clever as Beau Tibbs, the Strolling Actor, and the Lame Sailor. Bonnel Thornton, and the elder Colman, might be worked up into prime hands, and the playful, abundant, and well toned wit of Horace Walpole would have famously "furnished forth" the epistolary corner of a popular magazine. As for the other "daily bread" writers of the last century, it may be doubted whether much could have been got out of them. It may be easily conceived that to manage a magazine is no easy task. It is not for me to prate of war to Hannibal; but it may be conceded to one who

has had some experience in these matters, and has been occasionally admitted behind the scenes, to say something of the ingredients and cookery of one part of the dishes served up to the public. Whatever any considerable portion of mankind is disposed to set a value on, is always worth our observation. The appetite of the public is manifestly very nice, and its stomach very squeamish. It is not very fond of the substantials; and is disposed to reject whatever is difficult of digestion. Hence it is, that the deep thinkers and laborious writers of the last century are obliged to yield to the light, smart, and sketchy writers of the present. Hence it is, that many of the most popular authors are men of no very disciplined education, or cultivated minds. One of the cleverest and most various minded scholars of the day lately promised a dissertation on the *ideal* of a magazine, but I am not aware that he proceeded farther than the *ideal* of an inkstand. I was anxious to see what his ingenuity could devise as the *τὸ καλὸν* of any thing which springs out of, and is addressed to a tribunal so fluctuating and despotic as public caprice. The general run of contributors seems, however, to be in the least danger of suffering from any modifications in the character of magazines; inasmuch, as having no fixed and certain colours of their own, they imbibe, like theameleon, the hues of their domiciles. Of the mechanical part of their operations the reader may not be displeased to hear something; although it is like raising the curtain and showing that what resembled gold is tinsel and frippery. Such, therefore, as have upon this subject, "a vision of their own," I admonish, as Rousseau does the young ladies, to skip the rest of this article, should it chance that any have proceeded thus far. Those of whose style and manner I am about to speak, are the tip top magazine writers *par métier*, and "for the law of writ and the liberty they are your only men."

I have already mentioned the difficulty of setting out;—let us suppose the *pons asinorum* passed, and the subject chosen. It need not be one on which the writer has ever read or reflected. Oh, no! it must be one

which is likely to be taking with the public, it must please the million. When the late Lord Kaimes was asked the best method to study some particular subject, he replied, "write a pamphlet about it." And this is the way with our author. He ransacks his brains in the first place, for images and illustrations; for by a singular inversion of the old method of writing, his illustrations suggest the ideas, and not the ideas illustrations. This, it must be admitted, is a much more compendious and expeditious way of writing. There is no necessity that there should be any connexion or congruity between the opinions. The law of succession is shamefully disregarded, and *each second* does not, as in the old gradation, stand heir to the first. The more disjointed, remote, and multifarious they are, the more comprehensive must be the intellect which creates—and I may add too—that understands them. If the leading opinions are manifestly absurd and paradoxical, so much the better, as their defence affords a wider scope for ingenuity. Cicero recommends sucking orators to "flesh their maiden swords" in the defence of paradoxes, and there is no disgrace in following the counsels of Cicero. The management of *similes* and *metaphors* is one of the most intricate departments of the art. In this respect my friend X. is immensely clever. To be sure, his figures sometimes drag one way and his thoughts another, like a couple of ill paired hounds, but generally his articles are a simile-chase in little. No sooner does he start one, than he makes game of it;—opening in full cry—pursuing over hill and dale—through clear and obscure—morals and metaphysics—bush and quagmire—the panting reader toiling after him in vain, till coming in at the death, he finds himself, like Fitzjames, separated from all who set out with him, and alone in a desert country. But the chase is ended, and the article done. Thus an idea is like a cloud—a camel—an elephant—an ousel, and at last—very like a whale. This, I take it, is the summit of cleverness; not only because it proves a command of images, but also because it enables a man to write without sense or meaning. My friend X. therefore passes for the first

magazine writer of the day—his comparisons are so wonderful, and his metaphors (as Swift has it) such as one never *met-afore*. Next to the simile is the *quotation*. But this is a science by itself, on which some ingenious person has composed a large volume, by the aid of which, and an index, the most unfurnished head is able to cope with the most learned. The Dictionary of Quotations, however, is a very wicked book, as the infidelity of its interpretations often betrays the confidence reposed in them. The beauty of this essential part of fine writing consists mainly in quoting from the older English poets, and a few of those of our day who are pretty generally unread. Shakspeare, however, is the great storehouse of quotation; not for his sentiment, or imagery, or delineation of character or poetry; but for some quaint phrase, some obsolete and fantastic expression, or some ludicrous combination of words. An article gemmed off with bits in this way is “like a frosty night studded with stars”—or it reminds one of Indian hangings,—a dark ground, spotted with bits of yellow foil, flung on without order, measure or object, except to dazzle and spangle. For my own part, I detest this trade of work, and never quote, except to show the deformity as a warning to others, as the Spartans taught their children sobriety by making their slaves drunk.

In the affair of *style*, a great deal of genius is occasionally shown. It is no easy matter to suit the shifting tastes of readers, and hit the public, as it were, between wind and water. At present, the melancholy manner is in vogue. A tender shade of sorrow must be flung over all our thoughts, and even the pleasures of life are uninteresting, unless we can squeeze out of them some mournful reflection, or dress them up in querulous exaggeration. The ladies are particularly partial to this weeping philosophy, which two or three volumes of lacrymose essays have made still more fashionable. Not a scribbler sits down to whine out an article without asking with Master Stephen for “a stool to be melancholy upon;” and as he dips his pen in ink, sighs out “*præcipe lugubrescantus, Melpomene!*” But this tone of sim-

ple sadness shows itself especially in our *ruralities*. The meanest leaflet among the smoke-tinged denizens of city bowpots, is pregnant “with thoughts that lie too deep for tears.” In order to do the sentimental well, one should have—but let a great coryphæus in this line describe the requisites, “he should have an indestructible love of flowers, odours, dews and clear waters; of soft airs, winds, bright skies, and woodland solitudes, with moonlight bowers.” These tearful tributes are copiously paid likewise, when wandering in that “atmosphere of melancholy sentiment” which breathes over scenes consecrated by the memories of past events, or when bending over the monuments of departed grandeur. Then is it that the tide of sorrowing reflection wells forth—that the heart aches with the agony of grief, and the eye dims with the tear of sensibility! There is another *style*, not quite so much cherished by the gentle sex, but very much admired by incipient orators. It is infinitely more elevated and elaborate, and possibly somewhat *à soufflé*. I will cite a specimen from a famous magazine contributor, which is in my opinion very grand. “But oh! there never will be a time with bigotry—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her god is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture-fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for more sanguinary desolation.” Addison never wrote any thing half so fine as this. Some may think that the sarcastic observation of Madame du Deffand on the style of Monsieur Thomas might be applied to it, “prick it, and it bursts;”—I think differently; and although it is rather too papilionaceous and gorgeous at first, after a little familiarity, “the ear becomes more Irish and less nice.” There is yet another *style*, which though more limited in its circulation, is still pretty often before the public. It may be called the confectionary style of writing.

It is full of "precious and golden recollections,"—"voluptuous abstractions," and "dim visitations,"—"stately remembrances,"—"intense and genial dallings,"—"delicate crispnesses," and "jagged venerablenesses;"—it finds "a sense of deep and mysterious antiquity in every thing,"—and "every thing is imbued with sympathy and imagination;"—in short, it is one of the greatest inventions, in the way of fine writing, that modern times can boast of. It ensures a never failing variety, inasmuch as recognising no necessary connexion between words and things, and no relations between words themselves, the consequence is, that one epithet is as fit and becoming as another, and whether we say *venerable jaggedness*, or *jagged venerableness*, it is equally intelligible and correct. Whoever understands arithmetic, has only to apply the rules of permutation and combination to Johnson's Dictionary, and he may generate an infinite variety of the most original and striking phrases. The sentiments which are conveyed in this style are precisely such as might be expected, and the union forms what the author of the *Antient Mariner* calls "a sweet jargoning." A single extract is as imperfect in the way of *sample* as the brick is of the palace; but I cannot forbear citing one of the miraculous and boundless excellences of this mode of composition, in the following description of a tragedy:—"A tragedy is a foreboding indication of destiny, a noble piece of high passion, sweetened, yet not broken, by rich fancy, and terminating in an awful catastrophe, ennobled by imagination's purest and most elemental majesties." This sort of writing bears evidently the stamp and impress of the writer's mind.

Formerly, matter, precision, and perspicuity, were reckoned among the requisites of good writing—but all that has been abolished as useless and impertinent, and a great deal of labour, vexation, study, observation, and reflection, have been thereby spared. "Thinking is *now* an idle waste of thought, and nought is every thing." I have heard, that a patent has been, or is about to be, taken out for an automaton writer, the principle of which is, that after being wound up it is only necessary

to fling into it a certain number of pages of Johnson, or any other vocabulary, and they come out completely formed into the shape of an article. It may be said, that this is not an original invention, but an imitation of the famous block-machine at Portsmouth, which instantly converts a rude piece of wood into a perfect block. Be this as it may, if the principle be not new, the application is ingenious and original. I am fearful, however, that here, as in all cases where *manual* labour is to be superseded by machinery—a great number of hands will be flung out of employ, by enabling *publishers* to manufacture their own *stuffs*. A literary Ludditism may be apprehended therefore among the Magazine writers. There remain two or three other classes which deserve to be held up to notice and admiration, but I must temper my inclination to show the lions to the patience of the spectators; and, indeed, whatever specific differences exist among the various orders, still the generic character is uniform. I shall pass over the decent heaviness of one, and the incompetent flippancy of another—the simpering innocence which "hath no offence in it," and that dark malignity which, for the worthless renown of a sarcasm, stabs a fellow creature to the heart,—leaving to Swift the enumeration of their common properties.

The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similies that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits.
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced—the Lord knows why.

Some of these artists are very indefatigable readers. Nothing is left unexamined, and nothing is rejected as unworthy of perusal. Every thing is fish which comes into their net. Their purpose is not to amass knowledge, or arrive at truth, but to glean from the toils of others all that may spare them the expense of thought. They in this resemble those birds whose furtive nature leads them to pilfer from the nests of others the materials for their own. It may be doubted, whether these predatory incursions into strange dominions are strictly justifiable, notwithstanding that piracy and theft were held not unbecoming by the Greeks,

provided they were exercised craftily and quietly; and that Sir Thomas More—a very conscientious judge—lays it down as a justifiable cause of war, if those who have territory to spare will not yield it up to those who are manifestly in want. On this principle, a magazineist looks upon a library as his domain, and the works of all who have preceded him as his fair property; and he extracts from them, sometimes with gentle disclaimings and sometimes with awful rapacity, the ornaments as well as the materials; the sentiment as well as the imagery; whatever can illustrate a position, or round a sentence, whatever may “point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

Scarcely any one is so unfortunate as not to have his ambition gratified, in being regarded as a wonderful man of parts, by some dozens of admiring imitators. Trinculo was a god to Caliban, and the young periodical has always some great exemplar, some sacred idol, before whom he bends in adoration, on whose altar he devotes the *primitiæ* of his enterprise, in the glare of whose fame his buds of promise open out into fragrance, and whose virtues he copies with a Chinese fidelity of imitation; and so he becomes, in process of years, himself “a Triton of the minnows.” Thus, naturalists say, that every flea is covered with a race of smaller fleas; and there is no scribbler so mean, that he has not some meaner one in his *suite*, and so on, down to an infinite littleness. One amusing result of this is the conspiracy to laud each other. The itch for scribbling is not greater than the itch for praise. Mr. A. scratches Mr. B., and Mr. B. tickles Mr. C., who in his turn soothes the irritation of Messrs. A. and B., and so on, through all the letters of the alphabet. Here is no Turkish jealousy, no hesitating dislike, no sneering eulogy; it is the willing homage of congenial intellects to genuine desert. I am quite delighted with this universal epainetism, it is so affectionate and brotherly; it evinces, by the frank recognition of rival merit, the entire absence of that invidious feeling which has been charged upon literary men, from Petrarch’s age to ours. These reciprocal scratchings some persons affect to regard with a

contemptuous scorn, in my mind, with very little reverence for true genius.

The ancient sophists, who methodized their quackery with surpassing ingenuity into the form and repute of a regular science, constructed the skeletons of speeches and argumentations, which by shifting head and tail-pieces might be adapted to every subject. In the same way sets of magazine articles might be manufactured for every month in the year, with blank titles. A little generalization, from the practice of the more distinguished writers, would “pluck out the heart of their mystery,” and form a rare and curious treatise with “the Art of Hashing-up” for its title, and “the oldest things the newest kind of ways” for its motto. My own ambition does not aspire to be a legislator in the art, but my *scrinia* are at the command of any one who is desirous of achieving any fame of this sort. From the extreme facility with which practised hands perform these task-works, and the pence and praise which pursue this triumph, it is not surprising that the tribe has increased so immensely, that its population, as a Malthusian might say, begins to press hardly upon the means of subsistence. Every one is ambitious of enrolling his name in the glorious catalogue—every one has a feverish thirst to be one of the thousand bubbles that float along the stream of popularity, which glitter and swell until they burst in their own inflation. What a sad misemployment is this, after all, of those divine capabilities for good and useful, and often great and splendid actions, with which we are endowed. Eager for what?—to live upon the tongue and be the talk; to be pointed at as a distinguished contributor to the ———; or as the writer of that singularly clever article—“April Musings;”—or, as (and this is the summit of fame) the suspected editor of the ———. Swift, who understood these matters, and estimated them rightly, has wittily ridiculed the month’s toil about an article, which is at last read over a dish of tea, and then flung aside for ever,—by comparing it to the month of care and labour expended in fattening a chicken, which is devoured in a moment. A moment’s attention

is all that is spared to the article, and then it

Goes to be never heard of more,
Goes *where* the chicken went before.

Among these throngs, who are seduced by the glare of notoriety, we sometimes meet with one gifted with nobler qualities, and destined to a kinder and more enduring recompense. Such an one is sure at last to emerge from the equivocal reputation, which attends on the labours I have been considering, and win for himself a station and a name which become the property of his country. To discourage his exertions by ridicule would be inhuman. It is never proper but when applied to such as, utterly unfitted to instruct or delight by their acquirements and talents, rush boldly into the lists, and importunately exact that praise which is only due to the loftiest exertions of genius and imagination. In vain,—a few years of experience, and all these false presentments and bleat illusions melt away before the sad realities of truth. The fortunes

of the highest talent are not always unclouded and happy—what must be those of impudent pretenders? The pursuit of literary glory is often a melancholy enterprize. What numbers perish in the struggle! Days of unremitted and uncertain toil—nights of sleeplessness—envy and want—wasting anxiety and defeated hope—the spunging house and the jail—these are some of the realities which are concealed beneath the fair and goodly outside which allures the young enthusiast. Our excessive admiration of genius, and its bright and wonderful creations, is greatly mitigated, when we learn the hard conditions to which it is subjected. And even of those who have escaped the shoals and rocks which so thickly beset the voyage of literature, and whose years are crowned with affluence and honour—how many do we see like Potemkin in his old age playing with his jewels and the insignia of his various orders, and then bursting into tears when he found, at last, and too late, that they were only baubles. P.

THE DOWNFAL OF DALZELL.

1.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
The night is dark and late,
As I lift aloud my voice and cry
By the oppressor's gate.
There is a voice in every hill,
A tongue in every stone;
The greenwood sings a song of joy,
Since thou art dead and gone;
A poet's voice is in each mouth,
And songs of triumph swell;
Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth
The downfal of Dalzell.

2.

As I raised up my voice to sing
I heard the green earth say,
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
Since thou art past away:
I hear no more the battle shout,
The martyrs' dying moans;
My cottages and cities sing
From their foundation-stones;
The carbine and the culverin's mute—
The deathshot and the yell
Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,
For thy downfal, Dalzell.

3.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
 And caused the raven call
 From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
 Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
 I've made thy minstrels' music dumb,
 And silent now to fame
 Art thou, save when the orphan casts
 His curses on thy name.
 Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
 A long and last farewell:
 There's hope for every sin save thine—
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

4.

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
 Where punish'd spirits wail,
 And ghastly death throws wide her door,
 And hails thee with a Hail.
 Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
 A voice with hollow tones,
 Such as a spirit's tongue would have,
 That spoke through hollow bones:—
 "Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
 From earth to howling hell;
 He comes, the persecutor comes;
 All hail to thee, Dalzell!"

5.

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd
 A wind, and with a moan
 The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
 Even fellow bone to bone.
 "Lo! there he goes," I heard them cry,
 "Like babe in swathing band,
 Who shook the temples of the Lord,
 And pass'd them 'neath his brand.
 Cursed be the spot where he was born,
 There let the adders dwell,
 And from his father's hearthstone hiss:
 All hail to thee, Dalzell!"

6.

I saw thee growing like a tree—
 Thy green head touch'd the sky—
 But birds far from thy branches built,
 The wild deer pass'd thee by;
 No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
 Glad summer scorn'd to grace
 Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed
 Beside thy dwelling place:
 The axe has come and hewn thee down,
 Nor left one shoot to tell
 Where all thy stately glory grew.
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

7.

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
 His head like thine is gray,
 Gray with the woes of many years,
 Years four-score and a day.
 Five brave and stately sons were his;
 Two daughters, sweet and rare;

An old dame, dearer than them all,
 And lands both broad and fair :—
 Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
 And three in battle fell—
 An old man's curse shall cling to thee :
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

S.

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
 A warrior tried and true
 As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick
 The splintering lances flew.
 I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
 And hew thy foes down fast,
 When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
 And Gordon stood aghast,
 And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
 As one redeem'd from hell.
 I came to curse thee—and I weep ;
 So go in peace, Dalzell,

ON WINE.

Hæc comici dicta cave ne malè capias.

They that leave wine for water, if they had a candle in their noddles might peradventure find the way to Gotham.—*Dr. Rich. Short's Essay* *περί ψυχροποσίας; or of Drinking Water, against those Novelists who prescribed it in England.*

WHILE all the grave and wise people in the nation have been arguing one way or another about a diminution of taxation, I have been looking earnestly and anxiously for some indication that the existing duties on wine are to be abated : but vain have been my hopes ; and I have at length resolved to speak forth my sense of the matter. Let not, however, any reader fear that I mean to trouble him with any erudite or philosophic diatribe of a politico-economical nature. He shall not hear one word of consumption or production. Not one odious figure shall meet his eye. That very irksome thing, calculation, however advantageous on other occasions, does not serve my present purposes. I stand forward, backed by the authority of lyrists and poets of all ages, to protest against the proscription of that chosen object of their eulogy, the true Nepenthes, wine. I view with alarm the listlessness and infrequency with which the rites of the great divinity of the grape are now performed ; and I behold with consternation the accessions of each successive year to the fraternity of water-drinkers, whom I hold in utter abhorrence. As I hear one man after another execrate the perniciousness of earth's

best boon, I can scarce keep my patience, though it is somewhat amusing to think how wine has been voted more and more deleterious, and how the number of its traducers has increased, as that enemy of enjoyment, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has augmented his imposts. The truth is, without a fable, that the dear "grapes" are called "sour." Every man who considers the matter, must be sensible that the bottle circulates round our tables with much less velocity than it did when the impulse was supplied by the arms of our grand-sires ; and slow as is its motion, the period of rotation is dreadfully curtailed. Instead of the festive revels our ancestors held, three or four glasses are the usual modern measure of potation after the retirement of the ladies. The pitiful precept of Dionysius seems to be literally observed. How little did he know of the joys of the table when he spake thus, "Tres tantùm crateras his qui sanâ sunt mente jubes, primum sanitatis, secundum voluptatis, tertium somni ; ulteriùs probri est et luxuriæ." "I would have all people of sense take but three glasses of wine, the first for health, the second for pleasure, the third for sleep ;

—more is disgraceful voluptuousness." A passage of similar purport has been palmed upon us as old Hesiod's,—it must be an interpolation. Sage and grave as he was (not surpassed by the bye in the excellence of his moral precepts, by any of the long list of authors who have followed him) he was too much of a poet to have been guilty of uttering such an interdict.

Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,

Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Hor. 1 Lib. Epist. xix. v. 2.

I heard a worthy Irish peer declare some time ago, that when he was a young man he was despised as a milksop, that he now drinks precisely the same quantity of wine, and finds himself shrewdly remarked upon as somewhat too fond of his bottle. Such is the degeneracy of the age, and such the woeful revolution! The good old days of English jollity and conviviality are at an end. It is true, some conceit of the washy, weak French wines is affected—to speak in the quaint phraseology of the 15th century—but there is no hearty, healthy thirst of rich and generous potent liquor. A dinner party is now a cold and formal affair; it is only sought to gratify the palate; the pestiferous French cookery, and those vinegar wines are the objects of favour: no effort is made to warm the heart, there is no cordial for the blood, nothing to quicken the flow of the affections: that juice which is potent "*solvere præcordia virum*" (to open the heart) is despised. A man may now dine with fifty hosts one after another, and be as far from any real friendship or cordial kindness for any of them, as he might after a call of ten minutes' duration in a chill November morning, when one is disposed to like neither one's-self nor other people. The hospitality of the present day is eminently heartless; men do not forget their cares, or their rivalries and animosities in such kindly intercourse as used to prevail over the bowl. When the gravity and severity of the English character is considered, it is plain that the conviviality in which we formerly indulged was very beneficial. "Water is but an indifferent liquor in northern climates and English constitutions," quoth "A Fellow of the

College," as is stiled the author of a tract published in the year 1724, with the alluring title of the "*Juice of the Grape*," and written in a spirit of most commendable earnestness. —The gay and mercurial Frenchman needs not wine to excite his spirits, nor would his disposition allow him to avail himself of its more valuable operation in soothing the heart, in promoting kindness and goodfellowship, and correcting the acerbities of temper. The sober Englishman, however, is apt to become stupid, and needs the aid of wine to get rid of his constitutional frigidity. It may be remarked that the manners of the young men of this day are far less lively and agreeable than were those of what is called the old school. Many of them are cold, silent, and apathetic in society: their grandfathers were full of life and glee, and animation. In the company of women, the beau of the last century was assiduous in his efforts to render himself agreeable, and to display all possible vivacity. His attentions were constant and anxious; his countenance was lighted up with cheerfulness and joy; his language was full of fervour and devotion and gallantry. But it is now fashionable, *suprême bon ton*, to be listless, reserved, and mute. The solicitous gallantry of the former period is no more, in the presence of beauty, in conversation with the loveliest and fairest; none of the suavity and complacency natural on the occasion is betrayed: the hand of the brightest belle is received without emotion, and relinquished with indifference. An observation on the trifle of the hour is made with a gravity not less solemn than would beseem the delivery of a death-bed monition. Ease and freedom have been proclaimed the order of the day:—the punctilio and observance of the old regime have been exploded; but the effect has too often been, not that people have indulged their mirth and humour without restraint or controul, but that they have considered themselves at liberty to be stupid, that they deem themselves absolved from all obligation to amuse, or contribute to the hilarity of society. In public nothing was formerly seen but smiles—perhaps a little forced occasionally—we now see long faces as dark and

melancholy as the fogs of our northern clime can make them.

All this is part and parcel of the system by which wine is avoided. I have said that I am backed by all the poets in my defence of the grape, and I had it in contemplation to collect the testimonies in its favour from them all, beginning with old Homer himself ("laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.")

When Homer sings the joys of man, 'tis plain

Great Homer was not of a sober strain. and to preface my paper with this body of authorities, as was erst the practice of Editors who filled the first-half dozen pages of a book with all the commendations of it which could be gleaned. But the collection I made was so large, that I was forced to forego my plan, and I must content myself with referring to the poets *passim*—of all ages, and climes they unite in praise of the grape; "vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camænæ." In recommendation of conviviality, I may cite graver authorities. Aristotle himself has pronounced that there is a class of virtues proper to our intercourse in society, and that moroseness and gravity are not less unbecoming on certain occasions, than levity may be unseemly on others. The most elegant and fascinating of moral philosophers, Adam Smith, in his beautiful exposition of the sympathy of our nature, (see Theory of Moral Sentiments) and the sagacious Hume himself, have spoken of the agreeable qualities, with a due sense of their value and importance. The ultimate object of all labour and trouble is enjoyment; he is not a wise man but a fool who despises mirth and jollity. Machiavel tells in his Flor. Hist. (Book 8) that Cosmo di Medicis delighted in the most simple amusements; and our own great Fox has been found actively engaged in a game at bowls with some children. "Narratur et prisci Catonis sæpe mero caluisse virtus." Wine has warmed the virtues of old Cato himself. The festivities of Bacchus afford the truest delight; while engaged in them our bosoms thrill with that benevolence, and all those generous sentiments which the businesses and cares of life stifle: it has been said,

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

But it has been better and earlier said, "dissipat Evius curas edaces." "Wine dissipates all eating cares." I cannot forbear staying one moment to hint that the epithet (eating) may have been suggested to the poet by the operation which wine has in destroying the appetite, according to the learned fathers of physic. I do not commend indiscriminate conviviality; I must know and have proved the friends in whose company I celebrate the mysteries. But I abhor the man whose soul is a stranger to the joys of social intercourse. In the fable of Pentheus, who was destroyed by Bacchanalians for refusing to join in their revels, the ancients have veiled the just doom of the sullen and unsocial spirit which shuns festivity. While the impulses of interest, and of all the evil passions of our nature are so strong; while our anger, our cupidity, our avarice, our ambition, our envy, our animosities are so strongly excited by the fierce strife of human life, the soothing effect of joining the social board and banquet are most salutary. Socrates compared wine to the soft dew of Heaven, and pronounced it to be given to refresh, nourish, and invigorate the affections of men's hearts. And Cicero makes it a particular aggravation of his charges against Mark Antony, that wine itself was incapable of soothing and chastening his evil nature.

Sollicitis animis onus eximit, addocet artes.
Wine eases and refines the soul.

The earliest annals of us, Britons, from the time that cerevisia was our drink, and of our German remote progenitors, all proclaim the national habits of conviviality. And if the British character be an object worthy of our regard, we ought not to view with indifference the recent revolution in those habits which most directly and materially affect it. Let the sapient philosopher and politician draw auguries from observations beyond the reach of vulgar eyes; but while they determine the duration of one empire, and predict the rise and growth of another, while they mark the puny beginnings of a sect which is hereafter to comprehend millions of proselytes, or foretel the

extensive prevalence and powerful sway of opinions now doubtfully or timorously expressed; I may be permitted to indulge my speculations on the injurious consequences of the modern *ἀνψα*, which I shall English by "thirstlessness." England never will be well, her sailors and soldiers will want courage, our statesmen will want wisdom, our politicians will want ardour, our young men will want gallantry, and our old ones will quickly fall into the grave, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer don't give us our fill of wine. The learned Dr. Whittaker, physician to King Charles the Second, bears his honest attestation to the fact, that the "blood of the grape restores consumptive and extenuate bodies to sarcosity, makes withered bodies plump, fat and fleshy, the old and infirm, young and strong—whereas water and small beer drinkers are countenanced more like apes than men." Water is a raw, cold, crude, tasteless and scentless fluid; it manifests no virtues to any of our senses. But wine is a well concocted and purified juice, grateful to the smell, and charming to the taste. *Τὸ ὕδατος οἶνος βελτίων τὰ πάντα.* "In every respect, wine is better than water," says the prince of physicians, Galen himself. 'Tis true, no doubt, the use of wine is, like all the other goods of life, liable to abuse; and, like other things, most excellent in their nature, it is productive, if improperly and intemperately used, of the most pernicious results. Nevertheless,

* * * Dulce periculum est,
O Lenæe, sequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

If, however, all the evils of occasional intemperance are fairly taken into account, it may be questioned, whether they exceed the advantages arising from a liberal use of wine. It is also to be observed, that the disuse of the article in entertainments generally, will not have the effect of preventing debauchery—young men will still carouse at a tavern, and, perhaps, the more, rather than the less, for the moderation they feel it necessary, in compliance with the reigning mode, to observe in other places. Far be it from me to recommend the dementation and sopition of reason, and of the diviner

particle (the soul). I only advocate what the learned Sir Thomas Brown, Knight, of Norwich, designates "a sober incalescence and regular æstuation from wine, what may be conceived between Joseph and his brethren, when the text expresseth they were merry, or drank largely, and whereby, indeed, the commodities set down by Avicenna, viz. alleviation of spirit, resolution of superfluities, and provocation of exsudation may also ensue." Thus felicitously and perspicuously has the worthy mediciner summed up the advantages of the liquor. He has, however, failed to notice, that wine is the true assay of sterling honesty and virtue. As you prove gold and silver, says Plato, by fire, so you may men by wine. To the same purport Æschylus says, brass (of which mirrors were in his day made) may give the outward figure, wine discovers the inward man. I know no man till I see him in his cups. I would trust no man who did not stand the test. I cannot better celebrate the virtues of wine than by quoting the following eloquent and admirable passage from the book of Esdras, iii. 19. "Wine makes the mind of the king and of the fatherless both one, of the bond and free man, poor and rich; it turneth all his thoughts to joy and mirth, makes him remember no sorrow or debt, but enricheth his heart, and makes him speak by talents."

In turning over some old books I lately met with a curious and whimsical book, entitled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, a dialogue: it was printed in 1630. Wine and the other commodities in several scenes are introduced asserting their respective claims to dignity and estimation. If their arguments are not in any other way worth notice, they, at least, deserve some consideration as illustrating the literary taste of the age, and showing of what sort were the jokes, at which those who are now swept from existence once chuckled and smiled; they, their bodies, their dust, their sepulchres (*fata sunt data sepulchris*), their names all gone and forgotten.

Beere (as he is written) is introduced making a bad pun on his own name. He says to Wine, "*Beere* leave, Sir." The strength of Ale's argument (and it is better than those

of any of the others) is contained in the following passage: "You Wine and Beer, are fain to take up a corner any where—your ambition goes no farther than a cellar; the whole house where I am goes by my name, and is called Ale-house.—Who ever heard of a Wine-house, or a Beer-house? My name, too, is of a stately etymology—you must bring forth your Latin. Ale, so please you, from alo, which signifieth nourish—I am the choicest and most luscious of potables." Wine, Beer, and Ale at last compose their differences, each having a certain dominion assigned to him, and join in singing these verses.

Wine.

I generous Wine am for the court,

Beer.

The citie calls for Beere,

Ale.

But Ale, honnie Ale, like a lord of the soile
In the country shall domineere.

Chorus.

Then let us be merry, wash sorow away,
Wine, Beer, and Ale shall be drunk this day.

In the end Tobacco appears—He arrogates an equality with Wine.—"You and I both come out of a *pipe*." The reply is, "Prithee go smoke elsewhere." "Don't incense me, don't inflame Tobacco," he retorts; but is told, "no one fears your puffing—turn over a new *leaf*, Tobacco, most high and mighty *Trinidado*."

F. R.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.

Lord Foppington in the Relapse.

AN ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftsbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read any thing which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books (the Literary excepted), Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without;" the Histories of Flavius Jose-

phus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost any thing. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tythe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully—I have them both, reader—to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever), is *our* costume. A Shakspeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, which have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eternæ." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch

That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints; yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers.—I do not care for a First Folio of Shakspeare. You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom every body reads. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposeable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays; and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.—On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them, nor with Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one.—I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the latest edition to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt

both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played, before you enter upon him. But he brings his music—to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*—or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over solely. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution—the effect is singularly vapid.—In barbers' shops, and public-houses, a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal.

Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the *Chronicle* is in hand, Sir."

As in these little Diurnals I generally skip the Foreign News—the Debates—and the Politics—I find the *Morning Herald* by far the most entertaining of them. It is an agreeable miscellany, rather than a newspaper.

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures.—"The Royal Lover and Lady G——;" "the Melting Platonic and the old Beau,"—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have read to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye—a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading—*Candide*!

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her *Cythera*), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but, as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book.—We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for

there was one between us) was the property of the nymph, or the swain, in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow-hill (as yet Skinner's-street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread-basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit door of Covent Garden theatre, to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and his meridian—in Hamlet. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party, whom I met near the door of the play-house, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens's Shakspeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the *rush*, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamp-light. The clamour became universal. “The affectation of the fellow,” cried one. “Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa,” squeaked a young lady, who in her admiration of the novelty almost forgot her fears. I read on. “He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand,” exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved, as Saint Antony at his Holy Offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins, mopping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight,

as if he were sole tenant of the desert.—The individual rabble (I recognized more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights before, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy, or hire, a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they “snatch a fearful joy.” Martin B—, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstances of his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

THE TWO BOYS.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
“You, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look.”
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should
have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy:
I soon perceiv'd another boy,
Who look'd as if he'd not had any
Food, for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely
harder,
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a
penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat:
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd
to eat.

ELIA.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS.

No. V.

PROCESSIONS.

Walk in, ladies and gentlemen ; the show is just going to begin !

Bartlemy-Fair Showman.

That this evil wants a remedy is not to be contested ; nor can it be denied, that the theatre is as capable of being preserved by a reformation as matters of more importance ; which, for the honour of our national taste, I could wish were attempted ; and then, if it could not subsist under decent regulations, by not being permitted to present any thing there, but what were *worthy* to be there, it would be time enough to consider whether it were necessary to let it totally fall, or effectually support it.

Cibber, Life, chap. iv.

Truth may complain, and merit murmur, with what justice it may, the few will never be a match for the many, unless authority should think fit to interpose, and put down these poetical drams, these gin-shops of the stage, that intoxicate its auditors, and dishonour their understanding, with a levity for which I want a name.

Ibid. chap. xvi.

I LATELY found myself in a society composed chiefly of old play-goers, most of whom had been contemporary with, and many of them the companions of the Burkes, the Johnsons, the Garricks, the Reynoldses, and the other eminent men who contributed to render the period at which they lived so remarkable in the annals of British literature, taste, and wit. The conversation was entirely theatrical, and consisted, on their parts, of bitter contrasts between the drama as it existed *in their time*, and, what they chose to term, its present degraded state. "In our time," said one, "a sensible man might go to a theatre and be sure of an evening's rational entertainment." "Aye, Sir," said another, "you and I have found ourselves in the pit of old Drury, on the same bench with Burke, and Charles Fox, and Johnson, and Dunning, listening to Shakespeare, or Farquhar, or poor Brinsley. We have seen there, assembled around us, a cluster of eminent statesmen, profound lawyers, elegant poets, brilliant wits, aye, and grave divines too, who considered an evening spent at the theatre an evening well spent, not one of whom but would now blush at being caught there." All this was very painful to me—*Me*, the collector and illustrator of the Beauties of the Living Dramatists ! Blush at being caught there ! as if being caught at a royal, patent, legitimate theatre, were like being detected at a booth in Smithfield, or discovered in aiding and abetting some

offence against taste and common sense. In my own mind, I set down their remarks as the result of that fault so common to age,—a blind partiality to past times at the expense of the present ; and in other words I told them so. "So, gentlemen," said I, "you make no allowance for the progress of taste ? We are an enlightened people ; the age we live in is enlightened ; every day brings us a step nearer towards perfection ; the last thirty years have worked great changes, produced great inventions, wonderful improvements, astonishing discoveries. Burke," I continued, "never crossed the channel in a steamboat ; the homeward path of Johnson from his favourite club, never was illumined by gas ; and—and—" (hurrying to my conclusion,—considering it waste of time to argue with persons so senseless and so prejudiced withal)—"the drama too has undergone its improvements." "The drama !" they all ejaculated at once, "show, sniveling sentiment, balderdash, and mummery—the drama !" Finding the modern drama so contemptuously treated by these champions of the old school, I brought the main supporters of the new school successively in review before them. "Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, and Sheridan, 'were pretty fellows in their day,' but has either of them left us such a comedy as *Virtue's Harvest Home*, or as *La Belle Assemblée* ?" "No," was the reply, but delivered, as I fancied, in a tone of irony which considerably displeased me. "Can

you, from your whole store of sterling comedy, as you fantastically term it, produce such characters as Farmer Wheatsheaf, or *Deame* Wheatsheaf, or Lord Bluedevel?" I was answered by a second *No*, more cutting and cruel than the first. The only person who seemed inclined to take part with me, was an old gentleman, a very active member of the Agricultural Society, who, after some hesitation, said, that "For his part—not pretending to much understanding of the matter—he did not see why plough-tails, and turnip-tops, and farm-yard occupations, were not as proper subjects to talk about on the stage as any others;" (I cast a look of triumph at our opponents;) "that as we already possessed the serious comedy, the sentimental comedy, the genteel comedy, and so forth, it seemed, to his humble way of thinking, rather fastidious to object to the moral-agricultural comedy." (In the fulness of gratitude for his support I shook his hand.) "But—again disclaiming all pretensions to a proper understanding of the matter—he, admirer as he was of that class, even he must admit, that bloody towels and rusty daggers were rather out of their place in *comedy of any class*."—"Call you this backing o' your friends?"—This blow, and a ponderous blow it was, dealt from the hand of my only ally, surprised and staggered me; which my opponents perceiving, they all fell upon me one after another. "Your modern comedy gives us trades," said one; "And occupations," said another; "And pun and county dialects," said a third; "But affords neither character, nor wit, nor wholesome satire, nor common sense," said a fourth. I found that unless I made a desperate rally all would be lost. I contended that

"the drama had its fashions like all other human inventions; that fashions were liable to change; that natural character and easy wit were *out*; and, for that reason, were no more to be called for in the modern comedy than embroidered coats, full-bottomed wigs, stiff stomachers, and festooned hoops for the actors and actresses. Because it required half a hundred weight of horse-hair to make a wig for Congreve or for Farquhar, would you quarrel with the authors of *Virtue's Harvest Home* and *La Belle Assemblée* for wearing a half-ounce brutus, or for wearing no wig at all? Surely you would not. Why then are you less indulgent towards the differences between the insides of men's heads than the outs. You cling to what you call your old school of comedy" (I was growing angry, as I always do, when I hear the modern drama ridiculed or contemned) "as ivy clings to an old brick wall, merely because it is old, and affect to despise the new for no better reason. You move not forward with the improvements of the age; you have allowed the world to outrun you by half a century; you do not keep pace with the march of intellect."—"('Intellect, forsooth!' from the opposite benches. I called to order.)—"Had we lingered on, writing and admiring such pieces as delighted our grandfathers, never should we have wept over the serious-agricultural comedy; never should we have sat motionless and mute, or gasping in suspense and horror at the all-astounding and all-confounding melodrama; never should we have gazed, enraptured and delighted, at the glare and glitter, the taffeta and the tinsel, the waving plumes and 'all the magnificent gilt and brass-work' of that climax of perfection in the

* "The magnificent gilt and brass-work" exhibited in the Drury Lane Coronation was one of its great attractions, and due honour was conferred on it in the play-bills. Addison says, that we always feel more interested in the perusal of a book when we know something about its author. How much more gracefully then must have waved the plumes, with what excess of brightness must have shone "All the magnificent gilt and brass work," to those who were informed of the important fact, that among the artists, or, properly speaking, the authors of the Coronation, were "Messrs. CARBERRY and Co. for the feathers, and Messrs. JOHNSON and BROOKES, *New-street-square*, for all the magnificent gilt and brass work." (See the *Drury Lane play bills*.) If any fault may be found with this elegant advertisement (in all other respects quite worthy of Old Drury's play bills) it is that the mention of the address gives it somewhat the air of a shop-card. How formal and technical would it be to announce "Mr. William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, for all the magnificent poetry of the *Tempest*."

modern drama—a *Procession!!*—Like Brutus—“I paused for a reply.” My adversaries were dumbfounded. After staring at each other for some time in silence and astonishment, they liberally confessed that they did not imagine such an *idea* as a Procession would ever have entered the heads of any of *their* worthies; and adding, that having entirely given up attendance at the theatres, and being desirous of knowing in what the merit of such an exhibition consisted, they requested I would, in an early number of *The Beauties*, give a specimen of this latest improvement in the legitimate drama. This I consented to do; and, so far as the nature of the subject will allow of it, I now proceed to fulfil my promise.

A PROCESSION

Is the latest and most successful improvement in the modern drama. I do not speak of processions incidental to certain plays, as, for example, the Ovation in *Coriolanus*,* but of processions got up for the mere procession's sake. Of the latter, we have seen no fewer than *five* within about as many months.—Where?—At Astley's?—No. At the Olympic?—No. At the Spring-Garden Rooms, or Bartholomew Fair?—No:—two at the Show-box Royal, Drury Lane,—Old Drury,—Garrick's Drury,—Sheridan's Drury—(“Any body's *Violante*, every body's *Violante*”);—and three at the Show-box Royal, Covent Garden!†

Now as the introduction of Pro-

* I have heard it unthinkingly asserted that Mr. Kemble, as the introducer of processions and spectacles into some of Shakspeare's plays, ought to be considered as the original corruptor of the public taste. Kemble the corruptor of the public taste! Kemble the elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman! the man of exalted genius and refined taste! *He* the corruptor of the taste of the public! Why, his very presence on the stage was in itself sufficient to purify the atmosphere of the theatre, rendered unwholesome by the introduction of horses, dogs, monkeys, and rope-dancers. His *Cato*, his *Brutus*, his *Coriolanus*, his *Wolsey*, his *Zanga*, his *Hotspur*,—aye, or his *KINGLY Richard*—did these corrupt the public taste, or debase it, or help in any way to vulgarise it? The taste of nine-tenths of your “admirer public,” could never attain the level to which he would have exalted it. When *he* introduced procession and spectacle, it was with a view to embellish and illustrate his “beloved Shakspeare,” and complete the illusion of the scene; *he* introduced it, not for the pitiful purpose of dazzling the eye, but to exalt the imagination, and fill the mind with the semblance of truth and reality. Witness the *Tempest*. Witness *Coriolanus*. In the latter, the procession, splendid as it was, was merely incidental: of itself it attracted nothing. Kemble, with laurelled front and outspread arms, and altogether that poetical dignity and grandeur of attitude peculiar to himself, pausing for a while beneath the arch of triumph, his eye, his brow, his lip, his entire figure bespeaking the magnificent pride of the antique conqueror, carried the mind back to the “high and palmy state of Rome;” there we were, where Shakspeare intended we should be while his play was going on before us, in the seven-hilled city, with *Coriolanus*, and *Volumnia*, and all the great ones of that capital of the world. Here was a field for the imagination to revel in; but Kemble was the magician who spread it for us. The Ovation has been exhibited since his retirement from the stage, but so poor a procession-maker was he, that it has never succeeded without him. “The magnificent gilt and brass-work” is still fresh and glittering, but *Coriolanus* is gone for ever. Your pure procession-makers understand their work better. The Coronation, or the Public Entry of the Empress Elizabeth, will always draw the “admirer public,” spite of the absence, or even the presence, of any particular actor.

Kemble is gone! but fortunately he has left a brother possessing many of his rare qualities. Like him he is a gentleman and a scholar. He is now in the direction of a national theatre; and surely, a fitter person for the post could not easily be found. His very name is a guarantee that he will maintain the honour of at least *one* of our national stages. He will never turn traitor to the glory of his brother, or his sister, or to his own, by an unworthy use of his power. *He also is a Kemble!* and there is something in that very sound denoting enmity to trash, and trumpery, and mummery of all kinds.

† What else but show-boxes are they? What proportion do the regular tragedies, comedies, and farces, acted at both of them during the last and the present seasons, bear to the number of shows and melo-dramas exhibited? This is a calculation which might be made with some effect by the Lord Chamberlain.

cessions, as a great and important division of our national drama,* forms an epoch in theatrical history, a short notice of the sensation excited by those already produced, cannot fail to be instructive. To this end, however, the most authentic, and least interested information that can be obtained on the subject is indispensable, and I shall offer no apology for occasionally quoting those *bulletins*, so remarkable for the purity and impartiality of their auto-criticisms, and the valuable specimens of rhetoric they frequently contain—the play-bills.†

The first of the Processions, The Coronation, at the Show-box Royal, Drury Lane, was produced immediately after the Coronation at Westminster Abbey. The King at the Abbey was his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth; and, at the Show-box, Robert the first (of the Elliston dynasty). The success of this fac-simile exceeded even the most enthusiastic expectations of its most enthusiastic planner. The public has admired and delighted in Kemble's Coriolanus, and Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, and Miss O'Neill's Juliet, and the former Elliston's Aranza; but its admiration of all this was tame, its delight was cold, compared with its extasies of delight and admiration at king Robert's crown and robes. After a few nights' exhibition, thus saith the play-bill, and in large red letters,

like a lottery-puff: "overflowing and delighted audiences nightly recognize and acknowledge The Coronation as the most correct and splendid exhibition ever produced on the British stage." The British stage!! Thirty, fifty, eighty representations are insufficient to satisfy the admiration of this most admiring public, and then we have in letters larger and redder than before: "In consequence of the unprecedented popularity, and unceasing attraction of the Coronation, (which is acknowledged to be the most correct and splendid, &c. &c.) the theatre overflows nightly. It will be repeated on every night of acting." But royalty, whatever advantages it may confer on its possessor, is, in many respects, a burthen. Perhaps no man would accept it with the condition of being obliged all his life to go about with a heavy crown upon his head. In the history of the 19th of July, we find certain allusions to the "fatigues of the day," yet this was but *one* day of crowning; what mortal could endure crowning a hundred times successively? And so it happened with the king of Drury, that after submitting to the infliction of the ceremony with ineffable patience sundry scores of times—it happened, notwithstanding "THE KING" paraded "in his royal robes, wearing his cap of estate under a canopy of cloth of gold,"—notwithstanding this cloth of gold was "borne by the barons of the cinque-

* The rapidity with which the Processions have succeeded each other, and the place of their appearance, warrant the belief that they are now received as a standing portion of the national drama. What does Thalia in a niche outside of Covent Garden, having nothing to do within? There she stands, poor melancholy wench! looking complaints to each passer-by, of the hard usage she has received from her unnatural guardians. Why not remove her, and supply her place by a centaur or a punchinello? Either would hold out a fair promise of the sights to be seen within doors. As to poor Drury, that promises nothing—it is truly an *unpromising* concern. Apollo, who presided over the late theatre, and experienced an ominous fall at its conflagration, has cut the concern altogether.

† Here is a specimen which has no connexion with the present subject, but I give it as being an admirable one in its way.

"Brutus having now attained the *utmost height* of popularity, and *universal* approbation, producing on every evening of performance a *vast overflow* from all parts of the theatre very shortly after the doors are opened; its representation being nightly accompanied by *torrents* of the *most* loud and *rapturous* applause, and its announcement for repetition constantly hailed by the unanimous *cheers* and *acclamations* of the *whole* house, will be acted every evening till further notice." Where is the police while all this uproar and rioting is going on in a theatre of good fame? It then continues: "Mr. KEAN whose representation of *Lucius Junius*, in the new tragedy, has been productive of the *most powerful effect* on the *feelings* of *delighted* and *admiring* audiences, will repeat &c." (*Drury Lane play-bill, December 9, 1818.*)

All here is super-superlative. "Exhausted language can no further go."

ports, and supported by two bishops,"—notwithstanding his Majesty's train was "supported by the eldest sons of peers, assisted by the master of the robes,"—notwithstanding the "lords of the king's bed chamber, and the keeper of his majesty's privy purse,"—notwithstanding even the "physician and apothecary," placed there perhaps (somewhat like surgeons at a military flogging) to calculate how much dignity might be inflicted on the king of Drury without danger of unsettling his mental faculties—notwithstanding all this regal pomp, this enviable elevation nightly above "upwards of four hundred persons," king Robert was compelled to abdicate. But legitimacy is the order of the day: the manager of Drury is the natural king of Drury; so preferring the public weal to private ease, Robert determined to re-assume his reign, and soon the bills announced the joyful tidings (in letters of a magnitude befitting the importance of the event) that "Mr. Elliston has resumed his character* in the Coronation."—Thereupon audiences again became "crowded and overflowing;" once more the public "recognized and acknowledged the correctness and splendour of the exhibition;" again were audiences "delighted;" for the hundredth time they "admired;" then those "acknowledging" and "recognizing," and "delighted," and "admiring" audiences really grew "enthusiastic in their applause;" and, maintaining them in this pleasurable state of excitation,

the Procession continued its "successful and unprecedented career."

About the same time, a Procession appeared at the Show-box Royal, Covent Garden, the *plot* of which was also a Coronation. The only remarkable difference between this show and the other was, that while the Procession at legitimate Old Drury stood forward as a mere show, at Covent Garden poor Shakspeare was mangled and dragged at the tail of this triumphal car of the modern drama.†

Next in order followed the Coronation of the Empress Elizabeth; and, for this purpose, the public was treated with the revival of *The Exile*, an admirable medium for a show.‡ But the admiring public had already admired two Coronations; and though great reliance is placed on its capacities for admiration, it could not reasonably be expected that the public would go on admiring Coronations for ever; so, to coax it into admiration of a third, a sort of bonus was offered in the form of the *Grand public entry of the Empress Elizabeth, through a triumphal arch!!* An Empress going through an arch was irresistible: the Coronation was swallowed, the very *Exile* itself was digested, and audiences "overflowing the theatre in every part," testified their admiration of this "grand pageant, by the loudest applause and acclamations throughout."

Procession the fourth was entitled, the *Grand emblematical Procession of the Seasons, and the Elements*, and was marched, at the same show-

* Mr. Elliston's announcing that he had "resumed his character" in the Coronation, was inflicting a bitter satire on himself. Is that his character, or his place? to fill up a dumb pageant, to march in a Procession! Where is *Aranza*? Where *Felix*, *Archer*, the *Singles*, *Ranger*, *Rover*? These were the parts, among others, that gave him the character of being the pleasantest, and, in many respects, the best comedian of the time; and he would do better for himself, and for the art, were he to endeavour to RETRIEVE that character by acting those parts more frequently, than by "resuming the character" of a lay-figure, to expose a velvet robe and ostrich feathers upon.

† Shakspeare's *Henry IV.* Part II. was tacked on to this Coronation.

‡ Who would ever suspect the *Exile* to be the production of the lively author of the *Dramatist*, and of a score other pleasant pieces that kept the town in a broad laugh for twenty years together? But I suppose we must have vehicles for shows, as we sometimes have vehicles for music. Here lies the difference between the present show-system, and that of Mr. KEMBLE, "the original corruptor of the public taste." He made use of pageant and spectacle, chiefly for the purpose of illustration; now, a piece is got up as a mere medium for show and glitter. Let me ask two questions: Who would go to look at the *ovation* now that *Coriolanus* is no more? Who would go to listen to the *Exile* were the pageant withdrawn?

box,* in a scene (*classical*, according to the play-bills) representing the Carnival in the great square of Milan. With Cleopatra's galley, the palace of pleasure, an artificial mountain, Apollo's temple, and other such "appliances and means to boot," it is not surprising that this fourth procession was "enthusiastically received," or that overflowing audiences testified their delight and admiration, and extasy and enthusiasm, in all possible ways, not inconsistent with the rules of decency in a public theatre.

I had nearly forgot to mention, that in the course of this pageant was introduced the play of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.†

The fifth and latest procession which has appeared, was produced at the show-box on the opposite side of the way. The Coronation, with all its glories, could not be expected to march on for ever; and opposed as it was by three processions, given in rapid succession at the rival legitimate—national—patent—Show-box Royal, it began to limp and hobble, and show signs of fatigue. In consequence, another procession was planned, which was intended to outdo all that had ever been done before. Painters, decorators, plumassiers, braziers, silkmen, gold-lacemen, silver-lacemen, and all sorts of contrivers of show and glitter were set to work. Public expectation was excited in a very high degree; and as soon as the *Grand Procession of the installed and uninstalled Knights of St. Patrick, with the sovereign of the order* was announced for exhibition, the "applications for places were innumerable." The anxiously

expected night at length arrived, and (to use the play-bill style) the public rushed, in overwhelming and irresistible torrents, to the doors; in an incredibly short time after their opening, the house was crowded almost to suffocation; and every place from which a sight of the stage could be obtained was occupied in anxious and breathless impatience for the commencement of the march. But spite of all this, spite of the promise of an "Irish jig," in large black letters; spite of the "grand installation," in large red ones; spite of much paint, and varnish, and show, and glitter, this procession was stopt in mid career. The failure of this *work* (for notwithstanding the play-bill's assurance of the contrary, it did fail) is easily to be accounted for, and on two grounds: first, as compared with a coronation, an installation is an anti-climax, a fault always to be avoided, and more cautiously avoided where the eye alone sits in judgment; and how could it have been expected that the same admiring audiences who had so long revelled in the contemplation of Mr. Elliston's majesty, surrounded by princes and dukes, the sons of peers for train-bearers, his physician and apothecary close at hand, his champion on *real* horse-back, his knights in *real* armour, &c. how could it have been expected that these same persons should look with complacency on drum-majors, a noble lord or two, *proxies* for dukes, a few bishops, masters in chancery, battle-axe guards, and such inferior officers? Secondly: habit has rendered modern play-goers critical about PROCESSIONS; they begin to form opinions and to pro-

* Three Processions to poor Drury's one! Emulation and well-directed industry must prosper.

† That the play of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was revived for the express purpose of producing a pageant, a carnival, or any other sort of show, there can be no doubt. As an acting play, it is notoriously one of the weakest of Shakspeare's; the simple announcement of the revival of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "unmixed with baser matter," would have been but little attractive; and, judging from the present state of theatrical policy, there is no reason to believe that the pure love of Shakspeare, or of his memory, or of the dramatic art, would have induced the revival of an unprofitable play. But the great proof lies in the arrangement of the play-bills (and the "admiring public" has seen enough of this kind of auto-criticism to understand its mysteries); for while "Shakspeare" and his "sonnets," and the "play of our immortal bard," appear in modest and ordinary type, the "Carnival" stands forth in characters of super-important dimensions.

‡ To this was appended something, entitled, *Giovanni in Ireland*.

nounce judgments on their respective merits,—that is to say, they weigh, and measure, and count,—and the practised eye of the “admirer public” soon perceived that in the *Installation* there were expended fewer hundreds of feathers, fewer yards of velvet, fewer bales of silk, fewer pounds of spangles, than in the *Coronation*. These are the true modern *poetics*, and by these was the *Installation* tried: it was found wanting; and after undergoing the process of damnation sundry times, it was finally withdrawn.*

Having given a short history of the rise of this modern addition to the legitimate drama, it remains for me to fulfil my promise of placing a specimen of a *Procession* among the Beauties of the Living Dramatists.

I now perceive that the promise was a rash one, and I was to blame in contracting it. In this species of dramatic literature there is nothing tangible to the understanding; it addresses itself solely to the eye. To embody and exhibit its beauties on paper is therefore nearly impossible; it is something like an attempt to write a dance upon the tight rope; and how can the pen represent the *à-plomb* with which MADAME SAQUI, and a company of French tumblers, capered upon three tight ropes at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, or the agility with which *she* ran up a rope extended from the back of its classical and national stage to the centre of its enlightened and admiring two shilling gallery?† Yet, since altogether to omit so important a

* According to the play-bills, it appears that poor Giovanni had to struggle against “factious efforts previously organized,” which, for a time, were “completely overpowered.” In the end, however, they completely overpowered him. Factious efforts previously organized! Unless I give a positive reference, I am persuaded that it will never be believed that a London theatre would dare to qualify by such a phrase the disapprobation expressed by a London public. See then the Drury Lane play-bill of Friday, December 28, 1821, at the bottom of which will be found, in unusually large characters, the following sentence:—

“GIOVANNI IN IRELAND, on its second performance, last night, was received with tumultuous approbation, every factious effort previously organized being completely overpowered.”—Would it not have been more decent to use the customary formula, as thus: “The public is most respectfully informed that its factious efforts previously organized being completely overpowered, &c.”

† Yes, reader, on the stage of a great national theatre, acting under the authority of the royal patent, have we beheld a set of buffoons and rope dancers, brought from the outskirts of Paris, where, in a trumpery building, they exhibit before a French rabble for *two-pence*!!

The following passage, which occurs in Cibber’s *Life*, is so apt to the present subject, and applies so closely to the actual state of our theatres, that I must beg leave to quote it: speaking of the *then* patentee of Drury-Lane, he says: “It seems he had not purchased his share of the patent to mend the stage, but to make money of it: and to say truth, his sense of every thing to be shown there was much upon a level with the taste of the multitude, whose opinion and whose money weighed with him just as much as that of the best judges. His point was to please the majority, who could more easily comprehend any thing they *saw*, than the daintiest things that could be said to them. But in this notion *he kept no medium*; for in my memory he carried it so far that he was (some years before this time) actually dealing for an *extraordinary fine elephant*, at a certain sum, for any day he might think fit to show the tractable genius of that vast quiet creature in any play or farce in the theatre (then standing) in *Dorset Garden*.” [Who would not imagine this to have been written of *Covent Garden*, where we have actually seen that “vast quiet creature.”] “But from his bricklayer’s assuring him it might endanger the fall of the house, he gave up so hopeful a prospect of making the receipt of the stage run higher than all the wit and force of the best writers had ever yet raised them to.

“About the same time, he put in practice another project, which was his introducing a *set of rope-dancers* into the same theatre; for the first day of whose performance he had given out some play in which I had a material part.” [Now mark well what followed about a century ago.] “But I was hardy enough to go into the pit and acquaint the spectators near me, that I hoped they would not think it a mark of my disrespect to them if I declined acting upon any stage that was brought to so low a disgrace as ours was like to be by that day’s entertainment. My excuse was so well taken, and the whole body of actors, too, protesting against such an abuse of their profession, our cautious master was too much alarmed and intimidated to repeat it.”

feature of the modern drama would leave my collection glaringly deficient and incomplete, I will endeavour to illustrate the only two prominent literary qualities it possesses;† and if, after all, the result of my efforts should prove unsatisfactory to my readers, I trust that they will make ample allowances on my behalf, in consideration of the difficulties of the task which I have imposed on myself.

The specimens I shall exhibit are from three original MSS. in my possession; but though they are greatly inferior in *puffability* and *trapacity* to those already *marched*, I prefer se-

lecting from them to having recourse to well-known *works*; not only on account of their novelty, but that the public may be enabled to judge of the activity excited in the cultivation of this new branch of the drama, and also to form some idea of the stock of talent on which it may calculate for its future amusement and edification.

The first is a project for the revival of Foote's Farce of the *Mayor of Garrate*, for the purpose of introducing the procession of the newly-elected mayor through the village.—The opening is not amiss.

Order of the procession.

Mob.

Hot-spice gingerbread-man selling hot-spice gingerbread.

Mob.

Drum and fife.

Cobblers two and two, in their best clothes.‡

Tinkers two and two, in their best clothes.

Pedlars, &c. &c. and a long line of followers of different trades and occupations, all in *their best clothes*.

Constable with his staff. §

Marrow-bones and cleavers.

* * * *

[Shortly after appears the bellman, the author's master-stroke, as the reader may judge.]

THE BELLMAN.

In his best clothes, a gold-laced three-corner'd hat with gold buttons and loop on his head, carrying in his right hand a magnificent brass bell, decorated with blue ribbons. ||

N. B. The public is respectfully informed that the magnificent real brass

† There is yet wanting to the modern drama a polite nomenclature expressive of its peculiar beauties. The terms *trash*, *stuff*, *gag*, *humbug*, &c. are all very appropriate, but rather coarse. The *procession*, as being the latest invention in the dramatic art, is, consequently, the most deficient in this respect; so that, in order to designate the two literary qualities I have alluded to, I am compelled to make use of two words, which, though remarkably definite and exact, are somewhat vulgar—*puff* and *trap*. Having diligently searched my *Johnson* for a pair of polite, and at the same time efficient substitutes, and none being to be found, I must be content with the services of *puff* and *trap*. I will, however, be as sparing as possible in my employment of them, for were I to bring forward *puff* and *trap* on every occasion where the qualities they imply appear in the play-bills of the London Theatres-Royal, poor *puff* and *trap* would find their office no sinecure.

‡ This piece of *trap* is not ill-conceived. The author seems aware that finery is requisite in a procession, but forgets that it must be glittering finery. In the Drury-Lane Coronation we have "Trumpeters in full state liveries with silver trumpets." But this begets the idea of gold-lace and spangles; a specimen of *trap* the author may profit by in his next work.

§ An imitation of that interesting point in the Drury-Lane play-bill: "High Constable of Westminster, with his staff."

|| Not only is this the best point in the procession, but it will stand a comparison with one of the most effective pieces of *trap* in the Drury-Lane Coronation: "The *King* in his royal robes, wearing his cap of estate, under a canopy of cloth of gold, supported by the barons of the cinque-ports, &c."

The N. B. which follows is admirable; though, perhaps, the imitation of the famous "Messrs. Johnston and Brookes, New-street-square, for all the magnificent gilt and brass-work," is too apparent.

bell, carried by the bell-man, was cast expressly for this procession, by Messrs. Clapper and Co. Bell Founders, High Holborn.

THE MAYOR OF GARRAT.

Riding on a real ass decorated with blue ribbons. †

Marrow-bones and cleavers.

Tumblers.

Punch and Judy.

Cobblers two and two, &c. &c.

* * * *

Mob.

And thus closes the procession. ‡

The next is *The progress of the beautiful lady Godiva through the High Street of the city of Coventry.*

Had the author adhered to the *naked truth* of the history of this event, his exhibition, however beautiful and interesting, must have been destitute of pomp and splendour; for, as it is well known that it was declared death to him that should dare

to look upon her ladyship while passing through the city, he must necessarily have made her traverse the stage *unaccompanied*. He has most ingeniously imagined a mode of overcoming this difficulty, by which her ladyship's delicate scruples are respected, and a tolerable degree of *éclat* is conferred on the procession, which is made to open by

The Town-Crier of Coventry, *blindfolded*.

Spear-men, two and two, *blindfolded*.

Archers, two and two, *blindfolded*.

Cross-bow-men, two and two, *blindfolded*.

The High Sheriff of the County of Warwick (*bearing his wand*), *blindfolded*.

Aldermen of Coventry in their robes, *carefully blindfolded*.

Mayor of Coventry, in his robes, *carefully blindfolded*.

Bishop of Coventry, *most carefully blindfolded*.

* * * *

Virgins, two and two, dancing and strewing flowers.

Matrons, two and two, bearing banners, on which are embroidered icicles, drifted snow, white roses, and other emblems of chastity.

† The introduction of a *real ass* on the boards of a London theatre is not altogether new, but I believe this is the first time that such an event was ever intended to be formally announced. *Real* elephants, *real* horses, *real* dogs, and *real* monkeys, have frequently been held out as the chief attraction in an evening's amusement at the legitimate patent national theatres. Might not the licenser, suspecting a latent satire, object to the decorating of *real asses* with blue ribbons?

‡ Considering this procession as intended for a London Theatre Royal, I cannot say much in its favour. The subject is injudiciously chosen, for though it will admit of noise, it excludes show and glitter. With the exception of the tumblers and the bell-man, there is no opportunity for the display of a yard of gold lace, or one single ounce of spangles. I cannot deny it the praise of purity and precision in its conduct, and of a classical adherence to character and costume; but those very qualities, inasmuch as they render the *work* unfit for its destination, become so many defects; and whatever pleasure this procession may produce in the closet, I do unhesitatingly pronounce it unfit for representation on the stage.

The author, it seems, is a young man whose ambition it is to *write* for the *British stage*. Processions being the order of the day, the favoured objects of the managers as of the town, he naturally *writes* a procession, as perhaps he would essay a comedy were comedy in vogue. His first step in the career he has chosen is indicative of talent; but if he would *write* successfully and profitably, he must in future be more attentive to glitter, noise, and show.

LADY GODIVA,

Mounted on a beautiful milk-white mare, decorated with white ribbons; her long black hair flowing down her neck and shoulders, and disposed so as completely to conceal her

SADDLE.

Matrons, two and two.
Virgins, two and two.
More blindfolded aldermen.
&c. &c. &c.

In the course of this scene is introduced an incident which is highly creditable to the author's fancy. Lady Godiva pauses—a garret window is seen to open—Tom (emphatically called Peeping Tom) appears with an opera glass, a telescope, or some other magnifying instrument—as he puts it to his eye, Diana appears in the clouds—she touches it with her bow—it explodes, and strikes Tom with blindness.—Thus is a well-attested fact represented in a manner highly poetical.

It is said, that the farce of *Peeping Tom* is about to be revived, for the purpose of introducing this procession, which, though deficient in glitter, contains *natural* beauties which cannot fail of attracting admiring audiences. *Mlle. Bégrand*, who acts the *Chaste Susannah* at the *Porte St. Martin*, in a costume of antediluvian simplicity, might be engaged for the part of Lady Godiva.

The last specimen I shall produce is from a procession pure and undefiled, that is to say, a procession unaccompanied by inferior dramatic matter, as play, or opera, or any such impertinent appendage—something after the manner of the Drury Lane Coronation. The subject is remarkably fertile, and affords abundant opportunities for the exercise of those qualities which are the life and soul of the processional drama, *puff* and *trup*. Of those opportunities the author has availed himself with considerable adroitness, and some originality; but as his imitations of his predecessors, where he does imitate them, are so glaring and palpable as almost to amount to plagiarisms, I shall take particular note of them whenever they occur, not only with a view to the benefit of the art, but in justice to the illustrious dramatists whose works have served as models for

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW BY LAND AND WATER.

A superb, grand, splendid, and magnificent processional pageant in five acts.†

Act the first represents the procession by land, as seen from the obelisk in Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

[Its principal features are]

The City Marshal in a magnificent full uniform, with his staff, mounted on a real white charger. ‡

The Twelve City Companies.

Superb Banner of the Fishmongers' Company.
Fishmongers.

Warden of the Fishmongers' Company.
Superb Banner of the Grocers' Company.
Grocers.

Warden of the Grocers' Company. §

* * * * *

Mr. Deputy ——— in his glass coach.
Mr. Deputy ——— in his glass coach.

† As these five acts form a programme as long as a bill of the entertainments at Astley's or Drury-Lane, it is impossible to do more than just select its most attractive beauties. The term, processional pageant, is new and very expressive.

‡ This is an improvement on "The high constable of Westminster, *with his staff*." See D. L. Coronation.

§ Banners of Spain,—Ambassador of Spain,—Spaniards.

C. G. Public Entry of the Emp. Eliz.

(Here follow all the Deputies in rotation.)
Mr. Alderman ——— in his own carriage.
(All the Aldermen.)

THE MAN IN REAL ARMOUR,
mounted on a real charger,
followed by Esquires in real half-armour.†

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH
richly painted and gilt,
drawn by

SIX REAL HORSES.‡

In the coach are seen the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, bowing graciously to the populace, and the Mace Bearer, immovable at the middle window, bearing the City Mace—all as large as life!!

* * * *

Act the second is a representation of the ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor at Westminster; the chief incident in which is his Lordship's counting the hob-nails; and the only very striking beauty in the arrangement of this part of the bill is

THE JUDGES IN REAL WIGS!

NB. Messrs. Frizzle and Co. of Lincoln's Inn Fields for all the judicial wigs. §

* * * *

Act the third gives us the Lord Mayor's Show by Water, as it is seen from the Temple Gardens; with an accurate representation of Blackfriars Bridge and the Patent Shot Manufactory.

Here we have barges with bands of music, barges with double bands of music, the River Fencibles firing salutes, the Clothworkers' barge, the Vintners' barge, &c. and THE LORD MAYOR'S BARGE (in large letters,) gliding down

THE RIVER THAMES (in larger.)

The fourth act represents the interior of Guildhall, magnificently illuminated, at the upper end of which are seen

GOG AND MAGOG, THE GIANTS,

who come down to dinner when they hear the clock strike one! ||
with the

GRAND ENTRY
of

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD MAYOR

through the great centre door of the hall, decorated with variegated lamps expressly for the occasion; his Lordship being attended by all the City officers, with the Aldermen, and the Deputies of all the City wards; together with many persons of distinction from the west end of the town. ††

* * * *

The fifth and concluding act is a representation of the ball in the Court

† See D. L. Coronation.

‡ It is impossible to avoid recurring to the "Car of the Empress drawn by six real horses," in the C. G. *Public Entry*.

§ Again an imitation of "All the magnificent gilt and brass work." This was a masterly touch of puff certainly, but like excellence of all kinds it has excited a wearisome quantity of imitations.

|| The author seems to consider this as one of the most fortunate hits in his *piece*, and is desirous of obtaining for it the honour of red letters. I think it deserves it. There are but few touches of *puff* or *trap* in the play-bills of the Theatres Royal which surpass it, and as for the minor theatres, they never attempt such mighty flights.

†† This is *imitating* with a vengeance. The author has made too free with that exquisite piece of *trap* which occurs in a Covent Garden bill, and is literally as follows:

"THE GRAND PUBLIC ENTRY
of the

EMPERESS ELIZABETH,
through a TRIUMPHAL ARCH, decorated for the occasion. The procession proceeds in its course to the cathedral, attended by deputations from her TRIBUTARY STATES, by all the dignitaries and public functionaries of the city; and the AMBASSADORS from all the various courts of Europe and Asia."

of King's Bench, which is most brilliantly illuminated. In the course of this act are danced the *Minuet de la Cour*, by the Lady Mayoress and the eldest son of an Alderman, and a Spanish Bolero, by Mr. Deputy —, of Portsoken ward; † and the whole is concluded by a

GRAND EMBLEMATICAL AND ALLEGORICAL VISION,
and a
SHOWER OF FIRE. ‡

P.*

† The announcement of a dance is an allowable mode of attraction to a Theatre-Royal. In the Drury Lane *Installation* we find "In act 1, an IRISH JIG."

‡ The shower of fire would seem as inappropriate in the Court of King's Bench (except, perhaps, as affording a foretaste to the lawyers) as visions and allegories in the Drury Lane *fac-simile* of the installation of the Knights of St. Patrick; but the author sets all to rights by a marginal note in his MS. where he says, "People don't go to *think* at these things—they must always end with a crash, no matter how, or why, or wherefore—any thing will do, so it be but like the last scene of a pantomime."

THE FALLS OF OHIOPYLE.

ON the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun, amid uninhabited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water,—a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered into the boat, and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which

forbade my leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind, when nature in her garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away, and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds. His last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the umbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects

increased. Immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure, which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels, and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moonbeams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance; while rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure; it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me at thus beholding in their pride of loveliness the works of the creating Spirit.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into the boat lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me

with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked, that though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought with considerable anxiety for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time, my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have before mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered, and grew cold to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope or succour, or a twig to catch at to save me from destruction. In a few moments, I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death. I had seen him in various forms. I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. Still the beautiful

face of nature which had tempted me to my fate was the same. The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the star of evening, and in their tranquillity seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects, a mist was over my eyes—but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things, of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity, for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly, I seemed rapt along with inconceivable swiftness, and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity. Then a shock as if my frame had been rent in atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted from the water, but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or

former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure, but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees, I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity; but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. Of my sailing on the river—of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohio

pyle

, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it—but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing about me. I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form, which had flitted around me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me—her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time

of my illness, those white fingers, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that had obscured my mind and memory passed away; I was again sensible, and could call to mind with some little trouble a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, of my reaching the edge of the rock over which the full stream rushes with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences, and from whom I might gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, examined the room in which I lay, but no one was there; my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair. Being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants; and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round, I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller, Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was busily engaged in patting and caressing him, when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while, on the other, hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumb—but not a word escaped my lips. She

was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch; chiding me at the same time for so doing without leave. She smiling said, "I am, at present, your physician, and I assure you that I shall exercise the power which I have over you, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible." "But," added the father, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive. By this time, I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned to them. But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly by his lovely daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the Falls of Ohiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river-side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation, he had great difficulty, first, in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father's dwelling, where I had lain several days, till by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business), I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over every thing the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to them,

selves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case). Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget, for—shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me was the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have been benefited by the same care, and have been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile; that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls,

and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass-plat edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with "wee modest" daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; "and yet it cannot be helped," I repeated again and again. "How happy I should be," I thought, "in this lovely spot, and perhaps, the daughter"—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? "And why should I not be happy?"

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay, more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me; and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

SONNET, TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

It seemeth like Enchantment thus to go
 Into the calm lull'd woods, when all's asleep
 Save thou, lone minstrel of fictitious woe,
 Shade-loving Philomel, who seem'st to weep
 Thy bosom's deep wrung sufferings.—O thy voice,
 Like Angel Pity's from some drooping cloud,
 Doth bid the sullen heart of him rejoice
 Who shuns like thee the vile obnoxious crowd;—
 Where all is glitter, noise, and waste of wind;
 Where Love is aped by false-faced courtesy,
 Where Folly's converse loads the sickening wind,
 And Fashion rules with mean servility:—
 O what a break of bondage—here entwined
 With boughs, to sit, sweet Bird, and list thy harmony.

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A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. late Surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon.

THIS work, from which, our readers will recollect, some extracts were given in our last, is on the eve of publication, but has not yet made its appearance. We avail ourselves therefore of the copy in our possession to lay before our readers a further selection from its contents. The work purports to be a compilation of Napoleon's private observations during the first three years of his captivity at St. Helena, taken down upon the spot each day, immediately after the narrator parted from his company. It is a simple, unadorned narrative of the conversations of Napoleon, not spoiled or brought into suspicion by any attempt at finery,—it is the *Boswelliana* of Bonaparte, unalloyed by the (certainly amusing) egotism of the northern biographer. To the work is prefixed a fac-simile of Napoleon's manuscript of the following sentence, the original of which is in the author's possession.

Je prie mes parens et amis de croire tout ce que le Docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement a la position ou je me trouve et aux sentimens que je conserve. S'il voient ma bonne Louise je la prie de permettre qu'il lui baise les mains.

Le 25 Juillet, 1818.

NAPOLÉON.

This speaks clearly the high confidence which Napoleon placed in the person to whom it was given, and confirms the strong internal evidence which every page presents of its authenticity. In addition to this, there is the attestation of Mr. Holmes, the agent of Napoleon in this country, that he received the original manuscript from St. Helena long before the arrival of Mr. O'Meara in England, a proof that the compilation was no afterthought. We think Mr. O'Meara has only acted justly towards himself, and respectfully towards the public, in producing those vouchers for the credit which he demands from them: but the trouble was scarcely necessary; there are so many anecdotes which none but Napoleon could tell—so many phrases, which none but Napoleon could use—such *intensity* of diction, and varieties of singular and interesting dis-

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closure, that it is difficult to refuse assent. The very nature of the work renders it necessarily most curious—there has not been a public event for the last thirty years—an actor of any distinction upon the political scene—a general of any fame—a minister of any eminence—a battle—a court—a treaty, or in short, an occurrence of any national interest whatever, which we have not Napoleon sketching for us in his own proper person, with all the rapidity and familiarity of conversation. The most minute details of his youth, his elevation, his prosperity, and his fall—the characters with whom he either combated or associated—the different members of his own family, their faults and their capabilities—the crimes of which he was accused with his own defences, the failures which he fell into, the achievements which he executed, and the plans which he had in prospect, are all developed with most interesting minuteness. One circumstance has struck us forcibly, as we have no doubt it will every one else on a perusal of this book, and that is, the facility of intercourse which Napoleon admitted, and his extreme communicativeness upon every subject; to be sure, it is natural enough that a man like him, after the surprising activity of the life he led, might wish to relieve the rigours of his confinement by a recurrence to the scenes in which he was so distinguished, thus as it were stealing a balm for the present from the memory of the past; still we did not expect to meet with so entire an absence of reserve. It is time, however, to allow the reader to judge for himself by some out of the numberless entertaining anecdotes with which these volumes abound. We should perhaps mention that the book is written in the unassuming but natural form of a diary. The following are some of his opinions of the person to whom perhaps in the world he was most attached—the Empress Josephine.

Had some conversation with him relative to the Empress Josephine, of whom he spoke in terms the most affectionate. His

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first acquaintance with that amiable being, commenced after the disarming of the sections in Paris, subsequently to the 13th of Vendémiaire, 1795. "A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me," continued he, "and entreated that his father's sword (who had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*. This first impression was daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following." Vol. i. p. 180. And again—"Josephine was subject to nervous attacks when in affliction. She was really an amiable woman—elegant, charming and affable. *Era la dama la piu graziosa di Francia*. She was the goddess of the toilet; all the fashions originated with her; every thing she put on appeared elegant; and she was so kind, so humane—she was the best woman in France." In another place he says of her,—"Josephine died worth about eighteen millions of francs. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years. She had frequently little disputes with Denon and even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues and pictures for her own gallery instead of the Museum. Now I always acted to please the people; and whenever I obtained a fine statue or a valuable picture I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine was Grace personified. Every thing she did was with a peculiar grace and delicacy. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She had grace even *en se couchant*. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time." Vol. ii. p. 101.

Of Marie Louise also he seems to have been very fond. The author relates that, he made him read to him three several times, out of the Observer Newspaper, an account of her having fallen off her horse into the Po and narrowly escaped drowning; an accident by which he appeared much affected. We have already seen that her own picture and that of her son decorated his mantel-piece; he had subsequently received from Europe a bust of young Napoleon, upon which he used to gaze at times with the most tender expression of affection. Napoleon seemed

fully impressed with an opinion that his affection for Marie Louise was returned to the last; and if the story which he relates be true, it is indeed highly to her honour.

"I have," continued he, "been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to * * * her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile."

Of his own family, and particularly of the females, he appears to have been fond of indulging the recollection.

"My excellent mother," said he, "is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud and high minded. She is capable of selling every thing even to her chemise for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and giving her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon the mother. She is very rich. Most of my family considered that I might die, that accidents might happen, and consequently took care to secure something. They have preserved a great part of their property." Of Joseph he thus speaks. "His virtues and talents are those of a private character; and for such nature intended him: he is too good to be a great man. He has no ambition. He is very like me in person, but handsomer. He is extremely well informed, but his learning is not that which is fitted for a king; nor is he capable of commanding an army." Vol. i. p. 232.

It is a curious fact, that Napoleon besought Mr. O'Meara to collect for him every book he could in which he was libelled, and read and commented on them continually, sometimes seriously refuting them, but much oftener in strains of ridicule. Occasionally some very awkward stories came out about the authors. We shall only extract one relating to Madame de Staël,

"Madame de Staël," said he, "was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and

restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the moment of drowning she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. At Geneva, she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me on purpose to ask payment of two millions, which her father Neckar had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him, and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in in spite of this order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said that he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Stäel was not however contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money in order to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; that she *would be black and white for me*. Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, urging that in so critical a time she might be of considerable service. I answered, that I would make no bargains.

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame de Stäel in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'who at this moment is *la première femme du monde*?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'she who has borne the greatest number of children,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed. He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a *wicked* woman, but that she was a restless *intrigante*, possessed of considerable talent and influence." (Vol. ii. p. 65—67.)

Napoleon, however, did not content himself with merely retorting on the motives of his traducers. Wherever there appeared any colour for the accusation he went at length into the real facts, stating what took place,

and what he had to say in his vindication. Thus the three great accusations against him, the poisoning of the soldiers, the massacre of the Turks, and the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he minutely enters into. He states the circumstances which gave rise to the report of the first, which he asserts never happened at all, and adds that there is no person in England now more convinced of its falsehood than the person who gave it the greatest circulation here, Sir Robert Wilson. If this be the fact, Sir R. Wilson is called upon by every feeling which ought to actuate an honourable man to come forward manfully and confess his misinformation. The destruction of 1200 Turks he avows and justifies; appealing to every military man in Europe for his justification: but war, we are afraid, has little connection with morality. Alluding to the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he says he was clearly implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau. We take at random one passage on this subject; which is, however, frequently discussed by Napoleon at much greater length. We must premise that he uniformly imputes the denouement to the persevering instigation of Talleyrand.

"It was found out," continued Napoleon, "by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duc d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country I governed, in order to profit by my assassination? According to the laws of nature, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the republic, which he did not deny. When before the tribunal, he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg, he wrote a letter to me, in which he offered to discover every thing if pardon were granted to him, said that his family had lost their claims for a long time, and concluded by offering

his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Count d'Artois been in his place, he would have suffered the same fate; and were I now placed under similar circumstances, I would act in a similar manner. As the police," added Napoleon, "did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehée de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey, a man in whose integrity they had every confidence, to Drake at Munich, with a letter from Mehée, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehée's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier consul*, no matter by what means."* (Vol. i. p. 453, 454.)

But we gladly turn from these topics to the sketches of character with which the book is filled. Nothing can be more amusing than some, or more intensely interesting than others. We question much whether they are not far better hit off in conversation as they appear, than if they had been the result of labour and deliberation. The character of Murat thus rapidly thrown off could not be improved by any polish:—

I informed him that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. "What does he say of me?" said Napoleon. I replied, that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade that he spoke ill of him. "Oh," said he, laughing, "that is nothing; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?" I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. "It is very probable," replied Napoleon; "I could not be every where; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois bataillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not I believe two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him

my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence he was as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself he was an *imbécile* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lâche*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. *There* he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *couvert de peunes jusqu'au clocher*, and glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a paladine, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *canaille*. Strange to say, however, Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a messenger to acquaint him with what I had done. Immediately he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees to prevent him; but in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Holland, and that he must make his peace, and not adhere to *demi-mesures*. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians with his *canaille*, and ruined me. For at that time there was a negotiation going on between Austria and me, stipulating that the former should remain neuter, which would have been finally concluded, and I should have reigned undisturbed. But as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the emperor immediately conceived that he was acting by my directions, and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, 'Oh, the Emperor Napoleon is the same as ever. A man of iron. The trip to Elba has not changed him. Nothing will ever alter him: all or nothing

* While the Duc d'Enghien was on his trial, Madame la Maréchale Bessière said to Colonel Ordèner, who had arrested him, "Are there no possible means to save that *malheureux*? Has his guilt been established beyond a doubt?" "Madame," replied Colonel Ordèner, "I found in his house sacks of papers sufficient to compromise the half of France."—The duke was executed in the morning, and not by torch-light as has been represented.

for him.' Austria joined the coalition, and I was lost. Murat was unconscious that my conduct was regulated by circumstances and adapted to them. He was like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole is moved. He never however thought that his secession in the first instance would have been so injurious to me, or he would not have joined the allies. He concluded that I should be obliged to give up Italy and some other countries, but never contemplated my total ruin." (Vol. ii. p. 94—97.)

There are many sketches of Murat, but this is the best. It was Mr. O'Meara who communicated to Napoleon the intelligence of Murat's death. "He heard it," says he, with calmness, and immediately demanded if he had perished on the field of battle." He afterwards remarked that the conduct of the Calabrese towards Murat was mercy compared with the treatment which *he* was experiencing. The following are descriptions of some of his generals and ministers.

"Moreau," said he, "was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With a hundred thousand men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions, covering roads, and would not do more than if he had only thirty thousand. He did not know how to profit either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. Very calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to command in the heat of an action than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle. Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart; *Un bon vivant, mais il n'avait pas beaucoup de caractère.* He was led away by his wife and another intriguing Creole. His having joined Pichegru and Georges in the conspiracy, and subsequently having closed his life fighting against his country, will ever disgrace his memory. As a general, Moreau was infinitely inferior to Desaix, or to Kleber, or even to Soult. Of all the generals I ever had under me, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself and despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete

field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, *the just sultan*. He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked you on your landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been only a meal for them. Your army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry." (Vol. i. p. 237, 238.)

I asked his opinion of Clarke. He replied, "he is not a man of talent, but he is laborious and useful in the *bureau*. He is, moreover, incorruptible, and saving of the public money, which he never has appropriated to his own use. He is an excellent *redacteur*. He is not a soldier, however, nor do I believe that he ever saw a shot fired in his life. He is infatuated with his nobility. He pretends that he is descended from the ancient kings of Scotland, or Ireland, and constantly vaunts of his noble descent. A good clerk. I sent him to Florence as ambassador, where he employed himself in nothing but turning over the old musty records of the place, in search of proofs of the nobility of my family, for you must know that they came from Florence. He plagued me with letters upon this subject, which caused me to write to him to attend to the business for which he had been sent to Florence, and not to trouble his head or mine with his nonsense about nobility; that I was the *first* of my family. Notwithstanding this, he still continued his inquiries. When I returned from Elba, he offered his services to me, but I sent him word that I would not employ any traitors, and ordered him to his estates." I asked if he thought that Clarke would have served him faithfully. "Yes," replied the emperor, "as long as I was the strongest, like a great many others." (Vol. i. p. 400, 401.)

The following is his description of Carnot.

A man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues and easily deceived. He had directed the operations of war, without having merited the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him, as he had neither the experience, nor the habitude of war. When minister of war, he shewed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the minister of finance and the treasury; in all of which he was wrong. He left the ministry, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want

of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire, he never asked for any thing; but after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment, and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was minister of the interior; and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, a man of truth and probity, and laborious in his exertions. After the abdication, he was named one of the provisional government, but he was *joué* by the intriguers by whom he was surrounded. He had passed for an original amongst his companions when he was young. He hated the nobles, and on that account had several quarrels with Robespierre, who latterly protected many of them. He was member of the committee of public safety along with Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and the other butchers, and was the only one who was not denounced. He afterwards demanded to be included in the denunciation, and to be tried for his conduct, as well as the others, which was refused; but his having made the demand to share the fate of the rest, gained him great credit. (Vol. i. p. 186—188.)

The characters of Fouché and Talleyrand are strongly and unfavourably drawn. The following anecdote, if not probable, is at least amusing.

Madame Talleyrand was a very fine woman, English or East Indian, but *sotte* and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon, whose works I suppose you have read, to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. Now all the intriguers and speculators paid their court to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves in the course of his conversations with me, thinking that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'my dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the emperor.' His wife being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to

think at first, but at length discovered by her questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wild-fire through the city, and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it. (Vol. i. p. 434—436.)

"At one time I had appointed Talleyrand," said he, "to proceed on a mission to Warsaw, in order to arrange and organize the best method of accomplishing the separation of Poland from Russia. He had several conferences with me respecting this mission, which was a great surprise to the ministers, as Talleyrand had no official character at the time. Having married one of his relations to the Duchess of Courland, Talleyrand was very anxious to receive the appointment, in order to revive the claims of the Duchess's family. However, some money transactions of his were discovered at Vienna, which convinced me that he was carrying on his old game and determined me not to employ him on the intended mission. I had designed at one time to have made him a cardinal, with which he refused to comply. Madame Grand threw herself twice upon her knees before me, in order to obtain permission to marry him, which I refused; but through the intreaties of Josephine, she succeeded on the second application. I afterwards forbade her the court, when I discovered the Genoa affair, of which I told you before. Latterly," continued he, "Talleyrand sunk into contempt." (Vol. i. p. 446, 447.)

The last character which we can afford to take out of these volumes, is that of his Majesty of Prussia.

I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. "Who," said he, "the king of Prussia?" He burst into a fit of laughter. "*He* a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *Un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talent, nè informazione.* A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes." (Vol. i. p. 102.)

"When," continued Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit, with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederic, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he, laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually

tormented me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall, dry looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or a hussar uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most shewy manœuvres possible, but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed." (Vol. ii. p. 48, 49.)

It is a curious fact, and one mortifying enough to human greatness, that Napoleon declared, that the happiest days he ever passed were when he was but a private man, "living in a lodging near Paris." Being asked by Mr. O'Meara, what was his happiest point of time after his accession to the throne, he instantly replied, "the march from Cannes to Paris." This, our readers will doubtless recollect, was after the expedition from Elba. He declares, that he had no idea of departing from Elba at first; and that, on the contrary, he would have contentedly remained there, had it not been for the numberless violations of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the allies; amongst the most prominent of which he enumerates the following. He says, it was stipulated that all the members of his family should be permitted to follow him, and that this was violated by the almost instant seizure of his wife and child; that they were to have had the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, of which they were deprived; that prince Eugene was to have had a principality in Italy, which was never given; that his mother and brothers were to receive pensions, which were withheld; that

his own private property, and the savings which he had made on the civil list, were to be preserved to him, but that on the contrary they were seized; that the private property of his family was to be held sacred, but it was confiscated; that the dotations assigned to the army, on the Mont Napoleon, were to be preserved, but they were suppressed; that 100,000 francs, which were to be paid as pensions, to persons pointed out by him, were never paid; and last, that assassins were sent to Elba to murder him.

It must by no means be understood, that Napoleon uttered sweeping and indiscriminate censures upon those Englishmen who were opposed to him; even in acknowledging a repulse at Acre from Sir Sidney Smith, he speaks of him in terms of commendation, and says, "he liked his character."—Of Lord Cornwallis his sentiments are quite enthusiastic—of Sir John Moore he said, that he was "a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent, and that the few mistakes he made were probably inseparable from the difficulties by which he was surrounded."—Mr. Fox, he said, was so great and so good a man, that every member of his family seemed to have taken a tinge from his virtues.—Speaking of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm he said—"his countenance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man; I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine, soldier-like old man—*there is the face of an Englishman*—a countenance, pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, sincere."—Of Sir George Cockburn also, who appears to have done his duty strictly, but like a gentleman, he spoke in terms of commendation.—On the subjects both of his elevation and his fall, he is extremely minute and interesting. Our readers may recollect two reports, which in this country certainly gained considerable currency; one, that Napoleon owed much of his rise to Barras; and the other, that he at one time in his early life offered his services to England. Both of these he declares to be "romans," and says, he did not know Barras till long after the siege of Toulon, where he was chiefly indebted to Gasparin, the deputy for

Orange, who protected him against the *ignorantacci*, sent down by the Convention; he goes on to say, that Paoli always anticipated his elevation, and when he was a boy used frequently to pat him on the head and say, *You are one of Plutarch's men*. On the subject of his fall, in answer to a question from Mr. O'Meara, whether he did not consider Baron Stein as mainly instrumental to it? he said immediately—"No—none but myself ever did me any harm; I was, I may say, the only enemy to myself; my own projects—that expedition to Moscow, and the accidents which happened there, were the causes of my fall. I may, however, say, that those who made no opposition to me, who readily agreed with me, entered into all my views, and submitted with facility, were my greatest enemies; because, by the facility of conquest they afforded, they encouraged me to go too far." How happy would it be for the world if kings reflected upon this in time! In his exile, Napoleon seems to have solaced himself much with the idea that Marie Louise was still strongly attached to him, and he was repeatedly recurring to the mention of the King of Rome.

I ventured, said Mr. O'Meara, upon another occasion, to express my surprise to Napoleon, that the Empress Marie Louise had not made some exertion in his behalf. "I believe," replied the Emperor, "that Marie Louise is just as much a state prisoner as I am myself, except that more attention is paid to decorum in the restraints imposed upon her. I have always had occasion to praise the conduct of my good Louise, and I believe that it is totally out of her power to assist me; moreover, she is young and timorous. It was, perhaps, a misfortune to me, that I had not married a sister of the Emperor Alexander, as proposed to me by Alexander himself, at Erfurth. But there were inconveniences in that union, arising from her religion. I did not like to allow a Russian priest to be the confessor of my wife, as I considered that he would have been a spy in the Thuilleries for Alexander. It has been said, that my union with Marie Louise was made a stipulation in the treaty of peace with Austria, which is not true. I should have spurned the idea. It was first proposed by the Emperor Francis himself, and by Metternich to Narbonne.

In presenting to the public these anticipations of a very interesting work, we have not felt ourselves called upon to exercise the office of a critic. Our object has been to give a general idea of the nature of the work, without engaging ourselves in political discussion.

The Early French Poets.

ESTIENNE JODELLE.

THE first of the French poets, who made a figure in tragedy, was Estienne Jodelle. He was, as we have seen, the intimate of Ronsard, and had a place in the French Pleiad. His *Cleopatre*, which was performed in the presence of Henry II. and his court, pleased that monarch so well, that he immediately made the author a present of five hundred crowns. On this occasion, a he-goat crowned with ivy, his beard and horns gilded, was led in mock procession to Bacchus; and the sacrifice accompanied by a dithyrambic effusion from the muse of Jan Antoine de Baif; all this to the great scandal of the reformers. At the opening of this play, the ghost of Anthony appears, and ushers in the argument in the same manner as the ghost of Polydorus does in the He-

cuba of Euripides, and that of Ninus in the *Semiramis* of Manfredi and of Voltaire. Cleopatra then enters with Eras and Charmium, and tells them that she has seen Anthony in a dream, and that he calls her to follow him. She declares her resolution to die rather than be led in triumph by Octavius Cæsar. The other dramatis personæ are Octavius, Agrippa, Proculeius, and a chorus of Alexandrian women. Octavius expostulates with her for her conduct towards Octavia, the wife of Anthony. Cleopatra endeavours to appease him, by discovering to him her treasures. Seleucus, one of her vassals, who is present, declares she has not shown the whole of them, on which the Queen cuffs and drags him by the hair, and he flies to Octavius for protection. The

indignation expressed by Cleopatra to Eras and Charmium against Octavius when he is gone out; her resolution to die, again repeated; her lamentation over Anthony; and the

account given by Proculeius of her death, make up the rest of this tragedy.

I shall extract a short passage descriptive of her sorrow and despair.

Eras. Ha mort, o douce mort, mort seule guarison
Des esprits oppressez d'une estrange prison,
Pourquoi souffres tu tant à tes droits faire tort ?
T'avons nous fait offense, o douce et douce mort ?
Pourquoy n'approches tu, o Parque trop tardive ?
Pourquoy veux tu souffrir ceste bande captive,
Qui n'aura pas plustost le don de liberté,
Que cet esprit ne soit par ton dard ecarté ?
Haste doncq haste toy, vanter tu te pourras
Que mesme sus Cesar une despouille auras :

Cleopatra. Mourrons donc cheres soeurs, ayant plustost ce coeur
De servir a Pluton qu'à Cesar mon vainqueur,
Mais avant que mourir faire il nous conviendra
Les obseques d'Antoine, et puis mourir faudra ;
Je l'ay tantost mandé a Cesar, qui veut bien
Que Monseigneur j'honore, hélas ! et l'ami mien.
Abbaïsse toy donc ciel, et avant que je meure
Viens voir le dernier ducil qu'il faut faire a ceste heure :
Peutestre tu seras marry de m'estre tel,
Te faschant de mon deuil estrangement mortel.
Allons donc cheres soeurs ; de pleurs, de cris, de larmes,
Venons nous affoiblir, à fin qu'en ses alarmes
Nostre voisine mort nous soit ores moins dure,
Quand aurons demi fait aux esprits ouverture.

F. 245.

Eras. Ha death ! O, gentle death ; death, only cure
Of spirits sunk in a strange prison-house ;
Why sufferest thou thy rights thus trampled on ?
Say, have we wrong'd thee, gentle, gentle death ?
Why hastest not thy step, O lingering Fate ?
Why wilt thou bear the durance of this bond,
Which shall not know the boon of freedom, till
This spirit be deliver'd by thy dart ?
Speed then, oh speed thee : thou shalt have to boast
That thou hast e'en from Cæsar won a spoil.

Cleopatra. Let us then die, sweet sisters ; having rather
The courage to serve Pluto than this Cæsar ;
But ere we die, it doth behove us make
The obsequies of Anthony ; and then to die
Becomes us. I've sent word hereof but now
To Cæsar, who consents that I should honour
My master and—ah me ! my lover thus.
Stoop then, O heaven, and ere I die come see
This the last mourning I shall ever make.
Perhaps 'twill grieve thee to have dealt thus with me,
Repenting thee of such strange mortal sorrow.
Come then, sweet sisters ; wailings, groans, and tears,
Shall weaken us so much, that at the last
Death will no longer scare us when we've made
An opening for our spirits half way to meet him.

There is in Maffei's collection an Italian tragedy on the same subject, by the Cardinal Delfino. It is full of moral reflections, and the choruses

have nothing to do with the business of the piece. Yet there is some pathos in the description of Cleopatra's death.

In the *Didon*, Jodelle's other tragedy, (which is written in the Alexandrine measure,) the speeches are long, and of ten tedious; but there is more of what we should call poetry in it than in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, or than in the *Didon* of Le Franc de Pompignan, who is one of the best of that school.

La Didone and la Cleopatra occur in the catalogue of tragedies written by Giambattista Giraldi Cinthio, to whose novels Shakspeare has been so much indebted. He was contempo-

rary with Jodelle, having been born in 1504, and deceased in 1569.

L'Eugene, a comedy, revolts us by a mixture of low intrigue, indecency, and profaneness. Of the last, one sample will suffice.

Avez vous en vostre maison
Grand nombre de fils ?—Trois—Je prise
Ce nombre qui est saint.

In his sonnets, the conceits are strained, and the language rugged.

The following, I believe, is as free from these imperfections as any of the number.

J'aime le verd laurier, dont l'hyver ni la glace
N'effacent la verdeur en tout victorieuse,
Monstrant l'eternité à jamais bienheureuse
Que le temps ny la mort ne change ny efface.
J'aime du houx aussi la tousiours verte face,
Les poignans eguillons de sa fucille espineuse:
J'aime le lierre aussi, et sa branche amoureuse,
Qui le chesne ou le mur estroitement embrasse.
J'aime bien tous ces trois, qui tousiours verds ressemblient
Aux pensers immortels, qui dedans moy s'assemblent,
De toy que nuit et jour idolatre J'adore.
Mais ma playe, et pointure, et le noeu qui me serre,
Est plus verte, et poignante, et plus estroit encore
Que n'est le verd laurier, ny le houx, ny le lierre. Sonnet xiii.

I love the bay-tree's never-withering green,
Which nor the northern blast nor hoary rime
Effaceth; conqueror of death and time;
Emblem wherein eternity is seen:
I love the holly and those prickles keen
On his gloss'd leaves that keep their verdant prime;
And ivy too I love, whose tendrils climb
On tree or bower, and weave their amorous skreen.
All three I love, which alway green resemble
Th' immortal thoughts that in my heart assemble
Of thee, whom still I worship night and day.
But straiter far the knot that hath me bound,
More keen my thorns, and greener is my wound,
Than are the ivy, holly, or green bay.

His Ode de la Chasse, au Roy, contains much that would interest those who are curious about the manner of sporting in that time.

The lively minuteness with which he has delineated the death of the stag, would do credit to the pencil of Sir Walter Scott.

Aux trousses ja les chiens ardans

Le tiennent, il est ja par terre,

Ils le tirassent de leurs dents,

Jouissans du fruit de leur guerre;

Les larmes luy tombent des yeux.

Et bien que pitié presqu'il face,

Si faut-il que de telle chasse

Sa mort soit le pris glorieux.

La mort du cerf se sonne, alors

Les monts, les vaux et les bois rendent

Les bruyans et hautains accors,

Que les trompes dans l'air espandent,

On coupe et leve un des pieds droits,

On abat l'orgueil de sa teste,

Qui sont (Sire) de ta conquête

Les enseignes et premiers droits.

F. 296.

Now at his haunch the fleet hound hangs,

Now on the earth behold him lie:

They tear him with relentless fangs,

Rejoicing in their victory.

Big drops are falling from his eyes ;
 And though well nigh we mourn his case,
 Behoveth that of such a chase
 His death must be the glorious prize.

The stag's death-note is sounded : then
 From mountain, valley, rock, and glen,
 Loud peals in thundering echoes sound,
 Which the raised clarions scatter round.
 One of his right feet shorn away,
 The antlers from his forehead torn,
 Meet ensigns, Sire, thy pomp adorn ;
 Thy trophies in the bloody fray.

From this poem most of the terms
 used in hunting and falconry might
 probably be collected.

Tous les mots de venerie,
 Ou d'autres chasses, soit pour voir,
 Pour quester, pour poursuivre, ou prendre,
 Et que nul vers ne peut comprendre,
 Sont pris la pour un grand scavoir.

F. 298.

All words of venery,
 Or what to other sports belong,
 Whether of sight, or quest, or chase,
 Or taking after weary race,
 All that may not be told in song,
 Are there esteem'd a goodly lore.

Jodelle was born at Paris in 1532,
 and died in a state of poverty occa-
 sioned, I doubt, by his own indis-
 cretion, in 1573. The edition of his
 works, to which the above references
 have been made, is entitled, *Les*
Oeuvres et Meslanges Poetiques
d'Estienne Jodelle, Sieur du Lymo-
din. A Paris, chez Nicholas Ches-
neau, rue saint Jaques, à l'enseigne
du Chesne verd, et Mamert Patisson,
rue saint Jean de Beauvais devant
les escholes de Decret. 1574.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

As I pass'd by at eve where yon old hall
 Stands mid the moonlight, with its batter'd top
 Streamer'd with woodbine—there I heard a groan.
 I oped the ancient door, look'd in, and lo!
 There sat an old man sore subdued by age,
 In an old chair he sat, lean'd o'er a staff
 Cut by his school-boy knife, and polish'd bright
 By his hard palm. Nor did he look on me,
 But kept his gray eyes moveless on the ground,
 Heart-sick and spirit-troubled. By his side
 Sat one of seventy years—a wither'd dame,
 And ever to his ear her lips she laid,
 Held her long, lean, and warning finger up,
 And mutter'd words which made the chill'd blood seek
 To mount his faded brow : much seem'd he moved ;
 And ever her converse was of other years—
 The summer morn of life, and sunny days,
 Of deeds perform'd when that right arm of his,
 So sapless now, was flourishing and green.
 And on the other side, there I beheld
 An ancient man and holy. Forth in awe
 He spread his palms—his old knees in the dust
 Knelt ; and his brow, where the meek spirit sat
 Of pious resolution, low was stoop'd
 Even till the snowy forelocks found the floor.
 And as I gazed, his gifted spirit pour'd
 A supplication forth. The sick man shudder'd,
 Cast his gray eyes around on every side,

Clench'd his weak hands, and agony within
 Sent the hot sweat-drops starting to his brow.
 And then he gave a groan, and sought to seek
 God's blessing, but his tongue spake not while he
 Pull'd o'er his sight his shaggy eye-brows down,
 Peered fearful in the dark and empty air,
 And look'd as he saw something.

THE great road from England in former times skirted the firth of Solway, pursued its wild and extraordinary way through one of the deepest and most dangerous morasses in Scotland, and emerging on the Caerlaverock side, conferred on the Kirkgate of the good town of Dumfries the rank and opulence of a chief street. Commanding a view of the winding and beautiful river Nith on one side, and of the green stately hills of Tinwald and Torthorwald on the other, with their numerous villages and decaying castles, this street became the residence of the rich and the far-descended—numbering among its people some of the most ancient and potent names of Nithsdale. The houses had in general something of a regal look—presenting a curious mixture of the Saxon and Grecian architecture, blending whimsically together in one place, or kept separate in all their native purity in another; while others of a different, but no less picturesque character towered up in peaked and ornamented Norman majesty, with their narrow turret stairs and projecting casements. But I mean not to claim for the Kirkgate the express name of a regular street. Fruit trees frequently throwing their branches, loaded with the finest fruit, far into the way, and in other places antique porchways, shaded deep with yewtree, took away the reproach of “eternal mortar and stone,” and gave the whole a retired and a sylvan look. The presence of an old church, with its thick-piled grave stones, gave a gravity of deportment to the neighbourhood; the awe inspired by a religious place was visible on the people. There was a seriousness mingled with their mirth—a reverential feeling poured through their legends and their ballads. Their laughter was not so loud, nor their joy so stormy, as that of men in less hallowed places. The maidens danced with something of a chastened step, and sang with a devotional grace. The strings of that merry instrument

which bewitched the feet of the wisest men, when placed under the left ear of a Kirkgate musician, emitted sounds so perfectly in unison with devotion, that a gifted elder of the kirk was once known to sanction and honour it, by measuring a step or two to the joyous tune of “An’ O to be married an’ this be the way.” Over the whole street, and far into the town, was breathed much of that meek, austere composure, which the genius of ancient sculptors has shed on their divine performances.

It was pleasant to behold the chief street of this ancient border town in its best days—those times of simplicity and virtue, as one of the town baillies, a barber by trade, remarked, when every woman went with a cushioned brow and curled locks, and all the men flourished in full bottomed wigs. But the demon who presides over the abasement of streets and cities entered into the empty place which the brain of a sheriff ought to have occupied, and the road was compelled to forsake the side of the Solway—the green fields of Caerlaverock, and the ancient Kirkgate, and approach Dumfries through five miles of swamp, and along a dull, and muddy way, which all travellers have since learned to detest under the name of the Lochmabengate. From that hour, the glory of the old chief street diminished. The giddy and the gay forsook a place, where the chariot of the stranger, with its accompaniment of running lacquies and mounted grooms, was no longer seen: and the ancient inhabitants saw with sorrow their numbers gradually lessen, and their favourite street hastening to decay. A new and a meaner race succeeded—the mansions of the Douglasses, the Dalzells, the Maxwells, the Kirkpatricks, and the Herrieses, became the homes of the labouring man and the mechanic. Tapestryed halls, and lordly rooms, were profaned by vulgar feet; and for the sound of the cittern, and the rebeck, the dull din of the weaver’s

loom, and the jarring clamour of the smith's steel hammer, abounded.

With this brief and imperfect notice we shall bid farewell to the ancient splendour of the Kirkgate—it is with its degenerate days that our story has intercourse; and the persons destined to move, and act, and suffer, in our authentic drama, are among the humblest of its inhabitants. The time too with which our narrative commences and terminates, is a season somewhat uncongenial for descriptive excursions. A ruinous street, and a labouring people, on whom the last night of December is descending in angry winds and cold sleets and snows, present few attractions to dealers in genteel fictions, and few flowers, either natural or figurative, for embellishing a tale. With all these drawbacks we have one advantage, which a mind delighting in nature and truth will not willingly forego; the tale, humble and brief as it is, possesses truth beyond all power of impeachment, and follows conscientiously the traditional and accredited narrative without staying to array it and adorn it in those vain and gaudy embellishments with which fiction seeks to encumber a plain and simple story.

The night which brings in the new year to the good people of Dumfries, has long been a night of friendly meetings, and social gladness and carousal. The grave and the devout lay aside for the time the ordinary vesture of sanctity and religious observance; the sober and the self-denying revel among the good things of this life, with a fervour, perhaps, augmented by previous penance; and even some of the shining lights of the Scottish kirk have been observed to let their splendour subside for the evening, that, like the sun, perhaps they might come forth from darkness with an increase of glory. The matron suspends her thrift, and arrays herself in her marriage mantle—the maiden, and the bond-maiden, flaunt and smile, side by side, in ribbons and scarfs, and snooded love-locks, all arranged with a careful and a cunning hand, to assist merry blue or languishing black eyes in making mischief among the hearts of men. Each house smells from floor to roof with the good things of this life—the hare caught in her twilight march

through the cottager's kaleyard, or the wild duck shot by moonlight, while tasting the green herbage on some lonely stream bank—send up, stewed or roasted, a savour the more gladsome because it comes seldom; while the flavour of smuggled gin and brandy is not the less acceptable, because the dangers of the deep sea and the terrors on shore of the armed revenue officers, were in the way of its gracing once a year the humble man's supper-board.

Amid the sound of mirth and revelry, and shining of lamps and candles in porch and window, there was one house, covered with humble thatch, and of altogether a modest or rather mean exterior, which seemed not to sympathize in the joys of the evening. A small and lonely candle twinkled in a small and solitary window, and no sound proceeded from its door, save now and then the moving of the slow and aged feet of the mistress of this rude cottage. As the more roving and regardless youths passed the window, they were observed to lower their voices, regulate their steps, and smooth down their deportment to something approaching to devotional. Within the window sat one who, ungracious in the outward man, and coarse in his apparel, and owner only of a bedstead and couch, and a few controversial books, was nevertheless a man of note in those days when things external were of little note in the eyes of a presbyterian minister. Indeed, had one of the present generation glanced his eye through the coarse green glass of the low browed window, and seen an old man, whose silver hairs were half concealed by a night cap, not over pure; whose bent shoulders bore a plaid of homely chequered gray, fastened on the bosom with a wooden skewer—while over his knees lay a large old Bible clasped with iron, on which his eyes were cast with a searching and a serious glance—our youth of Saxon broad-cloth and French ruffles would have thought of something much more humble than the chief elder of the old kirk of Dumfries. It was indeed no other than William Warpentree, one of the burning and shining lights of the ancient of days, when serious prayers, and something of a shrewd and proverbial cast of

worldly counsel, were not the less esteemed that they pertained to a humble weaver. His consequence, even in this lowly situation, was felt far and wide; of the fair webs which came from the devout man's looms, let the long linsey-woolsey garments of the matrons of Dumfries even at this day bear witness—garments which surpass silk in beauty, while many a blythesome bridal and sorrowful burial bore token, in their fine linen vestments, of the skill of William's right hand. Indeed, it was one of the good man's own practical proverbs, that there was more vanity in the bier than the bridal. Though sufficiently conscious of those gifts, he wished them to be forgotten in the sedate and austere elder of the kirk; and long before the time of our tale he had become distinguished for the severity of his discipline, and his gifts in kirk controversy.

But the influence of ancient times of relaxation and joy, of which he had been a partaker in his youth, had not wholly ceased; and an observer of human nature might see, that amid all the controversial contemplations in which he seemed involved, the jolly old domestic god of Scottish cheer and moderate hilarity had not yet yielded entire place to the Crumb of Comfort, the Cup of Cold Water to the Parched Spirit, The Afflicted Man's best Companion and Boston's Fourfold State. He lifted his eyes from the page, and said, "Marion, even before I proceed to matters of spiritual import, let me know what thou hast prepared for the nourishment of the bodies of those whom we have invited according to the fashion of our fathers to sit out the old year and welcome in the new. Name me the supper dishes, I pray thee, that I may know if thou hast scorned the Babylonian observances of the sister church of England in the matter of creature-comforts. What hast thou prepared for supper, I pray thee?—no superstitious meats and drinks, Marion, I hope, but humble and holy, and wholesome things which nourish the body without risk to the soul. I dread, by thy long silence, woman, that thou hast been seeking to pamper the episcopalian propensities of our appetites by ceremonious and sinful saint-day dishes.

"Ah! William Warpentree," said

his douce spouse Marion, covering an old oaken table as she spoke, with a fine pattern'd table cloth, wove by no other hand than that of the devout owner of the feast himself; "Ah!" said she, "what words have escaped from thy lips—superstitious meats and drinks," said ye? "Na! na! I cared mair for the welfare of the spirit, and the hope to sing hal-lujahs in Abram's bosom, as ye say in prayer yoursel; Ah! Willie, they say, who kenned you in your youth, that ye would sooner gang to Sarah's." "Woman, woman," said the douce man; "what say ye to the supper?" "First, then," quoth his spouse, forsaking unwillingly this darling road of domestic controversy and strife; "what have ye to say against a dish of collops scored, nicely simmered owre the head amang Spanish onions?" "Spanish onions, woman," said the elder; "I like not the sound." "Sound," said the dame, "would ye lose your supper for a sound? Had they grown in the garden of the Grand Inquisitor, and been sown by some pope or cardinal, then, man, ye might have had your scruples—but they grew in the garden of that upright man, David Bogie; I'll warrant ye'll call the scored collops episcopalian, since they were cut by a knife of Sheffield steel." "Pass to the other viands and vivers, woman," said the elder. "Gladly will I," said his obedient partner; "the mair gladly because it's a gallant Scottish haggis full and fat, and fair. Hearken to the ingredients, Willie, and try them by the scrupulous kirk standard of forbidden luxuries. What say ye against the crushed heart of the kindly corn—a singed sheep's head—plotted, par-boiled, shorn small with a slice of broiled liver ground to powder, and a dozen of onions sliced like wafers, powdered with pepper, and showered owre with salt; the whole mingled with the fat of the ox, and stowed in a bag as pure as burnbleached linen, and secured with a peg that would make seven spoolpins. I'll warrant it will spout to the rannel-tree when ye stick the knife in it. My certe will't."

At this description of the national dish, the old man displaced the book from his knee, placed his hand on his waistcoat, where time and daily me-

ditation had made some spare cloth, and rising, paced from side to side of his humble abode, with a look of subdued and decent impatience. "I wonder; wonder is an unwise word," said he, checking himself; "for nought is wonderful, save the divine presence, and the divine works; but what in the name of warp and waft—a mechanical exclamation of surprise, and therefore not sinful—what can stay Deacon Treddle, my ain dear doon neighbour, and what can keep Baillie Burnewin! I hope his prentice boy has not burnt his forge again, and made the douce man swear." "Saul to gude man, but ye fea ill." "But we have all our times of weakness—even I myself," he muttered in a low and inaudible tone, "have matters to mourn for as well as the wicked; I have buttered my own breakfast with the butter which honest men's wives have given me for anointing their webs. I have worn, but that was in my youth, the snawwhite linen purloined from many customers in hanks and cuts. And I have looked with an unrighteous eye after that dark-eyed and straight-limbed damosel Mary Macmillan; even I who rebuked her and counselled her before the session, and made even the anointed minister envy the fluency and scriptural force of my admonishment. But in gude time here comes auld Burnewin," and extending his hand as he spoke, it was grasped by a hand protruded from a broad brown mantle, and tinged by exposure at the forge into the hue of a tinker's travelling wallet. "Whole threads, and a weel gaun loom to thee, my douce auld fere," said the Baillie, removing a slouched hat as he spoke, and displaying a rough jolly countenance, on which the heat of his smithy fire had inflicted a tinge that would have done honour to Vulcan's forehand hammer man. "And a hissing welding heat, and an unburnt tew-iron, and ale fizzing and foaming for thee in thy vocation, my old comrade," returned the weaver, in the current language of his friend's trade. "Aha! Marion lass," said the blacksmith, "I have nae forgot that we were once youngers running among the moonlight on the moat-brae—here's a shawl—I wish it silk for thy sake—ye maun wear it for me at Paste

and Yule, and the seven trades dance, and other daimen times;" and enveloping the not unwilling shoulders of the matron in his present, he seated himself by the side of a blazing hearth fire, and promising supper board.

It was now eleven o'clock—the reign of the old year was within an hour of its close, and the din of the street had subsided, partly from the lateness of the hour, and the fall of a shower of thin and powdery snow which abated a little the darkness of the night. A loud scream, and the sound of something falling, were heard at the end of the little narrow close or street which descended from the old Kirk-gate to the residence of the elder. "There's the sound of Deacon Treddle's voice," said Marion, "if ever I heard it in my life; and the cry too of sore affliction." Away without bonnet or mantle ran the old friends of the expected deacon; they found him lying with his face to the pavement, his hands clutched like one in agony, while from a shattered punchbowl ran the rich and reeking contents. "As I live by drink, and sometimes bread," said the Baillie, "this is a hapless tumble; I feel the smell of as good brandy punch as ever reeked aneath the nose of the town council—there it runs; water, saith the word, cannot be gathered from the ground, nor brandy punch from the street, saith Baillie Burnewin." "Peace, peace, I pray thee," said the elder; "speak, Thomas Treddle, speak; art thou harmed in spirit, or hurt in body?" "The spirit is running from him," said the son of the forge, in the true spirit of citizenship; "dost thou not feel its fragrance?" "Peace, again I say," enjoined the elder; "I say unto you, something fearful hath happened unto him; he has felt an evil touch, or he has seen some unholy sight; such things have been rife ere now in the land;" and he endeavoured to raise his prostrate friend from the pavement.

"I renounce the sinfulness of long thrums and short ellwands, now and for ever more, Amen;" muttered the overthrown head of the venerable calling of the weavers. "Long thrums and short ellwands," said he of the smithy to him of the loom; "I'll remember his confession, how-

ever—there's knavery in all crafts, save mine." "Avaunt, avaunt, whither wilt thou carry me!" exclaimed the deacon; "that man hath perfect blessedness, who walketh not astray in counsel of ungodly men." "Oh! that I could mind a prayer now, when a prayer might be of service, and no be borne away owre the fiend's left shoulder, like holy Willie gaun home with a customer's web." "The man's demented," muttered the Elder; "possess'd by a demon—fairly possess'd—here, Baillie, bear thou his heels, I'll bear up his head, and let us carry him home, and deliver him up to the admonition of dame Marion." And lifting aloft the weaver as they spoke, away they marched—but not without speech or resistance. "A fiend at my head, and a fiend at my feet! Lost beyond redemption! Lost beyond redemption! Oh! if I maun be doomed, let me lie in my grave like other sinners, and no be borne away to be picked by the fiend behind the stake and ryse dyke that divides the foul place from purgatory, like a gled picking a cock-bird." Their entrance into the chamber beside dame Marion, seemed at first to augment his terror—he shut his eyes, and clenched his hands in the resolute agony of despair. "Ah! the black pit, and the burning fire, wi' fiends to torment me in the shape of holy Willie Warpentree, and that wicked body Baillie Burnewin. A she-fiend too! Na, then there's nae redemption for me—I'm in the hol-lowest hell, I'll warrant me!" and half unclosing his eyes, they wandered with something of a half insane and half suspicious scrutiny around the elder's apartment.

At this irreverent allusion to herself and her sex, the yoke-fellow of the elder exclaimed: "Ungracious and graceless body, I'll she-fiend thee!" and lifting up a spoonful of the fat liquid in which the haggis had been immersed, she threw it fairly in his face. This application was much more effectual than the grave inquiries of her husband; the liquid, too cool to scald, and yet hot enough to make flesh feel, caused him to utter a scream. "Weel done, she-fiend!" said the blacksmith, "if a woman's wit brings nae a man to his senses, I wot nae what will." The afflicted weaver opened his eyes, exclaimed,

"praise be blest!" leaped to his feet, shouted, "redeemed! redeemed!—won from the clutches of the auld enemy, and set on my feet at the fire-side of my sworn friend, William Warpentree. But, Oh! man, I have got such a fright this blessed evening as will gang wi' me to my grave."

"Fright!" said Marion, "what could have frightened ye in the douce Kirkgate of Dumfries; the kirk at your lug, the kirkyard at your elbow, and the fear o' God afore ye, and a gallant bowl of brandy punch in your hand. I feel the smell of the spilt mercies yet, ye donard bodie; what fiend made ye coup the creels, and scream yon way?" "Woman, woman," said the elder to his spouse, "bridle thy unruly tongue, and curb thy irreverent speech—this man hath, peradventure, seen something; which he will do well to disburthen his conscience in describing." "I shall make bauld to tell ye," said the deacon of the weavers, "how it happened, and whereabouts; but, Oh! man, never let sinful flesh pride itself again in the joys of this world. Who would have thought that a man like me, a bowl of reeking punch in one hand, and buttered short cake in the other; the town clock chapping eleven, a glass in my head, the pavement aneath, and my friend's door open before me, should in ae moment be spoiled and bereaved of all in which he had sinfully prided. Oh! William Warpentree—flesh and blood—flesh and blood." Here he wiped away the moisture of Marion's haggis from his face, muttered, "Grace be near me, I'm barely come to my senses yet—Lord, I'll never forget it—how can I—I'm a doomed creature, that's certain." The elder enjoined him to tell why he was disquieted—the elder's wife desired to know what elf or brownie had scared him out of any little sense he ever laid claim to; while the Baillie declared it would be a droll tale that would recompense him for the privation of the spilt punch.

"Oh! hard, hard!" exclaimed the deacon of the weavers; "I maun be frightened out of my senses ae minute with the Packman's ghost, and fairly die in describing it the next." "The Packman's ghost!" exclaimed the three auditors, at once gathering round the affrighted deacon. "Yes!

the Packman's ghost," said he; "give me leave to breathe, and I shall tell ye. As I came out to the street, there was a slight fall of snow; the way was as white afore me as a linen web—a light glimmered here and there—the brightest was in the home of Lowrie Linchpin, the Haunted House ye ken; the carle lies in a departing state. As I looked o'er to his window, I thought to myself, the minister or some of the elders will be there, doubtless, and a bonnie death-bed story he'll make on't, if he tells the truth. And then I stood and thought, may be, on the wild stories the neighbours tell of sights seen at midnight around his house—how he cannot rest in his bed, but converses with his dumb horse to drown darker thoughts; while atween his own house and the stable, the shadowy fingers of an auld Packman are seen plucking at him. A golden pose Auld Linchpin got by nicking the pedlar's thrapple, else there are many liars. There was my douce gudemother, ye mind her weel Baillie, many a mutchkin of brandy you and auld Brandyburn, and John Borland, and Edgar Wright, and ane I winna name emptied ahint her hallan. Aweel thae days are gane, and my gudemother too; but mony a time she told me, when she was a stripling of a lassie, that the auld Packman (nae other name had he) was seen coming laden, horse and man, along the lane to the house of Lowrie Linchpin. He was never more seen; but his horse ran masterless about the fields, and mony a ride she and Peg Lawson, and Nell Thomson had: their daughters are fine madams now, and would nae like to hear that their mothers rode round the town meadows on a stray horse; but its true that I tell ye."

"And now," said the deacon, "I am come to the present concernment. I stood looking at old Ne'er-do-good's house, and thinking how soon he might be summoned, and what a black account he would render; when lo, and behold! what should I see coming towards me from auld Lowrie's, but a creature,—the queerest creature that een ever saw: I thought I should have sunk where I stood, with dread, and yet the worst had not happened. I could nae for my

soul take my een from it, and straight towards me it came. I think I see it yet—the breeks of hodan gray, the Packman plaid, and the Kilmar-nock bonnet; the hair of my own head, gray and thin though it be, raised the bonnet from my own brow. Oh! William Warpentree, could I have remembered but three words of thy prayer which seven times to my knowledge ye have poured out before the men who swear by the wolf's head and shuttle in its mouth, I might have come off crouse perchance, and triumphant. But the world winna credit it—I tried to pray—I tried to bless myself, I could neither do the one nor the other, and curses and discreditable oaths came to my lips; I shall never dare to sing a psalm, or speak of a thing that's holy again."

The deacon's story had proceeded thus far; Marion had with a light foot, and a diligent hand, and an ear that drank in every word of the narrative, replenished the table with a noble haggis reeking and rich, and distilling streams of amber from every pore; while from the collops scored a smoke thick and savoury ascended: and a table of inferior size exhibited an ancient punch bowl, curiously hooped and clasped, flanked by a brace of gardevines, filled to the corks with choice gin and brandy. Upon the whole looked the elder and Baillie with a strong wish that the deacon's adventure with the pedlar's apparition would come to a close. A hurried foot in the street, and a mighty rap, rap, rap at the door, equal to the demolishing of any ordinary hinges, accomplished the good man's wish. Ere Marion could say—"Come in,"—in started an ancient Kirkgate dame, her hood awry, and a drinking-cup, which her hurry had not hindered her to drain, though she found no leisure to set it down, was still in her right hand. She stood with her lips apart, and pointed towards the haunted house of old Linchpin, half choked with agitation and haste. "The saints be near us, woman; have ye seen a spirit also?" said Baillie Burnewin.—"Spirit," said the dame, an interrogatory suggesting words which she could not otherwise find—"ten times worse than a thousand spirits—I would ra-

ther face all the shadows of sinners which haunt the earth, than sit five minutes longer by the bedside of auld Lowrie; the fiends have hold of him, there's little doubt of that—for he's talking to them, and bargaining for a cozie seat in the lowing heugh—its fearful to hear him—and what can have brought the evil spirits around him already—naeboddy will dispute possession; and then he thinks the Packman is at his elbow, and begins to speak about the old throat-cutting story: but his wife, a wicked carlin and a stout, lays ever her hand on his mouth and cries out, "he's raving, sirs, he's raving!"—But I think I'm raving myself.—Come away, Elder Warpentree, and try and speak solace to his saul, though it be a rotten and a doomed ane; he may as well gang to hell with the words of salvation sounding in his ear."

Sore groaned the devout man at this ungracious and untimely summons; he looked on the smoking supper-table; he thought on the wretched and the worthless being, for whose soul's welfare he was called to minister by prayer and supplication—and despairing of success in his intercession, he threw himself into a chair, pulled it to the head of the table, laid aside his cap, and spread forth his hands like one ready to bless the savoury morsel before him. The Christian spirit of the messenger, reinforced by strong drink, came down like a whirlwind. "A bonnie elder of God's kirk, indeed, to sit down to his smoking supper, with his full-fed cronies aside him—and leave a poor soul to sink among the fathomless waters of eternity.—Had it been a douce and a devout person that was at death's door, the haste might have been less; but a being covered with crimes as with a garment, whose left-hand clutched men's gold, and whose right-hand wrought murder, it's a burning shame and a crying scandal, not to fly and seek to save, and send him the road of repentance. A bonnie elder, indeed! O my conscience, Sir, if I'm but spared to Sunday—if I stand nae up and proclaim ye for a sensual and selfish man, who shuns the dying man's couch for the sake of a savoury supper, may the holy minister give

me a hot face, clad in a penitential garment on the cutty stool." During this outpouring of remonstrance and wrath the good man found leisure for reflection; he rose ere she concluded, assumed his hat and mantle, and saying, "I will go to the couch of this wicked man, but wicked should I be to hold out the hope that an hour of repentance will atone for an age of crime—It's but casting precious words away, ane might as well try to make damask napery out of sackcloth thrums, as make a member for bliss out of such a sinner as Lowrie Linchpin."

When the elder entered the dying man's abode he found him seated in his arm chair, pale and exhausted, his clothes torn to shreds, and his hair (as lint, white and long, as if it had waved over the temples of a saint) scattered about in handfuls; while his wife, a stern and stout old dame, pinioned him down in his seat, and fixed upon him two fierce and threatening eyes, of which he seemed to be in awe. "And what in the fiend's name brought auld Wylie Warpentree here at this uncivil hour, when we have more distress than heart can well endure," said she of the haunted house; "are ye come to steal our purse under the pretence of prayer, like bonnie Elder Haudthegrup? de'el may care if ye were all dancing on the morning air in a St. Johnstone cravat, the land would be well rid of ye." "Woman, woman," said the elder, in a tone of sorrow and Christian submission, "wherefore should ye asperse the servants of Him above; I come not here to take, neither come I hither to steal, but I come to one sick and subdued in spirit, sick even unto death, for the hand of the enemy will soon be upon him. Oh man!" said he, addressing the dying person, "if ye had seven years to live, as ye may have but seven minutes; if your soul was as pure as the unfallen snow, now descending at your window, instead of being stained as with ink, and spotted as with crimson, I say unto you repent—repent—cast thyself in the ashes—groan and spread thy hands night, and morn, and noontide—thy spirit will find it all too little to atone for thy follies, for thy faults, and for—" "Devil! wilt

thou talk about the Pedlar also," exclaimed Dame Linchpin, placing her hand as she spoke on the mouth of the elder; "its enough that my own poor old demented husband should upbraid me with planning and plotting on't, without thy uncivil tongue. Oh sirs! but I am a poor broken-hearted mad old woman, and my words should not be minded to my character's harm;" and she covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed her husband, "I'm coming—I'm coming—will ye not indulge me with another little-little-year—I have much to settle—much to do, and much to say, and I'm not so old—what is seventy and eight?—there's twenty in the parish older, and my limbs are strong, and my sight's good—I can see to read the small print Bible without glass, and that's a gallant brag at my time of life. Weel, weel, all flesh is grass, the word says that, and I shall fulfil it—but wherefore am I not to die in my bed like my douce father? ye will never punish an old man like me—its bad for the land when the gallows sees gray hairs. Prove it! who will prove it, I pray thee?—who shall tell that I slew him for his gold?—how my wife plotted his death, and helped me bravely to spill his blood, and rifle his well filled pack?—Ah, mony a bonnie summer day has she gone gaily to kirk and market with the price of our salvation on her back—She gave a gallant mantle from the pack to the proud wife of Provost Mucklejohn; the wife's good luck was ended: she gave a plaid to Baillie Proudfoot, and proud was he no longer; he was found drowned in the Nith on the third day: it was nae sonsie to wear the silks and satins, and fine raiment, of which a dead man was the owner. Weel, weel, woman, if ye will tell of me, even tell—all that ye can say is easily summed. Hearken, and I will disclose it myself. He came with his packs and his pillions filled with rich satins and fine twined

linen, and silver in his pouch, and gold in his purse. I was poor, and my mind was prone to evil." Here he clenched his teeth, wrung his hands fiercely for a moment, his colour changed, his lips quivered, and he said, in a low and determined tone, "I see him, there he sits; there he sits; a thousand and a thousand times have I seen him seated and watching, and he will have me soon: ah, it's he—it's he! My dog Tippler sees him too, and the creature shivers with fear, for he lapt his blood as it streamed o'er my wife's knuckles upon the floor." The dying man paused again, and he said, "Wife, woman, fiend, why come ye not when I call? Wipe my brow, woman, and clear my een, and let me look on something that seems as a black shadow seated beside me:" and passing his own hand over his eyes, he looked steadfastly on the elder, and uttering a cry of fear, fell back in his chair, and lay, with his palms spread over his face, muttering, "I thought it was something from the other world; and it's ten times worse; an elder of the kirk! an elder of the kirk! He's come to hearken my disordered words; to listen to my ravings, and bear witness against me. Oh, farewell to the fair, and the honest, and the spotless name that my father gave me. The name of my forbears will be put in a prayer, made a proverb in a sermon, and hallooed in a psalm; the auld wives as they go to the kirk will shake their Bibles at the naked walls, and the haunted house, and say, blood has been avenged." The shudder of death came upon him; he tried to start from his seat; he held out his hands like one repulsing the approach of an enemy, and uttering a loud groan expired. "I have been at many a death-bed," said William Warpentree, resuming his seat at his supper-table, and casting a look of sorrow on the diminished haggis—"but I never was at the marrow of this:—and now for the collops scored."—

THE DELICATE INTRICACIES.

What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn Milton.

He had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn,—that if there were twenty people in company,—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of them against him. Sterne.

AND now the outlines of the chimneys and house-tops began to cut ever more sharply and sharply against the æthereal back ground,—and the eastern gate of heaven, “soon, soon to glow with a bloody blush,” reflected a heart-cooling, moony radiance from its marble valves,—when Nina L, unable to sleep, from the united ponderosity of her heart, and the atmosphere—and tired with contemplating the bronzed Hymens, whose hands supported the luxuriant draperies of her virgin bed, raised up her fragrant head from the lace-trimmed pillows of down.—Without waiting to descend the steps in a regular and moral manner, she threw herself out on the thick leopard skin; and hastily inducing her pearl-coloured slippers, and wreathing her round arms and sweeping shoulders in a cashmeer,—the white-ankled one moved timidly (though alone) over the painted-velvet carpet towards the aristocratical semicircle of emblazoned windows which formed the southern end of her voluptuous *salon à coucher*. Her flexible fingers turned the pliant locks of the centre one, and regardless of appearances (i. e. passengers) she leant out of her balcony like the Venetian donzellas in Paolo Veronese, or (to reduce my comparison to the level of your comprehension, Mr. Simkins!) like Miss O'Neill in Juliet.—Though on second thoughts I believe I shall cross out this last touch, because she leant like no creature I ever saw; except herself—stop a bit! Has Parmegiano ever painted the kind of subject? N—n—n—no! I'm afraid not! Why then Sir, he ought to be—treated exactly as your baulked curiosity dictates:—for depend upon it you have no chance of coming within nine hundred and seventy-three degrees of her longi—altitude I mean!—But we'll proceed with this tale a

little, or else Nina will certainly catch cold by standing so long in the vapoury dews of morn.

The gas was now waning fast; so were the patrol and watchmen.—With creaks, rumbles, *gee-whut's*, and the smell of matting, cabbages, &c., market carts slowly progressed to THE GARDEN! from the delightful villages of Isleworth, Twickenham, and Turnham-green. Several noticeable men with black silk stockings, were returning from a high court-plenary of literature and French wines—one might see at a glance that they were famous in puns, poetry, philosophy, and exalted criticism! Briefly, they were the wits of London! One of them “soaring aloft in the high region of his fancies, with his garlands and singing robes about him,” chaunted in the ringing emptiness of the streets, “*Diddle, diddle dumplings*.” Nina no doubt shrank within her shadowy bower (if you can call a room nine-and-twenty feet long a bower) from the hazy vision of these vigilants;—for though successive and inimical images might disturb the unity and completeness of her idea (which complex accumulation of images, troublesome to be disentangled, put in place, and labelled, is usually, and absurdly termed the *act* of forgetfulness; because the said forgetfulness proceeds not from action but its mathematical reverse, all which is extremely irrelevant in hoc loco) yet the peculiar build of the house, its striking portico, and the lofty stained-glass window *might* stick more barbed in their brain. The owner's name *might* easily be found in the Court Guide, and then the public be extremely refreshed with the incident of Nina L. displaying her pretty self, *half naked*! (the good-nature of the ladies and the—what's the word—of the men will take this trifling addition for

granted) at three o'clock a. m. in the green, green month of June.—“But such a thing is not to be thought of, Sir! therefore in she goes!”—You're quite out, my sweet Miss!—Nina never stirred—“Oh! fie! Sir—I'll not read a word more of your naughty book.”—Nay! do but listen! Because—because—she neither saw nor heard any thing of *them*—(i. e. the cabbages and the wits!) “La! Janus.” Indeed it was almost impossible that she should either view or be viewed—for her room was, as the politer circles say, *backwards*; nor was it much easier for her to hear their Lyæan hymns, for I can make oath they never strayed within twenty streets of her situation!—I hope, madam, I have exculpated my heroine from any charge of indelicacy.—“Yes, Sir! but how came you to trouble us and your story, with this impertinent episode?” That you should ask me why—and I, in return, make my intent lucid.

Those niceties and particularities of narration which are to be found in myself—and all other authors of value and credibility, are the tests, the witnesses, the vouchers, for the authenticity of the tale—for every tale is or ought to be (after a fashion) historically true (look into the Schlegels! will ye?): you feel assured that the relater has actually been present at the scenes he places before you. It is first hand—*fire new!* To illustrate; in recounting the manner of X.'s detention of Z. during a prosy argument, I write,—“and with such speeches he (X) *dexterously* seized with his *sinister* hand a button of Z.'s doublet—it was the fifth button counting from the bottom.” Now does not this subtle circumstantiality put the fact that, such conference took place, beyond doubt?—for why should X. grapple Z.'s button, save to prevent Z. from escaping; and assuming that Z. attempted to leave a given spot and person, it follows tolerably logically, that Z. *must have been on the spot*, and *with the person he essayed to quit*. Is not this very clever reasoning?—And if the ingenious gentleman who has been twice didactic on the Elgin marbles would have the kindness to consider the force of my conclusions as enfeebled by the *rotteness* of my

premises (not my tenements and hereditaments), I assure him on the word and honour of a gentleman, for so the late king's most excellent majesty was graciously pleased to designate your most humble servant in a certain commission (not of the *peace*) bearing his own sign manual—I really believe I have it now in my pocket. I'll read it, if it will gratify you at all—no! I hav'nt—I'm afraid it's up stairs—never mind—

I say, that on the honour of a gentleman, I will do as much for every tittle he has advanced in the fore-mentioned two excellent articles—I can't offer fairer: can I? And now having made a capital defence of my precise, and correct, and ingenuous style, I shall be for the future ingenuous, correct, and precise, as hard as ever I can!

You've made yourself extremely agreeable, most silent reader! all this time; and as a reward, you and I will go and gaze on Nina and all her doings in *propriis personis*; and then either keep dumbness thereon, or whisper a little in the ears of some of our *heartest* (a word desiderated L—d knows how long!) of our *heartest* friends, just as decorum and sense of delicacy, and *all that sort of thing* shall indicate. See—here we are in Grosvenor Square! “And is the house *here*, Janus?” No, Sir! but it is not a great way off. This turn, if you please, now! we are arrived! I have the key of this wall-door—pooh—*postern* I mean—and here we—“Here! Mercy on us—why here lives Lord —.” Hush! for your life! Step in quickly—Stand close behind this bouncing laurel on the left, till I've relocked—There!—What a refreshing spot of summer greenery in the centre of barren brick and Portland stone! The lovely cool of its shade (*frigus amabile*) pours around the revel-fevered nerves,

As glass-bright showers
On the fainting flowers.

The sweet dew which maketh the grass all grey, is not yet licked up by the fourth hour's thirsty sun; and the high swaying trees, and the bushy shrubs seem covered with a light azure bloom. One little bird is awaking—peep—peep—at intervals. Hark! another! a thrush! with how

deep a thrill, like the startling trumpet of a knightly challenger, doth he shake forth his vigorous notes!—What delicious odours fume from that thicket of roses, and sweet-briar!—now the yet drowsy breeze varies, and is drowned in the lively perfume of lavender—it subsides, and the steam of dabbled carnations rises conqueringly over the screen of lilacs. And now that the sky is blanching fast with the reflection of Aurora's white robe, and Dian's chaste crescent narrows in the clear dawn, you may descry (a much more poetical expression than bald *see*) the rich hollyoaks, the endless-hued tall tulips, and the sceptrous wand of fairy Oberon, the lily

lifting up

As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Looks through clear dew on the tender sky.
Shelley.

But we have no more time to lose, so let us creep carefully down the bank; here is a sinuous path of moss and lawny grass leading quite through the garden to the mansion, between very high hedges of privet, honeysuckle, laurel, box, and holly.—Quietly! quietly! stoop low as we cross this brief opening—well stole and lightly!—we have unravelled the verdant tangle, and from behind the thick leafy wall which flanks the terraced approach (those are its marble steps, gleaming white between the boughs of the dark cedars) we may gaze unseen on the planet of our guest.—Lo! there she stands! hanging from her loftiness to catch the incense which the enamoured flowers offer to her benign divinity in their gratitude; for grateful they must be to her whose presence was their life! and, with the tremulously-sensitive and poetical Shelley,

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet,
Rejoic'd in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame.

* The Sensitive Plant. (8vo. Olliers.) A poem inspired with the essence, moulded with the breath of love; not the Cupid of the licentious Romans, but the heavenly Eros of Plato. Don't imagine, because I endeavour to do bare justice to the high merits of Mr. Shelley's poetry, that I admire his visionary and chaotic philosophy (as it is misnamed.) Though even on that point I am convinced he has been grossly slandered.

† See remarks on this numerous class in the second canto of the *Inferno*. "But I am guiltless of Italian!" I know it. But the noble Ghibelline recites his verses in eloquent and classic English undefiled, through the lips of his most favoured pupil the Rev. H. F. Cary.

For she sprinkled bright water from the stream,
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers,
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and ozier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nurs'd them more tenderly.*

She turns her harmonious face this way—take your opera glass—quick! It is in your right pocket—I saw you put it there three hours ago, when the dark veil of baize cut from your devout eyesight the triumphant legs of Noblet, and the petit pied of the Circæan Spaniard—Ah! ma mignonne, Mercandotti!—Now, did you ever?—What long, soft shadowy lashes! Oh beautiful eyes! so gentle, yet so brilliant—blessed be the garden where first I saw your dark blue!—Sapphires centered with diamond sparks! My little friend Emily S***** has the twin pair!

The sun, which colours all things, is still lingering on the plains of Persia—and her cheek appears pale—yet not pale—but only marbly pure. By day a rich glow of gold is spread like a glory over those wavy streams of hair which, released from their jewelled bands and aureate comb, pour down her sloping shoulders and back, like a dark, deep waterfall among white hills. One massy lock has fallen forwards by the side of her swan-like neck,

And crossing her round, elastic waist,
Hangs down past her round, light knee.

My good curious people who stand outside the garden-gate and wish you could get in—tell me if you have ever studied the Parma Correggios? Ah! miserable, who never truly lived, † your countenances are negative! Where do you expect to go? Hey? Home! directly, gentlemen

swine! * for never shall you see with that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,

the amorous gentility, the intense elegance of those gracile wrists and hands, tingling with sensibility to the rosy-finger tops. 'Heed them not, good Janus!

In dark oblivion let them dwell.

She only is worthy to be heeded—that *she*—who shrined in a living frame of all odorous exotics and choicer native plants, seems scarcely like a being of this world!—The interior of the room behind her is yet gilt with the flame of her alabaster lamp,—on such a golden ground does the holy *Madonna* repose in the saintly paintings of those old Italians, Giotto, Cimabue—"or later still, Pierre Perugine or Francia."—But what sound is that?—It is nought but the dashing of the jet d'eau, which the wind wafts this way! 'Nay, nay, but Nina turns her bright ivory neck into the warm gloom of her splendid chamber—again! there!' And in truth an echoing twang as from a full harp-chord at this moment seemed to ride with a swoop from the open glass doors—a whistling breeze ran round the projections of the building, and floated in rapid folds over the airy but ample robe of the noble maiden—O, white dimpled feet! O, round ancles—one moment—and the cold balcony is vacant.

CHAP. II.

'Did she throw herself over, Mr. Janus?'—Excuse me, madam, but I am not accustomed to be interrupted with foolish questions, when I take on me to relate one of the most interesting adventures that ever was adventured in all London! Another word and I am dumb for ever.—'Oh dear, good, nice Janus, pray forgive me this time: it was quite a slip!' Exactly so; but allow me to suggest to your discretion that when a young damsel of eighteen makes a slip, it is the Dulwich Watteau to Mr. *****'s ***** (that is the way we painters, and poets, and stock-jobbers, are wont to bet, with goods which never were and never will be the property of said betters) but she scratches off

the skin of her poor (*reputation's* the word, isn't it?) of her poor reputation, in such an incurable manner as to keep her tender and raw in that part to the end of her days.—Now be a good girl and sit down.

When Nina entered the room she fancied for one indivisible dot of time that it was pervaded with the light which occasionally envelopes the Paradises of sleep. Her heart felt a sharply pleasing thrill like an electric stroke. Nonsense! the lamp but flared up with the whirl-blast, and her harp (it stood near the window) vibrated under its rude onset. All is the same as when she left it—her door is fast—her favourite Leonardo hangs just where it did—How silly to have felt fluttered!—She gazed on the wily eyes of Gioconda, she knew not why. The light of the lamp mingled strangely with the light of dawn:—the eyes looked at her altogether quite painfully, and the corners of the mouth curled slightly upwards. It seemed to Nina as if the domed ceiling panted forth a nightmare weight; and her breath seemed to heave in sympathetic pants! All reminiscences of her former corporeal life were blotted out; and the present mystic condition swallowed all faculties. The colours of the portrait bloomed into a fresher vividness, and a splendid iris concealed the features for the space of an eyewink. Could it be that the imaged lips were induced with the power of evoking like phantoms?—For lo! they move—and the eyes closing up narrower and narrower—leer amorously at a masculine head which appeared over her shoulder!—How, and when it came there, Nina was unconscious; yet her specular orbs had remained fastened to the picture. The apparition was of a man about thirty—the hair black, and parted on the forehead, was long, thick and curled;—one large white hand decorated with regal rings encircled the waist of Gioconda;—the other pointed at the beautiful human creature before it. It was the very countenance—the ideal of all the spiritual Nina's deep aspirations:—a countenance not of feature, but of mind; and yet the features were noble and love-instilling.—A harp-

* Mungo said that the only gentleman in White-land was the Hog! "He no workee; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he walk about, he lib like a gentleman!"

twang rung grandly as if from cavernous depths afar off—the walls slid around her in long gliding curves, and her limbs seemed to float in a glass-smooth cradle of green sweeping waves—her languid lids were drooping with a holy peace; and she saw—"What? for heaven's sake?"—That, Miss! you shall never know.

CHAP. III.

Here's a pretty business! to have got into the marrow of a story that would have—Mercy upon me! what a system of philosophy and psychology should have been disclosed in it!—It would have brought to light the riddle which has driven the world crazy so long, namely the doctrine of—O Jupiter Ammon! that all the bursting hopes of the public should be blasted by the folly of a bread-and-butter-faced chit, that ought to have—By the side of it, the Romances of Fouqué should have been *Fables for the Nursery*; the Categories of Kant, *Mrs. Lovechild's Primmer*; and the Analogies of Novalis, *Dilworth's Spelling book*.—But, alas! I swore that a second interruption—my oath is sacred—and there is nothing for it but that the world must go on—just as it has done for these—How many thousand years ago was this earth created, my little boy? I learnt these things so long ago—(if I ever learnt them at all) Ah, exactly so! nine thousand seven hundred and sixty three years! quite correct! a very forward child indeed—there's a penny for you to buy some twopenny tarts with! and take care not to eat too many at once, —there's a man!

And now this article, or work, or paper is to be commenced a second time!—I declare I feel as if I was set backwards two hours of my life. You shall have my sensations on the business in a parable. Being dressed an hour sooner than usual one morning, for the purpose of obtaining an interview with an early great man, I discover from a finishing look in the parlour glass that my clean shirt and neckcloth are starred and flowered with chin-blood.—Obliged to unshirt and reshirt!

I shall never do it without a bottle of soda.—Fiz—whiz!—wish—wush—bounce!—Uh! Uh! O my breath's gone!—Now give me my fiddle—trum—trum—this string's wrong—Now, let us try—trum—trum—tram—diddle—diddle—diddle—diddle—very well!

"Come! Come! Master Janus! be serious for a minute, and tell us what you mean by sticking up a Pygmalion's idol to be admired; and hiring lodgings for her, and buying jewels, and a harp, and a Leonardo, and no one knows what besides; and frisking, and skipping about her; and fidgetting her gown this way, and twitching her ribbons t'other, and all sorts of monkey tricks; and then as soon as you have got together a tolerable crowd of spectators, you give her a slap on the back—tumble her down on the flags, and break her all to bits! We say again, what do you mean by it, Sir?" Most respected Editor! have mercy on me, and don't look so black! I didn't go to do any harm; indeed I didn't! I'll tell you the truth upon my word!

You must know I've been grieving some time at the unfair dealing of Sir Walter towards Mr. Francis Tunstall (The fortunes of Niggle). He introduced him to us at first with great ceremony, and semblance of almost parental regard—he painted his mind and body in the most flattering colours; and then suddenly without any visible cause turned his back on him, and never showed him any countenance thenceforwards.

Now, Sir! my sister took a liking to the young man; (and so did a great many girls for that matter!) she said it was pity he couldn't find a wife suitable to him—and so—I said—I'd write him one, and so Sir!

That's all, Sir.—"Yes, Sir. It is all indeed! all that you shall ever speak in this house. Thomas! show Mr. Weathercock down stairs!—Mr. Secretary!—Erase his name from the list of contributors!"

Oh! pray dear—charming ladies! do speak for me! I'll never—(The double door recoils, and knocks Janus backwards down the stone staircase. Exit Janus!)

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

FROM THE LATIN OF FLAMINIO.

Lo from the East's extremest verge
Aurora's pearly car
Advance its buoyant orb, and urge
The lingering mists from far.
Lo from her wavy skirts unfold
The lengthen'd lines of fluid gold ;
Ye pallid spectres, grisly dreams,
That nightly break my rest, avaunt ;
Back to your dread Cimmerian haunt,
And fly the cheerful beams.

Boy, bring the lute. Well pleased, I sound
Once more the tuneful string ;
Be thine the task to scatter round
Fresh odours while I sing.
Hail, Goddess, to thy roseate ray :
All earth, reviving, owns thy sway ;
All, all, in glowing vest array'd,
The lowly mead, the mountain's brow,
And streams that warble as they flow,
And softly whispering shade.

For thee an offering meet prepared,
Behold our incense rise ;
The crocus gay, the breathing nard,
And violets' purple dyes.
Mix'd with their fragrance, may my note
Upon the wings of ether float.
What muse, how skill'd soe'er, may claim
In worthy strain to emulate
The glory of thy rising state,
And hymn thy favourite name ?

Soon as thy bright'ning cheeks they spy
And radiance of thy hair,
Each from his station in the sky,
The starry train repair.
Wan Cynthia bids her lamp expire,
As jealous of thy goodlier fire ;
Upstarting from his death-like trance,
Sleep throws his leaden fetters by ;
And Nature opes her charmed eye,
Awaken'd at thy glance.

Forth to their labours mortals hie
By thine auspicious light ;
Labours that but for thee would lie
In one perpetual night.
The traveller quits his short repose,
And gladly on his journey goes.
The patient steers the furrows trace ;
And, singing blythe, the shepherd swain
Drives to their woody range again
The flock, with quicken'd pace.

Not so the lover : loth to rise,
 He slowly steals away,
 Chides thy first blush that paints the skies,
 And wisheth night's delay.
 With other voice thy beam I greet,
 With other speed thy coming meet ;
 And as I mark thy opening bloom,
 Prefer to heaven the ardent vow
 That I may welcome thee as now
 For many a year to come.

SKETCH OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.*

LETTER II.

On our arrival, the circumstance that particularly struck us, as a feature entirely different from all that we had observed on a former visit, was the military appearance of the people, every barber, every dapper shopkeeper, every vain and lazy Signorino, was metamorphosed into

A soldier ;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 not, indeed, "in the cannon's mouth," but in the coffee-houses, which were filled with noisy Neapolitans bawling politics, and breathing defiance. The "*Giornale delle Due Sicilie*," the only newspaper they ever had, had now adopted the more spirited title of "*Giornale Costituzionale*," and was bearded by a host of rivals, as "*Lo Spirito del Secolo*," "*L'Indipendente*," "*L'Amico della Costituzione*," "*La Minerva Napolitana*," &c. &c. The streets were taken up, every here and there, by knots of people engaged in loud and arrogant dispute ; every third word was *Libertà*, or *Tedeschi*, *Parlamento*, or *Armata*, &c. We heard continually such questions, and such salutations as, "*Nè ci vedremo alla vendita stasera*." "*O' Signor Gran Maestro!*" We were met in Toledo by an old acquaintance, who, after a few com-

pliments, said, with an air of triumph, "*Ci noi avete lasciate Schiavi, e ci noi trovate uomini liberi!*" The people had all encouraged their dark mustaches ; and those who were dressed in the uniform of the national guards, green faced with red, made a very gallant appearance.

We now leave Toledo, and take our way to the *Largo del Palazzo*, a large open place, which will be rather fine, if the range of buildings in front of the palace be ever finished ; we found it, however, in the same condition that we had left it, encumbered with scaffoldings, and screens, and heaps of stone.† One passes from the *Largo del Palazzo* by a broad way looking over the arsenal and the sea, which is called "*Strada del Gigante*;" it is so called from an immense and hideous statue, which once deformed the place, and of which the head and trunk are now deposited in a lumber room of the Studj. Turning round to the right from this street, we reach *Santa Lucia*, which is another broad way well flagged, and having on one side a row of large irregular houses that look over the bay ; and on the other, ranges of stalls, covered with sloping canvas roofs, where fish, "*frutta di mare*," shells, &c. are sold ; these are flanked by a low dirty wall, and by several ugly and ridiculous fountains, some of which are no

* Vide p. 517, last Vol.

† These buildings are a church to be dedicated to *San. Francesco di Paolo*, and a colonnade forming a crescent. The church is in the middle of the colonnade ; it is to have a cupola in imitation of *St. Peter's* at *Rome*, which will be peculiarly ill placed here, and out of harmony with the near objects. The colonnade is too low, it is fronted and flanked by lofty plain palaces, and high buildings that rise immediately behind it on the hills of the *Solitario* and *Santo Spirito*, seem quite to smother it. The architect is *Bianchi*, an Italian Swiss, from *Lugano* ; a Roman sculptor, but a very poor workman, is employed on the exterior figures ; and *Schweigle*, a German, and an artist of great merit, is to do one or two principal statues.

longer furnished with water: these contemptible things are mentioned by poor Giannone, the best historian of Naples, as great ornaments to the city, and memorials of the taste and magnificence of various viceroys. A particular "ceto," or class of people inhabits this neighbourhood; thousands of them live in narrow vicoli, which run backward from Santa Lucia, and which are seldom entered by any but the "Santa-Luciani;" these people are nearly all pescatori and pescevendori (fishermen and sellers of fish), they are particularly distinguished by their loyalty, and the costume of their women. At the end of Santa Lucia we turn another angle, still keeping along the shore, and reach Chiatamone; at this corner the hill of Piazzafalcone, which is seen above the houses on Santa Lucia, is cut down precipitately, and almost looks like a wall. Just here we pass the causeway conducting to the Castello dell' Uova; it is a long narrow ledge, and the memorable castle itself stands on a rock in the sea. On Chiatamone there is a pleasant palace with a little garden, at present belonging to the king, and there are several good houses, which are generally let out to foreigners. The continuation of this terrace, called La Vittoria, leads to the Villa Reale. This public garden is, indeed, a pleasant place; a broad walk leads down the middle; on either side are two paths shaded by acacias: there are also parterres of flowers, and fountains ornamented with statues, which, like a great number that are ranged along the length of the Villa, are copies from the antique. In the middle of the great walk stands the celebrated group of the *Toro*: an imitation of rocks is placed in a circular trough, at the base of the pedestal on which it is raised, and several little *jets d'eau*, which spirt out from the rocks, are collected in the trough, which is adorned by some aquatic plants, and in which a number of dirty coloured ducks are kept. Of this group enough, perhaps, has been said, but we cannot forbear observing, that, to us, it seems (in its present state) little to be admired; the head of the bull is certainly very fine, but the hinder quarters are faulty; and as for the figures that surround it, which are half modern and half

ancient, we consider them as deserving no great attention. Two or three edifices adorn, or are intended to adorn this promenade; there is a sort of circular temple on one side, in which there is a very poor and unfaithful bust of Tasso; and on the other side there is a much larger building, where it is intended to place a statue of Virgil, but which, as yet, is without any inhabitant. The pleasant part of the villa is at the end towards Posilippo, where, to the right of the grand path, it is formed into shady bosquets, called "Il Giardino Inglese."

The great beauty of this promenade, the beauty which renders it, perhaps, superior to any public walk in Europe, and which no labour could very well spoil, is the view to which it gives access: towards the end is a terrace, which has been erected within the last three or four years, projecting into the sea; the view thence is enchanting, particularly when the sun goes behind the long green hill of Posilippo, and throws its purple rays over the bay full on that part of the town, now called the "Piazzafalcone" (the ancient Mons Echia, where the luxurious Lucullus had one of his many habitations), which throws itself out in a bold and lofty headland.

Mr. Hobhouse has unwarily and incorrectly censured Mr. Eustace, on account of the latter gentleman's having asserted, that the Villa was adorned with orange-trees. When Mr. Hobhouse was in Naples there were certainly no orange-trees there; but it is equally certain, that when Mr. Eustace was, there were; indeed, there was scarcely any thing else but oranges and vines; but the French, who entirely altered, and considerably extended the gardens, removed them, and planted acacias in their stead. It may, perhaps, be considered unlucky that this circumstance was not known, or did not occur to the defenders of Mr. Eustace's accuracy, among whom, however, we cannot on every occasion enrol ourselves.

The grand Corso runs along close to and parallel with the Villa, and is a wide well paved street, or rather row, since there are no houses on the side of the Villa, and in this range are the best and almost the only plea-

sant habitations of which Naples can boast. Of this Neapolitans are well aware, and compel foreigners to pay an extravagant price for lodgings in this quarter; an English family often pays as much for a suite of apartments on the Riviera di Chiaja, as would be paid for a whole house in a fashionable square in London. There is something curious in letting houses at Naples; the nobles in former times occupied the whole of their immense palaces, but in these days of retrenchment and humility they condescend to let out their *piani* (floors), only taking care to secure exorbitant prices, thus "hiding their honor in their necessity," or rather propitiating their pride by procuring means to indulge their luxury: but some of these not only let out their floors, but also furnish their lodgers with dinners, suppers, &c. for similar considerations.

The Corso extends beyond the Villa; and leaving on the right the straight road which leads to the grotto of Posilippo, sweeps round the shore towards Strada Nuova, passes under the tomb of Virgil, and winding along Mergellina, ends a little below the church which contains the tomb of Sannazarius. This is the prescribed Corso, and hardly any Neapolitan thinks of extending his ride to the beautiful Strada Nuova, that commands such fine views of the bay, but turning short round, by a contemptible fountain of lions, returns the way he came, and goes backward and forward as long as there is sufficient light to see and be seen. Day after day he repeats his ride, with a constancy which is highly amusing. The time for this periodical exercise is *venti tre ore*, and winter or summer, at the hour fixed, the Neapolitans repair thither in crowds. In summer this hour is good enough, for it is that glorious hour which sees the sinking of the sun, and in which a sweet twilight and a refreshing breeze begin to succeed to the intense glare, and oppressive heats of the day; but in winter it is almost the worst time that could be selected: the Neapolitans, however, persevere through good and through bad. There is the same wise regulation with respect to the theatres, which open at *due ore di notte*, in winter about seven o'clock, in

summer about ten; but no inconvenience can shake the uniformity of custom; her laws are here immutable and undisputed: it is a pity, really, that a few virtuous customs cannot be established.

The Corso is a fine exhibition of Neapolitan pride and folly, and is often amusing enough for a pedestrian, who takes no part in these four-wheeled or two-wheeled excursions, and who is incited to observation by that feeling, half envy and half contempt, which finds its way into the breast of him who goes on foot. The coaches roll in two lines, one advancing and one returning; and as there is always an immense quantity, the lines extend the whole length of the Corso, about a mile, and are so compact, that when the files are once formed, no straggler can well enter them: they roll on slowly, very slowly, and stop ever and anon, for they are subject to many little interruptions. Now and then a miserable horse in a miserable *corribilo* falls down, and until he can be restored to the position which nature assigned to him, the whole procession, Princes and Dukes, Knights and Ladies, Generals and Lawyers, and Bishops, must wait. On Sundays and other *giorni di festa*, the *facchini*, mechanics, and other people, from Bosso lo Molo, Il Borgo di Sant' Antonio, Il Mercato, &c. adorn the Corso with a new grace; the men are usually accompanied by their fair ones, and are very closely crammed into their respective carriages, or *corribili*, yet they appear equally, if not more, pleased than the every day visitors. On particular feasts, such as Easter and Whitsuntide, the lines are reinforced by the country people from Fuori Grotta, &c.: the carriages containing these worthies are generally distinguished by being overloaded; by the company in them, men and women, being generally pretty drunk; by their being covered with boughs, and by the gilt jackets of the women.

All these pass on, admiring and commenting on the beauties of the show. The lines being, as we have said, very close, at every interruption the pole of one coach is thrust between the footman's legs on the coach before; and as it is impossible to draw up in a moment, this sometimes happens to ten or twelve car-

riages following, and elicits various explanations, between coachmen and footmen, which are always very pithy and emphatic, and we have observed, consist chiefly of adjectives, nouns, and a few favorite verbs, receiving very little assistance from other inferior parts of speech: now and then a soldier, one of those placed to preserve order, volunteers his opinion upon the matter in debate, and generally testifies the same singular contempt for connectives; his eloquence is sometimes illustrated in a remarkably familiar manner, which, though not admitted in the schools, is much used in vulgar life, and always produces instantaneous conviction. The soldiers, however, it must be confessed, show a very unjust partiality for the humbler members of the Corso, and usually bestow their most impressive remarks upon the meanest classes of the community.

The vehicles collected here are of almost every fashion, colour, and condition; we have carriages, landaus, landaulets, tandems, droskies, *canestre*, *corribili*, and dog-carts; some are elegant and gay, some are old and decayed; a family coach wheeled out with care, and drawn by two bare-boned horses, with two ancient codgers mounted behind, furnished with bits of red cloth for their collars and sleeves, to show they are in livery, is perhaps followed by a light dashing English landau, and that by a *corribilo* with a foundered, one-eyed horse, fastened by a rotten harness of ropes. Such is the *corso* of Naples; but we have not yet mentioned a trifling circumstance which deserves to be remarked; at the end towards Mergellina it passes a row of mean half-ruined houses, the habitations of fishermen, whose black pitched boats lie just opposite on the sands, and whose children, some half-naked, some stark-naked, meet the eye wherever it turns, and continually clamour “*date ci qualche cosa Eccellenza*.”

But let us leave this scene, and take a silent walk along the *Strada Nuova*; this is certainly a fine road in every respect, but particularly in its situation, and as a most agreeable walk or ride; it is not at present of much use, as it has the defect incidental to passages in old castles which we have sometimes seen, that is, it does

not lead anywhere. It sweeps round the end of Posilippo, and stops abruptly at a steep. It was intended that it should descend to Pozzuoli and afford an easy and agreeable communication with that interesting part of the neighbourhood of Naples, at the same time avoiding the long dark cold gloomy grotto of Posilippo, which was then, and is now the only road to the country towards Baja, Cuma, &c. This road, which would be so useful, so necessary, and so beautiful, stops at the edge of the hill, at a point which commands one of the most beautiful views in the environs of Naples, especially in autumn and in spring, when in the evening all the scene around is radiant with the glories of the setting sun. Ischia, Procita, Baja, Pozzuoli, the mountain of the Camaldoli, shine out in the warm mellow hues, and the exaggeration of evening; the little island of Nisita, black in shade, is just beneath the eye, being but a very small distance from the Capo di Posilippo; and the broad flat land below, which ends at the slope of the hills that shut in the Lago Agnano and the Solfatara, is adorned by an impressive variety of shade and colour. The road is partly cut out in a sort of ledge in the hill, and partly built up on the side towards the sea; the cutting of the hill, however, cannot have been attended with much difficulty, as it is composed of a soft *tufo*, which may be separated by a common knife; and this circumstance makes the long perforation of the grotto of Posilippo less extraordinary than it would have been in almost any other mountain. In several parts the road is carried by bridges over deep ravines. A few paces after leaving the *corso* we leave also the *pavé*, and soon arrive at the large ruined palace about which M. Dupaty was so sentimental; this palace is called by the common people *Il Palazzo di Donna Anna*, and by the polite that of the *Regina Giovanna*. That lady had a palace at Posilippo, and on the sea-shore; but according to some old Neapolitan gentry who are skilled in these matters, it certainly was not near here; it was situated at the end of the hill, beyond the little village of Marchiano, very near the Roman ruins, called, we know not why, *La Scuola di Virgilio*, and there indeed we find

the shell of a palace which very probably was hers. The building in question was the work of one of the Viceroys, but, like many other large undertakings in this country, the plan exceeded the means appropriated for its execution, and after the death of the Viceroy it was abandoned and suffered to fall into ruins without ever having been finished. It is, however, a very picturesque object, though it must be deprived of the interest which would attach to it as the residence of beauty, misfortune, and vice. It stands on the edge of the road, which indeed it formerly crossed, and with which its middle stories still communicate; its upper stories rise above, and its lower descend to the shore, and some rooms, or rather caverns contained within the massy walls, admit the sea, and probably were intended to serve as baths; in one of the immense halls opening on the shore, there is during the fine season a Neapolitan *taverna*, where people go and eat fish by moonlight; there are also a few rooms, used by persons who resort there in summer for sea-bathing, and these are all of this immense palace which ever serves as a shelter for man. There is a darkness and desolation in the interior, in its wide halls, its ruined arches, and vaults, and spiral staircases, and its dismal heaps of rubbish, which will furnish materials for meditation, founded on grander and more solemn subjects than the vices of a queen or the crosses of a lady's love.

On leaving this palace, we keep along the road, enjoying the open and beautiful view; the green descent below the road leads the eye down to the edge of the sea: the indented shore is thickly scattered with houses, once the resort of the gentry of Naples, proving that once even Neapolitans were sensible of the beauties of nature, and of the charms of solitude, and showing by their present desolation and ruin that they are sensible of such things no longer. There are also two or three ruined monasteries most delightfully situated; the spots which nature seems to have been most careful and curious to adorn, have been commonly those chosen by the heedful monks, for the erection of their retreats, in order that they might enjoy all that

could make solitude beautiful, or ease luxurious: indeed, we are not the only travellers who have remarked the felicity of selection by which those reverend gentlemen were so distinguished.

In one beautiful point, just by two little rocks, called by the country people *Li Scogli di Pietro e Paolo*, stands the house of Domenico Cirelli, the victim, perhaps the most to be deplored, of the revolution of ninety-nine; it remained unoccupied until lately, and the person who then took it, found the portraits of the physician's family, things which probably he had esteemed as much as all his house possessed besides, left to neglect, and damp, and ruin, as if of so little value that no one thought them worth the trouble of removing. The road continues to rise gently: in some places the descent to the sea is sudden and precipitous, but generally it consists in pleasant slopes, planted with fine vines which hang in thick festoons. At about the highest point of the ascent there is a small flat, which was given by the court, with some land on the declivity, to the Margravine of Anspach, and that lady has erected a pleasure house on the spot. It were to be wished that an edifice in such a beautiful and remarkable situation should be classical and appropriate, but we think the building in question is neither the one nor the other: the land is separated from the road by a wooden railing, and the first object that catches the attention is a porter's lodge, low, dark, and heavy, and fronted by columns made in imitation of the ponderous pillars of the temples of Præstum: the house itself is a dull unmeaning square building, which seems by its heaviness, and discordance with all the aerial objects around, to be sinking into the hill. The lodge is such a silly and solemn edifice that the Neapolitans call it the *Sepolcro della Margravia*; indeed, a report was spread when it first reared its grim head, that it was intended as a sepulchre for that lady,—nobody once suspected it was a pleasure house.

A little beyond this, there is a road which leads to the top of Posilippo, going along which, we pass two villages; the one nearest to Naples is called in the true Neapolitan dialect,

Posilippo in goppo; the sides of the hill are covered with delightful *Masserie* and vineyards, where a good strong wine is produced. On the hill there are many of that particular species of pine, which has something the appearance of the upper part of a parachute when opened. The scenery along the road and on the hill, and indeed, all around, is exquisitely beautiful; and though so near a noisy capital, these uplands are rural, quiet, and retired; indeed, from the tranquillity and loveliness of the place, it merits the name bestowed upon it, *Pausilypum*, or repose from sorrow.

The road runs along the ridge of the hill, and leads to the Vomero and Sant Elmo: some four or five years ago an attempt was made to render it passable for carriages, but the work stopped after a short time, as all public works are apt to do in this country.

The Strada Nuova, of which we have spoken, is one of the *sorties* from Naples, and is, we think, the finest; it offers scenery beautiful, varied, and inexhaustible, in which the painter may study the finer parts of his art, and often as we have walked along it, we never return to it without fresh delight.

The road next to this in beauty leaves the city in a contrary direction, and leads to the *Campo di Marte*; this is called *La Strada Nuova del Campo*; it goes out of the city by the Studj, passes through the *Largo delle Pigne*, and along a broad dull street called *Foria*, leaving on the left the *Orto Botanico*, and the *Seraglio*, a house built, as the inscription says, to contain all the poor in the kingdom; but which, though it is certainly enormously large, would not contain the poor of the capital, and which is, as usual, left, *alla Napolitana*, unfinished. The road continues to run on straight until, reaching the great northern road to Rome, which goes off to the left, it begins to ascend, and winds gradually along the hill, commanding fine views of the plain lying between it and Vesuvius. As we keep along the heights we see below us the Campo Santo, a low quadrilateral building, enclosing a paved area, divided into three hundred and sixty-five squares, in each of which is the mouth of a vault, the

whole of the place being excavated: every day one of these vaults is opened, and the bodies of the poor who die in hospitals, &c. and who cannot pay for the privilege of mouldering in the churches of Naples, are deposited there; the vault is then closed, and remains shut for a twelvemonth, another vault being opened the next day, receiving the dead, and then being shut in the same manner. The apertures of the vaults are small, and closed by a ponderous stone, which is further secured by cement; and thus, in a great measure, the effluvium is prevented from escaping. This establishment is very useful, as it removes a great source of corrupted air from the city; it is kept very clean, and emits in general very little smell, considering the numbers of the dead that are continually putrifying there; but there is one circumstance in the ceremony of the place which is scandalous, not only to Neapolitans, but to human nature itself, that is, the indecency and brutality with which the obsequies of the dead are performed: the bodies are stripped quite naked, and thrown through the narrow apertures down into the deep vaults, one upon another, in a confused heap; the mouth of the vault is frequently stained with blood, in consequence of the bodies being pitched rudely and unskilfully down. But a few days ago we were walking there, and looked into one of the vaults, where several bodies had just been thrown down—the sight was too horrible to be described, we wish we could forget it! We observed a woman who was employed there in saying prayers for the repose of the dead; she walked as she prayed, and appeared to have the intention of passing over every vault, as she went up and down the files regularly; when we came away the gates were locked upon her, and she was left to her solitary devotions.

But let us return to the road, which soon after this passes near the church of *La Madonna del Pianto*, so called from the melancholy events which followed the siege of Naples, by Lautrec, in 1528; unwilling to bombard the city, he cut off the aqueducts which supplied it with water; the water running to waste inundated and stagnated on the plain, and the vapours which arose from it made

his army the victim of a dreadful epidemic distemper; an excessive mortality was the consequence, and hundreds of poor wretches were interred near this spot, or rather in caves and grottoes beneath. The present church, which was afterwards erected there, is known by name to many English readers from the frequent allusions made to it by Mrs. Radcliffe, in her "Italian." The Neapolitans, when any one loses in the lottery, have a proverbial saying about going to *Santa Maria del Pianto*, to bewail their misfortunes. Just by this church the Strada Nuova turns a corner and reaches the Campo di Marte, a fine large flat, which was laid out by the French, and appropriated to the purpose of teaching and practising the manœuvres of war.

Since the late vicissitudes, the government considering the nation did not need any further instructions in military matters, has declined having any native exhibitions of the sort; and indeed, a short time ago, part of the place was advertised to be sold.

One of the finest views of Naples is to be enjoyed from this road; and it would be well for travellers to pay half a post more for the sake of approaching the city that way, instead of descending by *Capo di Chino*, where there is no interesting object and no fine view. First impressions produced by scenery are always the most forcible, and should be, if possible, received where there is every advantage of locality that a place affords.

SONG.

1.

THE banners are waving,
Oh, wilt thou not stay?
The war cry is sounding,
My Wilhelme, away!

2.

Shall the land of thy fathers
Be sold to the slave?
Shall the light of their freedom
Be quench'd in the grave?

3.

In the heart of my lover
Their glory decay?
Oh no! to the battle—
My Wilhelme, away!

4.

Oh, wilt thou not look on
Thy love and thy bride?
There are many who told me
My Wilhelme had died.

5.

They tell me he slumbers,
So still and so deep,
That the cry of the hunters
Ne'er breaks on his sleep;

6.

That the chamois is couching
My warrior beside,
And yet he awakes not!
Thy love and thy bride

7.

In the lone valley waits thee,
At sun setting hour;
Oh Wilhelme, my lover,
Return to my bower.

8.

I fain would chase from me
The dream of despair;—
That I saw the blood dark on
Thy forehead so fair,

9.

That the cheek of my Wilhelme
Lay cold in the blast,
And the hoofs of the war-horse
Had over thee pass'd.

10.

There are many who soothe me,
Yet soothe me in vain;
For there's one who will never
Look on me again.

11.

Oh the flowers of my bridal
Have wither'd away;
And I too have faded;
Oh why wilt thou stay?

12.

But I come to inhabit
Thy dark silent cave;
For war cannot sever
Our hearts in the grave.

A. S.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Roman Actor.—*Mountaineers.*—*The Waterman.*

Notwithstanding the strong allurements held out in these three pieces, Kean's benefit was but thinly attended—a pretty plain proof that something more than the drama itself is requisite to call the public to the theatres. Our pleasures, we suspect, are not quite so pure and intellectual as human nature in its vanity would willingly believe; fine acting and fine writing are indeed the ostensible motives with all play-goers; but what share in the evening's amusement have the crowd, and the lights, and the decorations? There must be, moreover, the stimulus of novelty or of fashion; and as far as concerns Kean, both the one and the other have long since past away, or if there be any fashion in regard to him, it is a fashion of dislike. The fault, however, rests in a great measure, perhaps entirely, with himself; he cannot, it is true, invest himself afresh with the charms of novelty; yet he ought to make himself more popular, not by paltry arts, or by becoming the mountebank of any society, but by a fair and honourable discharge of his duty as an actor. Let him too be more chary of his good name; for the audience, whether right or wrong, will mix up the private with the public character; and he who is to live by the people, must not despise the humours of the people.

The first of these pieces is nothing more than a prelude from Massinger's play of the same name, from which it has borrowed so much of the first and third scenes as was calculated for the display of Kean's talent, and only Kean's. This, to say the least of it, is a very paltry ambition,—this grasping after every thing in the style of most judicious Bottom, of asinine memory,—“Let me play Thisby too—let me play the lion too.” If he goes on at this rate Mr. Elliston may dismiss the rest of his company, and he and the manager may divide the drama between them, each having as many notes of admiration tacked to his name, as he plays characters.

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This will chime in gloriously with the avarice of the one and the vanity of the other; then if the manager has small receipts, at least he will have small outgoings; and if the actor gets little praise, he yet will have that little entirely to himself, without any need of division with his brethren. What can be better than such an arrangement? Try it, gentlemen; by all means try it, and pray do not forget us, your gentle counsellors.

We should have said thus much in the way of reprobation even if the prelude had been dexterously put together; for a bad design, though well executed, does not change its character of evil; but this was not the case; simple as his task was, the compiler has contrived to commit two blunders, and those of no little magnitude; why, in the name of dulness, must he give the part of Latinus to Junius Rusticus? This metamorphosis of a Roman senator into an actor was remarkably judicious, and the more so as nothing was to be gained by it except the praise of ignorance, in regard to Massinger as well as history. Not satisfied with this, he has blended Aretinus with Tiberius; and thus, in defiance of all probability and common sense, and to the utter ruin of the scene, we have Aretinus playing the double part of a friend and an enemy, an informer and an emperor. Nor was there any thing in Kean's performance to reconcile us to these enormities; great as he has shown himself on many occasions, his “*Roman Actor*” was equally bad in conception and execution: the Paris of Massinger pleads his cause in a strain of manly and fervid eloquence, as remote from violence as it is from weakness; he attempts to convince, not to overawe, the senate; for how indeed could a poor actor hope to frighten the Patricians of Rome by a few big words? It is not even an appeal to the passions, but to the understandings, of men; and the slight sarcasm aimed at Aretinus is so guardedly couched that it may pass either for satire or compliment. Yet in defiance of these obvious truths, Kean was overbearing,

G

familiar, and sarcastic, pompous without dignity, and violent without energy. This is the more surprising as he is undoubtedly the first orator upon the stage; and as to dignity, he has enough of that when he chooses. Notwithstanding the vulgar prejudice on this subject, dignity has nothing at all to do with the stature; it is entirely a thing of intellect, and its expression depends on manner, not on a man's being tall or short. If this were not so, little could be said for Kean's Othello, which is yet the triumph of the modern school of acting. What can be more noble than his quiet rebuke of Cassio's intemperance? "How comes it, Cassio, you are thus forgot?" What more dignified than his appeal to the senate? What more sublime, more terribly sublime, than the passion of his jealousy?—We must, therefore, look to some other cause for his failure in "*The Roman Actor*,"—perhaps to his neglect, for he can do nothing without study; the contrary indeed has usually been imagined of him, but it is a notorious fact to those at all acquainted with his habits, that he never has succeeded in any character so hastily adopted. Hence it is that he has so frequently failed in new plays, his indolence not permitting him to give them the requisite attention.

Of the few others that performed in this little prelude, we may say with Grumio, "the rest were ragged, old, and beggarly." By the bye, while we are on this subject, we wish Mr. Barnard would inform us who is Agave; we have heard indeed of a certain Agavē, of whom both Ovid and Horace speak, though we only quote from the first:—

Adspice, mater, ait. Visis ululavit Agavē.

Is this the lady that Mr. Barnard meant when he talked of Agave?

The next piece on the list of the evening's entertainments was *The Mountaineers*, in the second act of which Kean's Octavian was no better than his Paris; but in the cottage scene, both before and after the entrance of Floranthe, he was brilliant beyond the power of words to do him justice. Indeed he acted the part rather as it ought to be than as it is; for Colman, while intending to write the language of madness, has written only

downright nonsense, and that too in verse which is verse only to the eye, or when counted on the fingers: but poor as the materials were, the actor contrived to work wonders with them, and exhibited a fearful scene of insanity struggling with the return of reason. Nothing in art could be finer than the alternate light and shadow that played upon his face, like the fitful blazings of a fire, flashing up for a moment to sink again into utter darkness. There was a painful consciousness of the truth expressed in every feature, a wavering between reason and insanity, till the fit again came on him in all its strength, and then it seemed to tear up his very soul. There was an irresistible and sweeping grandeur in his passion that made him in form a giant—it was a visible emanation of the mind, fresh and glowing from the fountain—and the expression of superior intellect, whatever is its character, can never be called little.

If we compare Kean's Octavian with that of Kemble (the only thing to which it can be compared), we should be inclined to allow the preference to the former. There was a quiet grandeur in Kemble's acting that gave it all the effect of a marble statue—it was bold and beautiful in the outlines, but it wanted colour; his mind, like his features, was noble; but, like them, it was too rigid, too little flexible, to put on any form that was not native to it; he wanted that pliability of mind and face which is the highest excellence of Kean, and perhaps of all acting. Kemble was always himself, always peculiar, and his peculiarities were a little apt to mix up with the general varieties of feeling. Kean is only peculiar by some vile tricks that too often stare out of his assumption of character and betray the individual; but then he has the power of flinging them off when he pleases; and there are times when it does please him to wear the mask most closely. He has less of that grandeur which belongs to sober reason, and more of that which springs from the energy of passion, than was the case with Kemble. His voice too is infinitely more rich and varied, notwithstanding the objections raised against its hoarseness, objections that have originated in people confounding full round tones (like those of

Young and Macready) with a voice of compass and flexibility. His Octavian was an instance of this, and a striking instance. At the same time we object entirely to any superiority being allowed him on the score of his being more natural, a phrase that is most cruelly abused; his acting was natural just as much as a fine picture or a fine statue is natural, but no farther. There is an essential difference between all the works of art and nature, distinct from all the differences that may arise out of inequality—for many a subject that is exceedingly unpleasant in nature, becomes the very reverse in its imitation. The products of the two therefore cannot be precisely the same, for they do not bring with them the same association of ideas; nor is it desirable that they should do so, for we find that imitation does not delight in exact ratio to its resemblance with any given reality; if it did, a wax figure, which has form and colour, would please much more than a marble statue, which has form only, both qualities being a part of natural objects, and the wax figure therefore being the nearest in its likeness to nature. There seems to be in every work of art a something superadded to nature, which, in the absence of a more definite name, the world is content to call *poetical*, and which, as far as it has reference to the present business, means nothing more than the association of other and more pleasant ideas than belonged to the object of imitation. Hence it is that so few local descriptions correspond with the reality; the ideas that are called up by the description are not the same as those excited by the things themselves, when subjected to the sight; and yet at the same time the features of the imitation may be so very like the subject imitated, that it would not be an easy matter to find a single point of difference. The subject, however, is one of considerable difficulty, and is not to be settled by a few brief assertions, the results rather than the proofs of our conviction; but we have no space at present for pursuing the question any farther, for there is still much matter upon our hands, and indeed more than we well know what to do with; to do full justice to the demerits of the Drury-lane Company would require half our Magazine, and

we must therefore hasten to despatch them as rapidly as may be.

In the hands of Fitzwilliam and Miss Cubitt, the parts of Killmallock and Agnes were "much abused,"—and Harley, from whom we have a right to expect better things, was very indifferent in Sadi. His humour was by no means characteristic of the Moor, yet still it was humour; and, as it tickled the fat ribs of laughter, it might pass well enough for the novice. But his pathos will never do; he must confine himself to such parts as are purely comic, and those too of a peculiar class; they must be full of life and bustle, and depend on sprightliness for their effect rather than that rich oily kind of humour which characterizes Munden. It is by these that he first gained his good name with the public, and it is by these he must retain it. But we are weary of the task of censure, and pass over the rest to come to Kean's Tom Tug, a still, beautiful piece of acting, that only wants to be more known to become a subject of general admiration. Like his tragedy, it has nothing in common with any existing school of acting; there was no grimace about it, no effort to produce a barren laugh by any trick of voice or manner; it was a true and perfect character, and differed from the waterman of real life only by the superaddition of that poetic colouring which is the charm of art, and which we have already noticed as distinguishing it from nature. The great aim of most comedians is to excite laughter, no matter by what means; with Kean, on the contrary, truth of character is the first object—if it contain the seeds of the ridiculous, well and good; but he does not go out of his way to seek for it. His singing too was of the same school, and consequently no less delightful to those who can overlook the absence of all science for the sake of expression; indeed it was rather speaking to music than what is usually understood by the term singing; but with all our love for the vocal art, we are inclined to suspect, that this thing, *sine nomine*, is the more delicious of the two, and we are quite sure that it is the most intellectual.

This evening may be considered the close of Mr. Elliston's season, as far as criticism is concerned; for though

the theatre continued open until the 14th, yet nothing occurred in that interval worth the trouble of relation. As to his views for the next winter, we are given to understand, and from good authority, that he intends to remodel the interior of the house altogether, as if his past failure were to be attributed to the brick walls, and his future success were to be ensured by their alteration. If such indeed be his idea he will find himself most lamentably mistaken; such a novelty may, and no doubt will, attract the people for a few nights, but it will not command for him a permanent prosperity, nor will it even pay its own expenses. He must look to other and more solid measures if he wishes for solid success—to good actors—to good plays—to good management—in short, to every thing that is exactly the reverse of what he has done. Independent of all this, we much question the utility of the proposed alterations; to contract the proscenium is well enough, but why change the form of the house? Why not lessen the interior altogether? The house will be too large for its company under any circumstances. Then too a new Scene-room is to be built on the scite of the second Green-room; but if such a building be necessary, this is not the place for its erection; if indeed there were a similar room on the other side of the house, it would be all very well; but as this is not the case, it would be better that the scenes should lie at the back of the stage, where they are at hand for either wing, according as they are wanted. But in truth this is nothing more than a rage to be doing—no matter whether good or mischief; it is something for the manager to talk about, and look wondrous wise and busy—and hold meetings, and write letters, and be most terribly industrious, while his prime minister, Winston, will bustle about the theatre in all the importance of a hen about to lay. This scheme will never answer, notwithstanding the acknowledged talents of Mr. Beazley, who is employed to make the alterations, liable, of course, to the superintendence of Mr. Soane in his capacity of honorary architect to the establishment. The plans have already been submitted to that gentleman, and, having met with his approbation, will now be shown to

the King, with whom rests the final decision on the subject. But we repeat it—this plan will never answer.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The Bill of Fare.—Beggar's Opera.

This theatre has opened at last, and with all manner of novelties,—new actors, new singers, new pieces, and a new ceiling, the sounding-board having been removed from over the proscenium; but, of all these novelties, the last is the only one worth mentioning, or, at least, it is the only one that deserves any singular praise; by this slight alteration, the interior assumes the appearance of an elegant, and even splendid, drawing-room, where all is light, gay, and sparkling. Little as the gain of this may seem to some, it is yet of vital importance, for man is in a great measure the slave of outward circumstance; and if the mind is sublimed into devotion by the still grandeur of twilight aisles, and shafted oriel, why may it not be warmed to mirth by the cheerful play of lights, and the gaiety of splendour? To deny this, is to deny the facts of our every-day experience; the lights, the music, the local brilliance, all are portions of our pleasure, inasmuch as they contribute to its reception; for it is these outward circumstances that tune the human instrument either to mirth or melancholy, to harmony or discord.

The company, though tolerably fair in its numbers, is very far from being so in its quality. Five or six good names, indeed, are to be found amongst a troop of miseries; but of what use are five or six good names, if they stand alone? There they twinkle, sadly and mistily, in the surrounding dreariness, like a few faint stars in a dull night, their lustre half eclipsed by the darkness that they in vain strive to brighten. This it is that is the bane of the English stage in general; individual parts are well played—perhaps better than with the French; but the effect of the whole is sure to be spoilt by the piteous ignorance and incapacity that is employed on the minor characters. Your Covenys, and your Ebsworths, and your Williamses, and your Pearces, never ought to venture upon the stage except to sweep it. To begin, however, with the beginning; Mr. Dibdin's new farcical sketch, called,

The Bill of Fare, was the opening attraction, and therefore ought to be the first considered; if, indeed, the term consideration can aptly be applied to such matters; for, to speak the truth, it is a large phrase for so slight a business. The plot is simple enough, and may be told in very few words. Samuel Stingo, a provincial innkeeper, and Solomon Strutt, a provincial manager, both take up their abode at the inn of a Mr. Hoaxley, the one for the purpose of hiring servants, and the other for the purpose of hiring actors. With this view, they advertise in the papers under their initials only, S. S.; from which happy coincidence, their landlord takes occasion to play off a hoax on both parties, sending the actors to Mr. Stingo, and the servants to Mr. Strutt. This admirable joke is rendered more pungent by the manager having requested his candidates to appear in costume, as it keeps the parties in error, and the audience in a decent state of laughter, for the space of an hour, on the most moderate calculation. Still this is no more than a second edition of the popular farce, *Amateurs and Actors*, as performed at the English Opera, and not a very good edition either, for it is to the full as absurd, without the one half of its amusement. Nor was it much assisted by the actors, if we except Mrs. Chatterley and Mr. Terry, who worked with a zeal and ability deserving of a better cause; with them "materiem superabat opus," and well for the author that it was so; he had been damned else. As to Mrs. H. Johnston, we cannot well conceive why she is brought forward as the star of the Haymarket, for whatever light she might once have, it has been long ago extinguished; the manager had much better look for support in the rising genius of Mrs. Chatterley, who is slowly, but surely, gaining on the affections of the public, and who, if properly fostered, will one day hold a distinguished situation.

But while this lady is thus rapidly marching onward to her zenith, Oxberry is hastening no less rapidly in his downward course, and will soon be at his sunset, unless he pays a little more attention to himself as well as to his audience; his natural talents are of a high order, but they

are obscured and overwhelmed by a multitude of faults, and he is now little more than a memory of better days. He has not only fallen into a slovenly habit of acting, but he has ceased to pay any attention to character beyond the mere outward circumstance of costume; one unchanging set of manners, like the wardrobe of a country actor, serves for all parts and all purposes, or at best is occasionally relieved by a vile habit of mimicking the character he addresses. All this is the natural result of his having played so much at minor theatres, among a set of misérables who had not the slightest pretensions to the name of actors. The consciousness of superiority engenders carelessness; besides that any thing short of genius is sure to be warped by the bias of surrounding circumstances. Talent is always a local quality, that borrows its vices and its virtues, its defects and its merits, from the good or evil that is about it: genius, and genius only, is superior to outward circumstance; and, like the sun-light, can give its own colour to whatever it may chance to shine upon. There is hope then for Oxberry, if he chooses to attend to himself; his talent is rust-eaten, but still it is talent, and it only wants the polish of better company to make it as bright as ever.

This is a small portion of *The Bill of Fare*; but the other dishes are hardly worth serving up, unless to a very hungry appetite, and we had therefore as well pass on to the lady who made her first appearance in the part of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*. She strongly reminded us of Virgil's cautious admonition, "nimium ne crede colori;" for though her features promised wonders, her voice was far from performing any such prodigies. It is not, perhaps, deficient in compass, but she evidently wants science, and that power over the organ which is only to be got by practice. Her transitions are much too violent and abrupt, her voice bounding up and down as if she were playing at ducks and drakes, or trying conclusions with an echo. Her flourishes were neither well-timed nor well-executed; and, what is still worse, we are strongly inclined to suspect that she has not a correct ear, or, if she has, there must be a strange de-

iciency of practice to do justice to her intentions. But some allowances ought to be made—perhaps more than we have made—to the timidity of a first appearance, when female modesty may in reason be supposed to clog the powers of execution. Fear, and the awkwardness incident to a novice, might have caused much of those deficiencies which we have noticed, but then such experiments ought not to be tried on a London public. The country is the proper place for novices; it is the regular school for actors; and, even when they have learnt all that it can teach

them, they yet ought not to assume the first places on a Metropolitan stage, till they have fairly past through the drudgery of the lower branches. A very little talent goes a great way in a provincial barn; and hence it is that managers of the soundest judgment are so often deceived; they visit a country theatre for recruits, where they are sure to be taken in by the appearance of some glow-worm actor, who, the moment he is removed to the brilliance of a London stage, is eclipsed by its light, or visible only as an object of detestation.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

It would seem a singular assertion to one unacquainted with the facts, to say, that although every night at this season of the year presents a fresh concert, there is little of musical variety to afford a subject for narration or remark. Nevertheless the assertion is perfectly true. Art advances, but the additions to its parts are few and slow and minute—so slow, that the finest tenor singers in London for the last thirty years (Messrs. Harrison and Vaughan) have not probably sung more than a dozen *favourite* songs. A concerto from Mr. Mori, Mr. John Cramer, or Mr. Lindley, is much the same as heretofore; and singers and players rise to real eminence in such tardy succession, that the novelties are very soon exhausted in narration. Were it not for the Italian Opera and the Philharmonic, which are importers, we should be nearly stagnant; and yet we complain of the predominance of foreign music and musicians, —and justly too. England may well be held in low estimation, when the English language is almost banished from our concerts, and even from our oratorios, and when the greater proportion of our leading instrumental and vocal performers are Italian, German, or French. Even in the city, the foreign compositions performed have been to the English as seventy to three. Alas, poor England!

Yet never were concerts so numerous as this year. Subsequently to our last report (up to the 20th of May,) there were given in that

month, morning and evening, besides the Opera, the theatres which were performing operas, the Ancient, Philharmonic, and Opera concerts,—besides these, we say, there were in these few open days at the close of the month no less than ten concerts, viz. those of Begrez, Catalani, Knyvett, Bochsa, (an oratorio) Madame Caravita, Madame Obert, Rovedino, Bellamy, and Puzzi.

None of these, however, presented any important novelty. Madame Catalani carried off the money (a cause of hearty complaint amongst all her competitors); for her first four concerts averaged one thousand persons each night; and we have reason to know, that very few indeed obtained the gratuitous admittance so common at benefits, when, speaking moderately, one half are not unfrequently *the friends*, as they consider themselves, of the performer whose night it happens to be: to such a scope does this kind of friendship extend that, as we are assured, a celebrated Italian singer lately had a private concert at the house of a Marchioness, where no less than five hundred of the noble hostess's intimates *lent the Signor their countenance* for the night upon these terms; while another was constrained to give away no less than seven hundred tickets of admission to the Opera house at her benefit, in order to compensate the services of the company, and to satisfy the eager desires of her acquaintances to be present; this would seem a simple way of accounting for the otherwise unaccountable

"flux of company," in these bankrupt times of tribulation and complaint.

However, it is not less true, that three concerts, the Ancient, Philharmonic, and City amateur subscription, have not raised less than ten thousand guineas, and the Opera, seventy thousand. Music, therefore, neither lacks patronage nor pecuniary support. Subsequently to the concerts above mentioned, Madame Catalani has given her sixth and last concert, as she retires, it is said, from public life. When this "Foreign Wonder" returned last season to England, we gave so extended an account of her powers and manner, that little or nothing remains for us to add. If her style had undergone any change, it was, that she regulated more considerably the display of her various attainments. The chief fault of most singers of the first class is that they merge their judgment in their anxiety to exhibit every species of perfection at once. This fault Madame Catalani has evidently guarded against; and she was as pure, simple, and majestic, in *Comfort ye my people*, as she was ornamental, rapid, and forceful, in *Rode's air with variations*. Her voice is perhaps a little sunk; for we observed that her preference inclined her to very low songs, and that she obviously avoided very high notes even in the most rapid parts of her execution. She retires, however, in the fullest enjoyment of her most wonderful powers. It would be difficult, nay impossible to ascertain which was the most efficient agent in her triumphs—her voice, or her beautiful and majestic features—so entirely did "each give to each a double charm," in the expression of passion. Take her for all in all, the world has never heard or seen such a singer, and no other age will probably produce two such prodigies as Siddons and Catalani; for the one can only be estimated in dramatic art by a comparison with the other in vocal science. The prodigious sums Catalani has earned have not greatly enriched her, it is said—but as there is no inducement but a love of ease to allure her at this moment from the profitable exertion of her talents, we are to conclude that

she is sufficiently wealthy to satisfy the desires of both herself and family. The public loss will be far less easily supplied than her own contentment.

At Miss Goodall's Concert (who by the way is of late greatly improved in her general style) Mr. H. Field, of Bath, performed a concerto on the pianoforte. This professor came up and assisted at one of the early Philharmonics, when his feeling and execution made a deep impression. He was indeed considered little, if at all, inferior to those who stand first. On this occasion, his choice of subject was not happy—the excessive heat of the room indisposed his hearers to attention—and the player himself was a little nervous, for upon the whole he did not maintain the ground he had so decidedly taken. At this concert, Master Ormsby also assisted. His voice is rich and sweet, but is fast approaching its period of decay. This circumstance, however, has changed the boy's destination, and he has been sent to England to engage in the profession of music. We believe the song he sang, *Eveleen's Bower*, to have been the melody which so deeply affected the King.*

The Oratorio on Whitsun-eve comprised a noble and very various selection of ancient and modern composition, and was supported by a cento of the finest talents, both English and foreign. Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sapio, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Begrez, and Signor Torri, were the tenors. Mr. Bellamy, Signors Ambrogetti, Zucchelli, Placci, De Begnis, and Cartoni, the basses. Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Belchambers, Mesdames Camporese and De Begnis, with Misses Stephens, Goodall, and Povey, the sopranos. Moscheles, Mori, Lindley, Bochsa, Dizi, and Nicholson, the concerto and obligato players, made up a band that has rarely been exceeded. Some of the most splendid of Handel's songs, duets, and choruses, with Lord Burghersh's *Bajazet*, Rossini's *Mose in Egitto*, part of Haydn's *Creation*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, afforded the sacred and serious parts. To these were added, airs and duets, from Arne, Mozart, and living composers; altogether presenting a mass of performance so

* See p. 393 of last Vol.

vast, that we almost wonder at the patience of the audience to hear it out. The million must love quantity dearly, for no excellence of quality could keep attention alive during so protracted a period.

Music for charity's sake, it seems, does not succeed so well as dancing. The grand Concert at the Mansion House failed to attract; and the provision in the bills by which the tickets were limited to 1200, was found quite unnecessary; not more than 150 persons attending, in spite of the very earnest endeavours of the Lady Mayoress, of the two Duchesses, the six Marchionesses, two Countesses, and other noble ladies, the patronesses, (a list almost as long as that in Leporello's *Madamina*) who doubtless exerted all their interest and energy in the cause of the famished Irish. Mr. Lafont performed, and justified the good opinion we had entertained of his ability. But Mr. Kiesewetter, whose Concert has just taken place, certainly surpasses his competitors as a concerto player, in neatness and velocity of execution, in delicacy of tone and expression, in precision, and in general power. How far these great qualities may be compensated by Mori's boldness, vigour, and grandeur of style, is perhaps a nice and doubtful question; the profession and the public appear to incline towards the former. Thus there can be little question that England is now thoroughly engaged in the study, practice, and enjoyment of music, and that the rewards held out by the metropolis have this season concentrated an immense proportion of the talents of all the great European schools of art. At present, we have been so much occupied by the contemplation of the practical examples, that we have neither time nor space for the general conclusions that present themselves. Such speculations, however, will serve, when facts are less abundant.

The largest and most important publication of this month is the *Grace Book*, an anonymous, but very philosophical treatise on the science and application of the ornamental parts of vocal art; with nearly *seven hundred* examples, drawn from composers and singers of all ages, and in all styles. This is in every sense a very valuable addition to the litera-

ture of music, as well as to the demonstrations of the particular branch to which it belongs. It very philosophically marks the boundaries which good taste has assigned to *gracing*—that hitherto indefinite and ill-understood term; it classes and distinguishes the powers of ornament, and supplies an almost unlimited combination of passages in all keys. The method of arrangement is very simple, when understood. All the intervals are classed and divided from a single note to the widest distances met with—as into seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, &c.; the original interval is given in large notes, and the grace notes, or those to be substituted, are put in smaller. The keys are classed, and are the same as in the songs from which they are actually selected, and by transposition may be applied to any other key within the impress of the singer's voice. Thus a diversity of twenty or thirty, or more passages, upon every possible interval which it may be desired to ornament, is presented to the choice of the singer. And it is not only to singing that the book applies. Instrumentalists will find in it a great help to their invention and imagination, while provincial teachers will have a fund of ornament to apply to, which exists nowhere else. The practice of such a book as *Solfeggi*, will, we are persuaded, confer a facility that nothing else can give, and we therefore earnestly recommend it.

The published parts of the music of *The Law of Java* (which the composer has presented to his Majesty, at court, by express permission) are very lively, light, and catching. There are two duets, which, though they cannot be said to equal Mr. Bishop's very beautiful and original adaptation of Shakspeare's words, are nevertheless very pleasing and sweet. *Dungeons and Slavery*, a cantata, and *When Clouds of Sorrow*, are agreeable songs. The one is written in a short compass, to display probably Miss M. Tree's particular quality of voice; and the other, a slow introductory expressive movement, with a quick second part, mingles traits of Rossini's, with Mr. Bishop's own manner. These, with a French Romance to English words, are all of the Opera that are yet in print. They

are scarcely so good as the compositions which Mr. Bishop has lately produced.

Absence, and Scenes of Childhood, by this composer, are two single songs of no ordinary conception or merit; yet we find it difficult to say in what the peculiarity consists. First, however, it lies in the intensity of feeling, which is cast into such curious melody and modulation, as are to be found in these canzonetti. They are both singular and expressive, and we may combine both epithets again, and say their expression is in itself of a very singular cast; they

are like olives, or caviare. They must be often tasted to be relished, though, at first, the palate is allured to overcome the strength of the flavour. Both are, however, worthy of Mr. Bishop's genius.

Mr. I. Cooke has published an Overture, as performed at Drury Lane; consisting almost entirely of favorite Irish Airs. It contains many solos for wind instruments, particularly for the clarionet, flute, and trumpet. The Young May Moon is allotted to the latter instrument, which is, we believe, rather a singular circumstance.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

WE should only *mistify* our readers were we to enumerate the various contradictory reports which have risen and perished in the course of the last month, with respect to the state of affairs between Russia and the Porte. The cause of difference between these powers remains still as undecided as ever; and their respective armies still remain in the attitude of hostility, without, however, having struck a blow. If we were to incline to the statements on one side or the other, it would be to that which leans to an amicable adjustment; and this opinion we draw from the protracted manœuvres, and the clear disinclination of each to commence the contest. In this view it is not unlikely that the late accounts contained in the *Gazette de France* have some foundation. That paper declares, on the authority of Austrian letters, that one of the objects of the mission of Mon. de Tatischeff to Vienna was to arrange with that Cabinet a convenient place for a meeting between the Plenipotentiaries of Russia, Austria, and a minister of the Porte, in order to come to a definitive settlement. It is added that the town of Kamienieck, in Padolia, has been fixed upon for this diplomatic rendezvous. We give this, however, as one of many statements, and calling for credit only on account of the great portion of the season during which Russia was not prevented, by any local impediments,

from commencing operations, having passed away.

The King of France has called the Chambers together somewhat earlier than usual, and in his speech accounts for it by representing the necessity which exists of liberating the financial administration from the provisional measures to which a recurrence was unavoidable. The tenour of the speech is favourable to a pacification in the East; and his Majesty says he hopes that tranquillity may be restored in these countries without the occurrence of a new war to aggravate their miseries. The speech also alludes to the existence of the *cordons sanitaires*, and of the necessity which compels him not to relax in his precautions, at least during the continuance of the present season. He, however, deprecates any malevolent interpretation on this point, hostile to his real intentions. But why the King of France should strengthen this cordon *now* does not precisely appear; the measure certainly derives no colour from any recent increase of the disease alluded to. However, strong, and, to the Spaniards, somewhat suspicious indications begin undoubtedly to present themselves. General Donnadieu, a violent ultra, has been appointed to a very high command on this station; orders have been issued for the march of six thousand men from Lisle, &c. to Bayonne and Perpignan; and a re-organization of the national guards

in the South of France has been just resolved upon by the French government. It is not to be wondered at, that, under such circumstances, very strong suspicions should be excited as to the real motive for these precautions; and, accordingly, private letters from France state, that the assemblage of this large body of troops upon the Spanish frontier is to prevent, not the physical infection pretended, but the moral infection of Spanish revolutionary principles spreading into the newly legitimated Southern provinces of France! France seems to be in a state internally to cause every apprehension in her present rulers. Even the capital itself is not exempted from occasional scenes of political commotion: during the last month a serious riot took place in Paris, in consequence of an attempt on the part of the law students to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the younger Lallemand, who, it will be recollected, met an untimely fate during a previous collegiate commotion. The authorities, from a foolish obstinacy in preventing the design, caused the gates of the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, to be closed, and posted a civil power in the neighbourhood. When the students appeared clothed in deep mourning, they were refused admission to the grave of their companion; they persisted in their ceremony; they were opposed with equal obstinacy; and the consequence was a charge of the gendarmerie, in which upwards of twenty of the students were grievously wounded, and eight taken prisoners. Some idea may be formed of the *old regime* feeling on the part of the Bourbons, from the following fact, which lately occurred in Paris. The Duke d'Angoulême thought proper, a short time since, to lead a procession of monks, nuns, and friars to Notre Dame, on the day of the *fete dieu*. His Royal Highness proceeded *bare headed*; and, unfortunately, during his progress a dreadful storm of wind and rain came on. The zeal of the Parisians was not proof against the elements, and they fled in all directions, leaving prince, priests, bishops, sisters and all, to propitiate the genius of the storms by banners, crosses, and prostrations: the rain

fell in torrents; and as the Royal pilgrim disdained the use of either umbrella or hat, he has been laid up, in consequence, ever since, with an inflammatory cold, which for a time, threatened very serious consequences! It is stated that General Berton has been arrested.

In Spain the Cortes have addressed King Ferdinand in language which it is impossible his Majesty could misunderstand. They declared to him, that "the Representatives of the Spanish nation, assembled in Cortes, are overcome with grief at the prospect of the evils which afflict the country; that the heroic nation is already fatigued by the continual attacks of wicked men, and by the blows they unceasingly aim at its wise institutions, and that the Cortes and the *Constitutional King* ought to tranquillize it, to secure its repose, to put an end to the conspiracies which are on foot, and to prevent the horrors which are meditated." They also complain, that the enemies of the country are "slowly proceeded against," that "the administration of some of the provinces is confided to inexperienced hands—to men not liked by the *people*,"—that "great criminals" are covered with "impunity," and "unjust and arbitrary prosecutions instituted." The Cortes have not confined themselves to mere verbal remonstrance; a considerable body of troops has been stationed in the neighbourhood of the cordon sanitaire; and by way of a significant hint to their neighbours on the subject, a decree has been passed, allowing the same pension to French refugees flying from prosecution at home for political offences, which they had previously granted to Italian patriots, flying from a foreign invader! France, on the other hand, affords a refuge to the mal-content Spanish legitimate refugees; and such is the spirit at present sedulously fostered by the governments of the respective countries.

A plot has been just detected at Lisbon, the objects of which were, the deposition of the King of Portugal, the nomination of the infant Michael as the head of the regency, the dissolution of the Cortes, and the establishment of a new legislative body—the Upper Chamber was to have been

composed of the hereditary nobles, and it was supposed, also of some of the higher order of ecclesiastics. It was also agreed upon to murder such members of the present Cortes and Ministry as were supposed to be favourable to the principles of freedom. It is mentioned, we hope without foundation, that a private secretary to a late British Commander in that country, has been deeply implicated in this base and sanguinary conspiracy. The discovery of the plot was said to have taken place in consequence of an application of M. Januario des Neves, the secretary just alluded to, to General Luiz do Nego Barello to join them. The General declined giving an immediate answer, and desired a further conference on the following day. The minister of justice was informed of the circumstance, and Januario unguardedly developed the whole plot before concealed witnesses; of course he was immediately apprehended. Many persons of high rank are suspected of a participation in this conspiracy, but the arrests hitherto have not been numerous. The affair will, however, doubtless undergo a full investigation.

The plague has broken out at Algiers, and incalculable numbers are stated to have fallen victims. The streets are represented as being in a state of silent desolation. While upon the subject, we may just remark, *en passant*, that a report was very current last week in London, that this dreadful disease had appeared in one of our hospitals; on an official investigation, however, it appeared, that there was no foundation whatever for the apprehension, and that the hospital was never so free from all contagious complaints as it is at present. Such rumours ought not to be lightly circulated amidst such an immense population as London contains—they may lead to the worst consequences.

From returns lately made to Parliament it appears, that the debts of six thousand and ninety discharged debtors amounted to upwards of *five millions and a half*, while the amount of property received by the assignees was 1,499*l.* being, on an average, about four shillings from each estate!

By an official return, also made

to the House of Commons, the state of pauperism in four parishes, of the county of Sussex, appears to be as follows:—In the parish of Northiam, the total population, according to the last census, amounts to 1,353—paupers 636. Salehurst, population 2,121—paupers, 1,062. Burwarsh, population 1,937—paupers 1,053. Mayfield, population 2,698—paupers 1,391! Thus in these four parishes the number of paupers equals half the amount of the entire population!

The Court of King's Bench has granted a new trial to the defendants in the case of "the King v. Conant, Collins, and Mills," who were lately convicted of a conspiracy, corruptly to refuse a license to Mr. Meek, a publican.

The sum received from the Committee for the management of the ball, lately given at the King's Theatre, for the relief of the distress in Ireland, amounted to 3,500*l.* It is singular enough, that this was the only one of all the attempts made to raise money by public amusement, for this charitable purpose, which has not failed. Mr. Kean's benefit, which, he so munificently appropriated to this fund, at Drury-lane Theatre, only netted 2*l.*—A clear proof, that proverbially benevolent as England is, she does not wish to blend any other pleasure with charity, except that which charity itself originates.

In the details of our domestic intelligence, Ireland still unfortunately takes a prominent and melancholy station. The accounts from that wretched country, transmitted to the City of London Charitable Committee, and but too well authenticated, are enough to fill the soul with horror.

In our Parliamentary report for the month, some questions of considerable importance appear. The first in the list is undoubtedly the discussion on the revision of the criminal code. This was brought before the House of Commons by Sir James Macintosh, in a very able and lucid manner. The learned gentleman stated some strong facts to prove that, in place of an improvement, the present criminal code of England was producing a rapid demoralization in the country, not to be ac-

counted for by the increase of population. As an instance of this, the average of capital convictions from 1805 to 1809 was 381, and in the last five years it was 1260, or three and a half to one! Such a rapid acceleration of crime, was, he said, unequalled in the history of mankind, and supplied a strong argument against the rigour of our penal code. From 1811 to 1820, the English capital crimes were double those of France, or relatively to the population, five times as many; now they are about ten times the proportion. The English had 229 capital punishments; the French only six. The learned gentleman concluded by moving a resolution, pledging the House early in the next session, "to take into their most serious consideration the means of giving greater efficacy to the criminal law, by abating the present undue rigour of punishment; by improving the state of the police; and by establishing a system of transportation and imprisonment, which shall be more effective for the purposes of example, and the amendment of offenders." The resolution was opposed by the Attorney General, but on a division, there appeared, for its adoption 117, against it 101, leaving a majority of 16 in its favour; a result on which we sincerely congratulate the country.

A long and animated debate took place on a proposition of Mr. Peel's to continue the *Alien Bill* in force for two years longer. On a division, there appeared, for the motion 189—against it, 92—majority 97.

Mr. Goulburn introduced a Bill for the regulation of the Irish police into the House of Commons, which we consider it unnecessary to discuss now, as it is understood that it must undergo very considerable modifications in the committee. It was violently opposed, and the opposition was the more remarkable, as it came principally from Mr. Charles Grant, the Irish ex-secretary, a gentleman who generally votes with administration. He declared that it was an attempt to place all Ireland under an armed police—a gens-d'armée; and

to impose upon the country a stipendiary magistracy, under the dominion of the Lord Lieutenant. The second reading was, however, carried by a majority of 113 to 55.

Mr. Canning's Bill, for the restoration of their seats in the House of Lords to Roman Catholic Peers, came on for discussion in that House, on Friday the 21st, where it was rejected by a majority of 42. The numbers were, for the second reading, 129—against it, 171. The Lord Chancellor headed the opposition to the Bill.

The Marriage Act Amendment Bill has passed the House of Commons, and is in a successful progress through the upper House.

Mr. James Daly having in the House of Commons withdrawn his promised motion upon Irish Tithes, Mr. Hume, who had abandoned a motion on the subject early in the session, took up the question on the sudden, and moved a resolution, pledging the House, "early next session to take into its consideration the state of the church, and the manner of collecting tithes in Ireland, with a view to making such alteration as might be thought fit;" to this Sir John Newport moved an amendment, pledging the House to "substitute a commutation for the present precarious and vexatious mode of supporting the church establishment." This was met by ministers, with the previous question, which was carried finally, by a majority of 73, against 65. A meeting of all the great Irish landholders has since been held, at which they unanimously recommended the adoption of a commutation, in preference to any other remedy.

The following important resolution has been adopted by the Bank of England:

"*Bank of England, June 20, 1822.*

"Resolved—That all Bills and Notes approved of in the usual manner, and not having more than ninety-five days to run, be discounted at the rate of four per cent. per annum, on and after the 21st of June, 1822."

MONTHLY REGISTER,

JULY 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE New Corn Bill has passed the House of Commons, receiving from Mr. Western his "final malediction," on its third reading. That gentleman pronounced it to be calculated to increase every existing evil, and to add others to the miserable catalogue.

There is, in truth, not any party in the commonwealth, who will be satisfied with its provisions; for they recognize no one principle, yet partake of all. They impose a duty, which, should importation be resorted to, will, for a time, raise the price considerably (about 75 per cent.) above its natural level. This rise will, of course, press severely upon the manufacturing classes, and upon persons of fixed income; it will, in fact, have the effect of elevating the price of commodities to that amount above the continental price. But the worst of its pernicious consequences will be, that by its artificial regulations, a pretext will be set up similar to that afforded by the former Corn Bill, for the continued exaltation of rents, tithes, and taxes. Ministers will say to the complaints of the farmer; we have given you a duty of 75 per cent. which is intended to operate as a bounty upon your production, we have hazarded much by the protection of your interests at the expense of the public; we therefore have done all that we can do, and more than we ought to have done for your relief.

The farmer, however, will perceive no effect, but occasional fluctuations, to him ruinous, because the casual elevation will be turned against him, and will, indeed, inspire hopes that cannot be realized; for, should the ports be opened, it is to be proved by figures, that the price of wheat (and other grain in proportion) will immediately sink to about 55s. per quarter, or almost 15s. less than the farmer, with all his present deductions, alleges it costs him to grow it. In the mean time, we have the assurance of Lord Londonderry, that the ports are not likely to open for three years, if at all, which assertion goes to establish the fact, that England grows enough, or more than enough for her own consumption; in which case, the consumption will probably fall to the continental average; because, if the supply be superabundant, as Lord Londonderry holds out, some part of our supply must be exported, and no one will export till he finds he cannot obtain so good a price at home as he can

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abroad. Yet such is the nature of the provisions of the present act, that they promised the farmer a protection, which, at the very time of making such promise, the Minister declares is not likely to be demanded. Nothing indeed could be more delusive than the whole proceeding of the Agricultural committee, and for this plain reason; they have evaded, not met the difficulties of the Agricultural case. Ministers, who in point of fact appointed the committee, and framed the first report, saw only the imperative necessity of supporting the revenue, and they saw also this could not be done, if the question was fairly treated. In the endeavour, therefore, to conceal from public view the operation of taxation, the whole thing has been mystified and perplexed. No principle has been established. It has neither been stated that the farmer is to be protected, nor that he is not to be protected. A sort of middle term has been adopted, which will be found to strip the farmer of the property that remains to him, and plunge the proprietor hereafter into difficulties scarcely less severe, by making him the accessory and instrument of absorbing the operative capital of the occupier of the soil. The whole evil has originated in this sort of shift and evasion on the part of ministers. It was the same in 1815-1816 as now. It is quite clear that the admission of the principle of free trade is approaching rapidly; we are recognizing it in almost every instance. How infinitely absurd then to impose restrictions, which, if they can act at all, will lay an addition of nearly cent. per cent. upon the cost of subsistence, the real foundation of the price of all other commodities. Yet so it is; and if called into action at all, the effects of this Bill will be again what they have heretofore been in the last Corn Bill, exaltation of price, and a subsequent ruinous depression.

But while these results are but too obvious there are good grounds for differing with the Marquis of Londonderry, as to the probable period when the provisions of the new bill may be called into action. These reasons, which we lately gave, are augmented by the present prospect of the harvest and of the country, particularly of Ireland, whose consumption of corn must, both this and next year, be augmented, unless famine be allowed to depopulate her towns and cities. The strong argument

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which the average importation of 28 years affords, together with the increase of population, the augmented quantities the artisan is enabled by cheapness to consume, and the decline of agriculture, are enforced by the view presented by the coming harvest. The long drought has all but destroyed the crop of beans, peas, oats, and barley, on the light lands; and the wheat has by no means escaped severe injury. We have lying under our eye, at the moment we thus write, a tract of land, which last year, at this time, exhibited the most exuberant growth. The barleys and oats, which adjoin the fields of hay recently got up, are scarcely less brown than the shorn grass—the blade very rarely exceeds six inches in height, except where very early sown; and, on lifting up our eyes, we see as much soil as verdure. Nor is this an uncommon case—the whole light land districts are in the same state; to which is to be added the unusually foul condition of the land. We certainly never witnessed such a garniture of red weed, carlick, docks, and thistles, as now serve to diversify the colour and reduce the value of the various crops. Nothing gives so painful or so positive a proof of the farmer's self-abandonment and hopelessness: but so it is. A very little longer continuance of the drought will render the barley scarcely worth the expense of harvesting, and in any event the quantity must be incalculably shortened. These facts, so pregnant with evil to the farmer, add strikingly to the chance of open ports before the harvest of 1823. Our view of the subject is, that the distress will be much aggravated,

soon after Michaelmas, by the call of landlords for their arrears—that in consequence much corn will be forced into the market and the price kept down. When these the first effects are passed over, the market will be more sparingly supplied; the price will rise, and the grand problem, whether the kingdom does, or does not produce enough for its consumption, will be solved. In any event, the ensuing year will probably be a year of much speculation, for the low rate of the interest of money will invite adventure not less than the circumstances attending the nature of the commodity and the larger field it affords.

The hay harvest has been favoured by the absence of that moisture which is so indispensable to the other branches of vegetation. The upland crop has all been got up without a drop of rain falling upon it, and the meadows are now cutting. The second crop must, however, be rendered exceedingly short, and in many parts there will be none at all. The drought has also retarded the sowing of turnips; and where sown they will, of course, be much injured, though the breadth is comparatively small.

The meat markets have exhibited nearly the same appearances as noticed in our last—a stagnant price and a slack demand. Mutton 2s. 6d. per stone; beef 3s. at Smithfield. At York wool fair, hog-wool sold at 13s. to 16s. Hog and ewe at 12s. 6d. to 14s. Inferior ditto at 11s. per stone of 15lbs. The price of butter in the provincial markets is considerably raised within a week, from the drought.

June 22.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, June 21.)

WE have now to notice the commencement of that change in our commercial system to which we have had frequent occasion to allude. Of the bills introduced by the recommendation of the Committee on Foreign Trade, three have already passed both Houses, and wait only the Royal sanction to become laws: a fourth is in the last stage of its progress through the Upper House, and yet the public seems not to have paid that attention to them which their importance demands, not only from the effect of their enactments, but as the commencement of a new system, and as the first instance in which practical statesmen have avowedly acted on the more liberal principles of political economy. The first and least important of the three bills, though much the longest, is "An act to repeal divers ancient statutes, and parts of statutes, so far as they relate to the importation and exportation of goods and merchandise, from

and to foreign countries." This includes such acts as were passed between the reign of Edward III, and the date of the Act of Navigation, 12th of Charles II; and which, though inconsistent with, or superseded by subsequent acts, have hitherto remained unrepealed. The acts thus repealed are some hundreds in number.

The second bill, "An Act to repeal certain acts, and parts of acts, relating to the importation of goods and merchandise," cancels statutes, and parts of statutes, subsequent to the reign of Charles II, in order that other regulations relating to importation may be consolidated, and comprised in one act. This act repeals the 3d, 8th, 12th, and 14th sections of the act of navigation, and several other acts, and parts of acts, from Charles II, to the present time, which it was necessary to cancel, to make way for the enactments of the third bill—"An Act for the encourage-

ment of navigation and commerce, by regulating the importation of goods and merchandise, so far as relates to the countries or places from whence, and the ships in which, such importation is made." While this new bill maintains the general principle of the act of navigation, it enacts dispositions adapted to the altered situation of the world. By the former act South American produce was to be imported only from certain ports in Spain or Portugal, or in Portuguese and Spanish ships. By this bill, "goods of any place or country in America, or the West Indies, belonging to, or which have belonged to Spain, may be imported direct from the place of growth, in ships of the country. No importation is permitted in foreign ships from any port in America or the West Indies where British ships are not admitted. On the whole, we are inclined to think, that both in the selection of the enumerated articles, which must be imported exclusively in British ships, or in ships belonging to the place whence the commodities come, as well as in the relaxations which it allows of the law with regard to Holland, &c. it will be acknowledged to have been drawn up with great wisdom and sound knowledge of the true principles of commerce. Mr. Wallace having deferred the "warehousing bill" to the next session, it does not require any notice at present.

The reports of the markets have been so uniformly unfavourable, during the last month, that we shall have little occasion to go into detail.

Cotton.—The accounts from Liverpool and the manufacturing districts having been generally unfavourable, the market has been very languid; and though no general reduction can be stated, yet purchases might be made a shade lower. In the week ending the 18th, the purchases were 450 bales, all in bond, viz. 100 Pernams fair 11½d; 30 Bahias 9½d; 80 Bowed 8½d. a 9d. for good fair 10, and very ordinary 8d; a few stained Sea Islands very ordinary 8½d; and about 250 Bengal 5½d. good fair, to 5¾d. for good.

The public sale on the 18th, fair middling Bahia, 193 bags, were all taken in at 9½d. a 10d., no offers.

This day (the 21st) there has been a sale at the India-house of 1000 bags of Surat, and 400 Bourbon. The Surats (being ordinary to good in quality), were all sold at 5½d. a 6½d. per lb., being a reduction of ½d. a ¼d. per lb. upon the sale in February last; of the Bourbons about one half were sold at the extreme low prices of 9½d. a 11½d. for the common qualities up to real fine, and the remainder bought in at 9d. a 11½d. per lb.

At Liverpool, from the 18th of May to the 15th of June, the sales were only 25,050 bags, and the arrivals nearly

57,000 bags. 11,000 bags of the above were sold in the last of the four weeks, the depression in the prices tempting buyers; yet there was such a disposition to sell that there was a general reduction of ¼d. a ½d. per lb.

Sugar.—We regret to say, that the sugar market is not only extremely languid, but that there has been a most alarming diminution in the delivery of about 1000 hhds. weekly; nay, in the week ending June 4, the deliveries were 1800 casks. less than in the corresponding week of 1821. This great falling off is ascribed to the refiners giving up working, which many of them have actually done, and discharged their workmen; and unless the government does something by way of bounty, or other-encouragement, the valuable trade of refined sugars for exportation will be lost to this country. The value of refined sugars, exported during the first three months of 1822, was 393,537*l.* of which 214,000*l.* were to the Mediterranean, to Hamburg, 120,000*l.* to Bremen 20000*l.* and to Ireland 19,000*l.* The prices of Muscovades rather gave way early in the week, and there were few purchases reported by private contract, as the buyers waited the event of the public sale advertised for yesterday: it consisted of, 591 hhds. 19 tierces and 50 brls. St. Lucia sugars, and, contrary to the general expectation, the whole sold freely, fully supporting the previous market prices: low brown 50*s.* a 51*s.*, the remainder according to quality 54*s.* a 66*s.*; the market since has been more firm than for several weeks preceding. In refined goods there is little alteration: the finer qualities are in good demand for home consumption, and at steady prices; the purchases made for export are still inconsiderable. Molasses are to-day 25*s.* At public sales this week nearly 1000 chests Havannah sugars were brought forward; the whole sold heavily at a further reduction of 1*s.* a 2*s.*

White, fine 37*s.* a 37*s.* 6d.

middling..... 33*s.* 6d. a 36*s.*

Yellow..... 25*s.* a 26*s.*

By public sale this forenoon, about 2000 bags Bourbon sugars sold at the previous prices; ordinary yellow and fine brown 19*s.* 6d. a 21*s.* 6d. low and damp brown 17*s.* 6d. a 18*s.* 6d.

Average prices of raw sugars, by Gazette:—

May 25..... 32*s.* 3½d.

June 1..... 32*s.* 6½d.

8..... 33*s.* 8½d.

15..... 32*s.* 5½d.

22..... 30*s.* 1½d.

Coffee.—In the week ending June 4th, Jamaica declined from 3*s.* to 5*s.* the cwt. and Dominica from 1*s.* to 2*s.*, and in the following week there was a further decline of 2*s.* per cwt. The public sales in these

two weeks were considerable. On the 11th there were three public sales, the Porto Rico sold 2s. a 3s. higher, the St. Domingo at former rates; good ordinary Porto Rico 104s. a 106s. 6d., fine ordinary 107s. a 108s. 6d. middling 117s. 6d. a 120s.; middling Dominica 120s. a 120s. 6d. good and fine middling 124s. a 130s. 6d.; ordinary to good ordinary St. Domingo 98s. a 100s. In the following week, though the public sales amounted to 1,684 casks and 1,273 bags; the whole sold briskly, and in general at prices 1s. to 2s. per cwt. higher; but at three public sales on the 18th the prices declined again 1s. to 2s. and the market was heavy; middling Dominica sold at 123s. to 123s. 6d.; a large parcel of good middling Berbice was taken in at 129s. to 130s.; good middling Jamaica 130s. to 132s. 6d. There have been very extensive public sales of coffee brought forward this week; the whole has gone off with considerable briskness, and at full prices.

This forenoon four sales were again brought forward; the quantity appeared to be too considerable even for the present great demand: the prices were a shade lower, and the market dull, yet no general reduction in the prices can be stated.

Tea.—A good deal of sensation has been excited by the accounts of the suspension of the trade at Canton, in consequence of an affray between some sailors of the *Topaze* frigate and the Chinese. A considerable advance has taken place in the prices since the conclusion of the India sale which commenced on the 4th instant. The advance has been 1d. per lb. on Bohea; 2d. to 2½d. on Congo, and 2½d. to 4d. on Twankay. The market yesterday and to-day has been rather damped, by favourable intelligence up to the 19th February, when the differences with the Chinese authorities were in a fair way of being arranged.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Rum market is extremely depressed, and fine qualities are offered at a further reduction without facilitating sales to any extent. The low prices of Brandy have revived the demand, and an improvement of 2d. per gallon has taken place. Geneva without alteration.

Spices.—There is a considerable revival in the demand for Pepper, and few sellers of Company's at 6½d. By public sale this forenoon, 83 bags Pimento, middling quality, sold at 8½d. good 8¾d.

Indigo.—The quantity arrived for the sale 9th proximo little exceeds 2,000 chests: there is little alteration in the prices.

Logwood.—The late arrivals from Jamaica sell at 9l. 9s. per ton.

Oil.—By public sale on Tuesday, about 70 tons Sperm Oil, 40l. a 42l.; 42 tons Southern Oil, 20l. 5s. a 20l. 15s.

Hemp.—By public sale on Tuesday, 60 tons sound St. Petersburg clean Hemp sold 35l. 15s. a 36l. 10s.; it was of an inferior quality, soft. In Flax little doing.

Tallow, &c.—The demand for foreign Tallow has become languid; the prices must again be quoted lower: for yellow candle Tallow, parcels here, the nearest price is 35s., and for arrival 36s.

By public sale on Tuesday, 35 casks Siberia Tallow realized good prices, 32s. a 33s. 3d.

Palm Oil.—By public sale this forenoon, 307 casks Palm Oil, chiefly 22s. a 23s.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Archangel, May 10th.—Four vessels from foreign ports have already arrived, a circumstance unparalleled so early in the season: on the other hand, very few barks have yet come down from the interior, but most of them are in the neighbourhood, and only detained by contrary winds. There is every appearance that, contrary to the usual course of things, our summer prices will be lower than in winter. Our last accounts say that the Mats this year are of very good quality, and that the supply will be greater than was at first expected.

Riga, 24th May.—*Flax.* The prices last paid were, for Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 45 r.; grey ditto 40 r.; cut Badstüb, white 38 r.; grey 36 r.; Risten 'Threeband, 29½ r. a 30 r.—*Hemp.* Clean Ukraine has been bought at 100 a 105 r.; Polish ditto, 105 a 106 r.; but very little has been doing in it; inferior sorts on the contrary have not only continued in constant request, but higher prices have been given for them, viz. Ukraine, outshot, 85 r.; Polish ditto, 87 r.; Ukraine Pass, 75 r.; Polish, 77 a 78 r.; and at these prices there are more buyers than sellers. Polish Torse may be had at 47 r.—*Hemp Oil*, at 93 r. meets with but few purchasers.—*Potashes.* We have lately received some supplies. Purchases might have been made at 33 r. but there are few buyers.—*Herrings.* 13 Cargoes having arrived in a short time, the prices have been rather depressed: Bergen in beech barrels are offered at 72 r.; in fir barrels at 70 r.; at which prices however there have been considerable sales. No sale has yet been effected of the cargoes of *Salt* lately arrived, the purchasers refusing to give the prices hitherto paid. While *Havannah Sugars* have been sold at 17 cop. at from 4 to 6 months credit; yellow, likewise on credit at, 11½ cop.

Hamburgh, 8th June.—*Coffee.* Though the greater part of our divers spring supplies has arrived, yet except the inferior sorts which have been a trifle lower, all descriptions have maintained their prices, with a brisk demand. Above 35,000 lbs. of damaged Domingo has been sold by

auction at $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $11\frac{1}{2}d.$; the best sold even at $11\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $11\frac{1}{2}d.$. By private contract the following prices have been obtained: good ordinary Domingo, $11\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $11\frac{3}{4}d.$; fine ordinary ditto $11\frac{1}{2}d.$; fine ordinary Porto Rico, $12\frac{1}{2}d.$; small middling ditto, $12\frac{3}{4}d.$; middling ditto, $13\frac{1}{2}d.$; good middling ditto, $13\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $14d.$ —*Indigo* continues in demand, and some purchases have been made of it, as well as of Gum Senegal. —*Corn*. Even by the mode of public auction which was again had recourse to last week, very little wheat could be sold, and even this at the low price of 77 rix dollars for good Upland; another parcel of fine heavy Mecklenburg was sold by private contract at 77 rix dollars.

Lemberg (in Austrian Galicia), 26th May.—The new Russian tariff has spread consternation among our linen manufacturers, and the glass manufacturers of Bohemia. Another circumstance equally unfavourable to our trade is, that at the end of this month the new Russian tariff is to be in force in Bessarabia, in the room of the late provisional administration of the customs which levied only a duty of from 3 to 6 per cent. on the value of the goods to be imported. The merchants at Brody have profited as far as possible of this short interval, to send all the stock on hand, of refined sugar, by speedy conveyances to Bessarabia. The importation of our Moravian cloths to that province is now quite put a stop to, for the importation by way of St. Petersburg cannot avail us. It is possible that some alterations may soon take place in the Austrian tariff, for sealed orders have been sent to all the principal custom houses, with directions to open them on the 1st of June.

Frankfort, June 15.—Fresh difficulties appear to have arisen in bringing the negotiations at Darmstadt, for a commercial

union between the South German States, to the hoped for conclusion. Meantime the second Chamber of the Assembly of the States of Baden, resolved on presenting an address to the Grand Duke, in which they request him to take measures of reprisal against those states whose prohibitory system is most injurious to Baden, and particularly against France, and to this end to cause a law to be laid before the Diet, by which—1. The importation of all French produce, without exception, shall be wholly prohibited, and the transit duty on such produce raised so high, as to be equivalent to a prohibition—2. To adopt similar measures against Rhenish Prussia, if the Prussian Government does not take off the enormous duties: and 3. To propose similar measures against Holland and England.

This proposal was adopted unanimously by the Chambers, and the Grand Duke honoured this address with his entire approbation.

The Leipzig Easter fair, which at the commencement did not appear likely to be a good one, has, it seems, turned out much better than could possibly have been expected, considering the effects of the new Russian tariff, and the disturbed state of Greece. Formerly a fourth part of the purchases at the fairs were made by Greeks and their agents. Of course this branch of trade is wholly destroyed.

Hamburgh, June 15.—*Coffee* in great demand, and prices very firm.—*Corn* in demand on speculation, on account of the continued drought.—*Tobacco* in request, and prices improving.—*Tea* more in demand, and rising in price.—*Sugar*. Little done this week; the prices of refined, unaltered; raw rather duller, especially ordinary white Havannah and Brazil.

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 — At Whitehall, the lady of Joseph Phillimore, LL.D. and MP. a son.
 26. The lady of Lieut.-Col. Parker, Royal Artillery, a son.
 31. In Langham-place, the lady of Fred. Webb, Esq. a daughter.
 June 3. In Grosvenor-square, the lady of John Maberly, Esq. MP. a daughter.
 5. At Bognor, the Lady of Sir Wm. Dick, Bart. a daughter.
 6. The lady of the Rev. Henry White, of Kew Green, a daughter.
 7. In Manchester-square, the Lady of Sir Henry Lambert, Bart. a son and heir.
 10. In Berkeley-square, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Dartmouth, a son and heir.
 14. In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir John Keane, KCB. a son.
 16. The lady of the Rev. Charles Shipley, Rector of Mappowder, in the county of Dorset, a daughter.
 18. At Basildon Park, the Lady of Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. a son and heir.
 — At Brentford Butts, the lady of Henry Ronald, MD. a daughter.
 19. In Upper Brook-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir T. Noel Hill, a daughter.
 — At Repell's Green, Kent, the lady of Sir Charles Dalrymple, a son.

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 Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Orange, a Prince.
 At Naples, the Lady of Charles Selwyn, Esq. of Down Hall, Essex, a son.

MARRIAGES.

- May 23. Nathaniel Ellison, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, and Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, to Frances Gregg, daughter of the late J. Wombwell, Esq.
 25. Lieut. Henry Jellicoe, RN. of Wandsworth, to Jane, daughter of Sir A. B. King, Bart. late Lord Mayor of Dublin.
 — At Masham, Yorkshire, Charles Harrison, Esq. of Lincoln's inn, to Anna, Widow of John Lodge Batley, Esq. of Masham.
 29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, John Kirkman, Esq. of Grove-place, Alpha-road, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thos. Chevalier, Esq. of South Audley-street.
 30. At Marylebone, by the Rev. Robert Pym, the Rev. W. W. Pym, second son of Francis Pym, Esq. MP. for the county of Bedford, to Sophia Rose, sixth daughter of the late Samuel Gambier, Esq.
 June 1. At Cobham-hall, by the Rev. J. Stokes, AM. Vicar of Cobham, Kent, Charles Brownlow Esq. MP. for the county of Armagh, to Lady Mary Bligh, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Darnley.
 4. At Aldborough, in the county of Suffolk, by the Rev. George Harvey Vachell, the Rev. Benjamin Philpot, of Walpole, in the same county, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Vachell, Rector of Littleport, Cambridge-shire.
 5. At St. Marylebone-church, by the Rev. Edward Bankes, Prebend of Worcester and Gloucester, George Bankes, Esq. MP. second son of Henry Bankes, Esq. MP. of Kingston-hall, Dorset, to Georgiana Charlotte, only child of Admiral Nugent.

6. W. Carroll, Esq. to Elizabeth, relict of the late George Thackray, Esq. of Twickenham-lodge, Middlesex.
 7. At Liverpool, John Hayward Turner, Esq. youngest son of the late Samuel Turner, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Nicholas Crooke, Esq. of Liverpool.
 8. Henry H. Goodall, Esq. of the East India-house, to Mary, daughter of Henry Smith, Esq. of Peckham-house, Surrey.
 11. At Durham, John Trotter, Esq. MD. to Mary Anne, second daughter of the Rev. J. Fawcett, of Newton hall, in the county of Durham.
 12. At Boughton-church, Wastel Briscoe, Esq. jun. of Devonshire-place, to Maria, only daughter of John Hobday Lade, Esq. of Boughton-house, in the county of Kent.
 14. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. J. E. Compson, William Compson, Esq. of Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, youngest son of James Compson, Esq. of Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire, to Charlotte, third daughter of the late Wm. Finlay, Esq. of Carrickfergus, in the county of Antrim.
 — At St. Marylebone-church, by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, Edmund William Williams, second son of Henry Thomas Williams, Esq. of Keppel-street, Russell-square, to Isabella Mary Weston, second daughter of the late Rev. Sam. Ryder Weston, DD. Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral.
 17. At Lambeth Palace, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Hon. Robt. Smith, MP. for the county of Buckingham, only son of Lord Carrington, to the Hon. Eliza Katharine Forrester, second daughter of Lord Forrester.
 18. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Francis Gower, second son of the Marquis of Stafford, to Miss Greville, daughter of Lady Charlotte Greville. After the ceremony, the new-married couple set off to spend the honey-moon at Strathfield Say, the seat of the Duke of Wellington.
 21. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the very Rev. the Dean of Rochester, Longueville Clarke, Esq. MA. FRS. Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's-inn, and of the Privy-council, to Maria Hart, only child of Joseph Hart Myers, MD. of John-street, America-square.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, Edward Hobson, Esq. of Newtown-lodge, to Susan Prescott, only daughter of Lieut.-General Doyle.

ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's, Paris, Henry Winston Barrow, Esq. of Mount Barrow, in the county of Waterford, to Miss Leigh Page Turner, only daughter of the late Sir Gregory Leigh Page Turner, Bart. of Battlesden-park, Bedfordshire.
 At Florence, at the residence of his Majesty's Minister to the Court of Tuscany, by the Rev. Dr. Trever, Rector of West Kirby and Vicar of Eastham, Cheshire, Wm. Burn, Esq. of Coldach, Perthshire, to Jacquette, fourth daughter of Wm. Thos. Hull, Esq. of Marpool Hall, in the county of Devon.

DEATHS.

- May 20. In Gloucester-place, at the house of his son-in-law, Wm. Thompson, Esq. MP. Samuel Homfray, Esq. of Coworth-house, Berkshire, in his 61st year.
 21. At Greenroyd-house, near Ripon, Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Sir J. J. Smith, Bart. of Newland Park, Yorkshire.
 22. At Blashford-house, Ringwood, Hants, the Rev. Christopher Taylor, DD. aged 80.
 23. At Standrop, aged 92, Mrs. Dent, Grandmother of the Countess of Strathmore.
 — At her house, in Lower Brook-street, in her 77th year, her Grace the Dowager Duchess of

- Grafton, widow of Henry Augustus, Duke of Grafton, and daughter of the very Rev. Sir Rich. Wrottesley, Bart. Dean of Windsor.
26. At her house in Hertford-street, Mayfair, after a long illness, the Dowager Countess Grey, in her 78th year. Her ladyship was only daughter of George Grey, Esq. of Southwark, in the county of Durham, and widow of General, the Right Hon. Charles, first Earl Grey, KB.
27. At Sunderland, in his 43d year, Henry Fearon, MD. This gentleman may justly be said to have been an ornament to the medical profession, since, to strong intellect, and superior scientific attainments, he united unusual benevolence, and the most charitable attention to the indigent poor.
- At Merton, near York, aged 43, Parnard Smith, Esq. youngest son of the late Alderman Smith. He served the office of Sheriff of York in 1819.
29. At his house in Bolton-row, Edward Jermyng-ham, Esq.
31. At the house of Benjamin Hobhouse, Esq. Thomas Smith, Esq. of Easton Grey, in the county of Wilts.
- June 1.—In her 20th year, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Blandford, Esq. of the Inner Temple.
- In his 25th year, William Davie, Esq. twin brother of Sir John Davie, Bart. of Creedy, in the county of Devon.
3. Suddenly, at his seat, Englefield-green, Berks, the Right Hon. Viscount Bulkeley. In the morning previous to his disease his Lordship complained of a sore throat, but intended to have come to town for the purpose of entertaining a party at his residence in Stanhope-street, Mayfair.
5. At the Grove, near Durham, after a short illness, George Stephen Kemble, Esq. aged 65. The last time of his appearing on the stage was the 20th of the preceding month, when he performed the character of Sir Christopher Curry, in *Inkle and Yarico*.
6. At Southend, Eliza, wife of the Rev. W. S. Gilly, Rector of North Fambridge, Essex.
7. At Sudborough, Northamptonshire, in his 66th year, the Rev. Sir Thomas Hewett, Bart. many years Rector of that place.
- At his residence, Pinner-green-lodge, Middlesex, Daniel Wilshen, Esq. in his 79th year.
8. At Ealing-park, aged 72, Mrs. Fisher, relict of the late Catubert Fisher, Esq.
- The Right Hon. Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, Baron Walpole of Wolterton, in the county of Norfolk, and Baron Walpole, of Walpole, AM. and High Steward of Lynn Regis. His Lordship was born July 24th, 1752, and succeeded his father Feb. 24th, 1809. He is succeeded by his son, Horatio Walpole, now Earl of Orford.
9. At her grandfather's (the Earl of Tankerville,) aged 13, Elizabeth Mary, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Beresford, and Lady Anna Beresford, and grand-daughter of the late Archbishop of Tuam.
10. Jane, the wife of John Joseph Gurney, Esq. of Farham-hall, in the county of Norfolk.
11. At his house, North End, Fulham, in his 43d year, John M'Adams, Esq. late of Gerrard-street, Soho-square.
14. At her house, Duke-street, Westminster, in her 97th year, Margaret Bankes, relict of H. Bankes, Esq. of Kingston, Hull, and mother of H. Bankes, Esq. MP.
- At Highgate, Maria, eldest daughter of William Domville, Esq.
- Colonel George Evans, fourth son of the late Thomas Evans, Esq. of Knightsbridge.
15. At Nantwich, in Cheshire, in his 72d year, George Capper, Esq.
17. At his residence, in Manchester-square, aged 79, the Most Hon. Francis Ingram Seymour Conway, Marquis and Earl of Hertford KG. Earl of Yarmouth, Viscount Beauchamp, Baron of Ragley, of Conway, and of Killutagh, late Lord High Chamberlain of the King's Household, and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Warwickshire. He was born in 1743, and is succeeded by his only son, the Earl of Yarmouth, in his titles and vast wealth. The entailed estates are estimated at nearly 90,000l. per annum. His remains were removed on the 24th, for interment in the family vault, at Ragley, Warwickshire.
19. At Sandgate, in Kent, Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Boone, Esq. of Lee, in the same county, and niece of the late Chas. Boone, Esq. of Berkeley-square.
- Mrs. Grosvenor, relict of the late Richard Earle Grosvenor, Esq. of Charborough park, in the county of Dorset. The circumstances of this lady's death are very remarkable:—she had attended to give evidence before a magistrate, against a man of the name of Taylor, for a violent outrage, as she was taking an airing in her carriage; he having insisted upon getting up behind to ride, and actually pulled down the servant standing there. The prisoner was a very powerful man; nor was he secured without extreme difficulty. On his examination he requested to be permitted to speak with Mrs. G. when he pleaded so powerfully on behalf of his wife and children, that the Lady was so greatly affected as to be seized with a fit; went into convulsions; and by the time that medical aid could be procured expired.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, the Rev. James Milne, aged 79.

IN IRELAND.

At Bellevue, near Killarney, aged 25, Christina, wife of Daniel Cronin, jun. Esq. and daughter of John Collesman, Esq. of Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

ABROAD.

After a long illness, succeeded by apoplexy, Prince Augustus, reigning Duke of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg. He is succeeded by his brother, Prince Frederick.

At Leghorn, in her 17th year, Mary, youngest daughter of John Falconer, Esq. his Majesty's Consul General for Tuscany.

At Barroda, in the East Indies, in his 31st year, and 17th of his service, Captain John Brough, of the Bombay European Regiment, and Commanding a Division of the Poona Auxiliary Horse, eldest son of Captain Brough, of the county of Carlow Militia.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. H. Champion de Crespigny, instituted to the Rectory of Stoke Doyle, Northamptonshire.

—The Rev. Richard Corfield, to the Rectory of Upton Parva, Salop.—The Rev. J. Briscall, late Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, instituted to the Rectory of St. Mary, South Kelsey, with Saint Nicholas, South Kelsey, annexed, in the county and Diocese of Lincoln, on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.—The Rev. J. Sinclair has been appointed to the Pastoral Charge of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, in Carrubber's-close, Edinburgh.

—The Rev. H. Lowther, to the Rectory of Bolton, Cumberland.—The Rev. J. M. Colson, jun. to the Rectory of Peatling, Cumberland.—The Rev. T. Chevallier, MA. Fellow and Tutor of Catherine-hall, Cambridge, elected Lecturer of Great St. Andrew's, Ipswich.

OXFORD.—The Prizes for the present year have been adjudged as follows:—The Chancellor's Prizes, Latin Verse, *Alpes ab Annibala superata*,

Mr. J. Curzon, of Brazenose College.—English Essay, *On Moral Evidence*, Mr. W. A. Shirley, New College.—Latin Essay, *An revera praevaluerit apud Eruditiones Antiquorum Polytheismus*, Mr. J. B. Ottley, Oriel College.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—English Verse—*Palmyra*, Mr. A. Barber, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE.—J. H. Henslow, Esq. MA. of St. John's, was elected, May 31st, Professor of Mineralogy, in the room of the late Dr. E. D. Clarke. The other Candidates were, the Rev. Francis Lunn, MA. and the Rev. Thomas Jephson, BD. of St. John's College.

The Chancellor's Gold Medal, for the best English Poem, by a Resident Under Graduate, has been adjudged to Mr. John Henry Bright, of St. John's College—the subject *Palmyra*.

The Bishop of Chester has obtained a grant to raise every benefice in his diocese under 50l. to that amount.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROME-TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.			Nimbus.
1		30.38	30.32	30.350	63	45	54	47	41	44	NE to SE	1	1
2		30.27	30.15	30.210	63	45	54	52	44	50	NE to SE	1	1
3		30.04	29.82	29.930	67	54	60.5	51	38	47	E	1	1	1	..	1	70	..
4		29.74	29.66	29.700	67	52	59.5	62	51	74	E to SE	1	1	1	..	1	..	1	..	215
5		29.80	29.76	29.780	70	53	61.5	67	57	70	E to SE	1	1	1	..	1	1	1	..	015
6	○	29.83	29.81	29.820	72	58	65	61	52	66	E to SE	1	1	1	..	1	1	..	25	..
7		29.91	29.83	29.870	65	49	57	58	75	79	NE to N	1	1	..	200
8		30.00	29.98	29.990	58	39	48.5	64	48	57	NE	..	1	1	..	1
9		29.80	29.64	29.720	63	45	54	52	47	68	E to N	1	1	1	..	1	1	1	..	40 020
10		29.44	29.38	29.410	55	44	49.5	70	64	74	N to SW	1	..	1	..	1	1	1	..	420
11		29.76	29.58	29.670	63	49	56	60	45	51	SE to NE	1	1	1	..	1	1	1	..	060
12		29.88	29.78	29.830	52	49	50.5	65	62	67	NE	1	..	30	..
13		29.93	29.89	29.910	60	46	53	65	63	65	NE	1
14	☾	29.98	29.97	29.975	72	47	59.5	60	44	60	N to NE	..	1	1
15		30.02	30.01	30.015	68	49	58.5	60	52	64	S to E	..	1	1	1	1	1	..	50	..
16		30.06	30.05	30.055	62	49	55.5	58	55	54	E to NW
17		30.04	30.04	30.040	75	58	66.5	53	47	58	N	1	1	1	..	1	1	1	..	230
18		30.14	30.10	30.120	72	55	63.5	77	57	66	N to NW	1	1	1	..	1	1	..	40 050	..
19		30.18	30.16	30.170	71	53	62	57	45	67	SE to W	1	1	1	1	1
20	●	30.25	30.23	30.240	74	56	65	50	38	70	S to N	1	..	1	1	1
21		30.38	30.34	30.360	80	58	69	55	39	57	NW to NE	1	1	1	1	..	85	..
22		30.43	30.39	30.410	77	52	64.5	48	44	56	NE	1
23		30.34	30.20	30.270	67	49	58	56	50	53	E	1	1	1	..	1
24		30.12	30.06	30.090	69	51	60	55	40	47	NE to E	..	1	1	1	..	15	..
25		30.03	29.97	30.000	71	51	61	47	56	64	NE to W	..	1	1	..	1	1	..	100	..
26		30.06	29.92	29.990	65	46	55.5	58	72	62	SW to NW	1	1	1	..	1	..	1	..	190
27	☾	30.24	30.22	30.230	64	57	60.5	56	50	68	SW	1	1	1	..	1	1	..	45 010	..
28		30.32	30.26	30.290	73	52	62.5	60	48	67	W to SW	1	1	1	..	1
29		30.38	30.36	30.370	70	48	59	53	45	53	W to NW	1	1	1
30		30.41	30.35	30.380	67	51	59	53	47	53	NW to SW	1	1	1
31		30.42	30.38	30.400	74	53	63.5	52	45	60	NW to W	1	1	1	1.05
		30.43	29.38	30.051	80	39	58.90	57.5	50.3	61.0		20	21	2	4	22	15	11	6.05	1.510

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.43 May, 22d, Wind NE.
Minimum..... 29.38 Do. 10th, Do. NW.

Range of the Mercury 1.05

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month 30.051

for the lunar period, ending the 20th instant..... 29.972

for 15 days, with the Moon in North declination 30.034

for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination 29.840

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury 4.640

Greatest variation in 24 hours 0.380

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 13

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 80.4 May 21st, Wind N.
Minimum..... 39 Ditto 8th, Do. NE.

Range..... 41

Mean temperature of the Air 58.90

for 31 days with the Sun in Tauris... 57.30

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 26.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 51.81

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air 79° in the evening of the 7th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto 38 in the afternoons of the 3d and 20th.

Range of the Index 41

Mean at 2 o'clock PM. 50.3

at 8 Do. .. AM. 57.5

at 8 Do. .. PM. 61.0

of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock 56.3

Evaporation for the month 6.05 inch.

Rain for Ditto with the gauge near the ground..... 1.510 ditto.

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high 1.365 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, NE.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 4; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 17; an overcast sky without rain rain, 4—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.
20 21 20 4 22 15 11

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
4	8	6	4	1	2½	2½	3	31

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR MAY, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

THE first part of this month was cold, with several wet days, and very blighty winds from E. and NE., which cut off much of the young fruit, particularly pears and plums; and apparently burnt many of the leaves on the windward side of the trees: the latter part, from the 12th, was generally fair, with scorching sunshine, equal to what is felt in the height of summer, notwithstanding the winds prevailed from the eastern side of the meridian. Much *gossamer* appeared throughout the period, both within doors and about the walls and trees; its texture was remarkably fine, and the webs of the common size, having been spun by very small spiders. Slugs, grubs, palmer, and wire-worms, have this month augmented in size and numbers, and have made great havoc in the gardens.

From the increased temperature since the 12th inst. the mean thermometrical heat of this month is 4° and $\frac{2}{3}$ ths higher than the mean heat of May for the last seven years; it is nearly 7° higher than the mean of last May, and $\frac{65}{100}$ th of a degree higher than that of last June! Although the barometer has been gentle in its elevations and

depressions, yet uncommon changes have occurred in the diurnal temperature of the air, as well as in spring-water. On the 12th, the external thermometer only rose to 52° ; and on the 21st, it rose to $80\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ in the shade; a difference of $28\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ at the same hours in the afternoon in the short interval of nine days. The heat of the 21st, which kept up till nearly 6 PM., was equal to the hottest day of last summer, and $2\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ higher than in any day of May during the last seven years! As the result of this high temperature, an anomaly worth recording, appeared in this neighbourhood, namely—several new hayricks were made here by the close of May.

The dry winds and hot sunshine have also produced an unusually great evaporation, upwards of half a foot in depth, and several heavy thunder storms have been felt in London, Birmingham, &c. The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 1 *anthelion*, 3 *parhelia*, 5 solar halos, lightning in the evenings of the 5th and 16th, and 1 gale of wind from the West.

DAILY REMARKS.

May 1. Fair, with a dry easterly breeze: a clear sky and some dew by night.

2. As the preceding day, with the addition of an upper current from the north: a moonlight night, and some lofty *Cirri*.

3. A sunny day, and a solar halo in the afternoon: overcast and windy by night.

4. AM. rain at intervals: PM. fine.

5. Showery the first part of the morning, then fine, with two winds, the upper one from the south. Some heavy thunder clouds about soon after sunset, after which vivid lightning appeared to the east, south, and west, and ceased with a light shower of rain at 11 PM.: a moonlight night.

6. A fair day: overcast with *Cumulostratus*, and sultry in the evening.

7. Two winds early, the upper one from the south, followed by a rainy day: overcast by night.

8. AM. overcast and windy: PM. a clear sky, and a cold NE. wind.

9. Two *parhelia* with long white trains formed in a hazy atmosphere from 7 till 9 AM. A sunny morning and a solar halo, with nearly opposite winds, the upper one from NW., and elevated *Cirri* descending: PM. overcast and light rain at intervals, with a sinking barometer and a cold northerly wind.

10. Steady rain, and a cold NW. wind in the day: cloudy and fine by night.

11. A fine sunny day. Soon after sunset a mixture of *Cirrus*, *Cirrocumulus*, and *Cirrostratus* clouds presented a variety of colours in the light blue western sky, namely, crimson, orange, lemon, dark blue, and rose colours blended with each other, arising probably from the different qualities, heights, and distances of these modifications, on receiving the horizontal rays of the sun. Some light rain in the night, and a strong breeze from the NE.

12. Overcast with *Cumulostratus*, a blighty gale

from the NE., and only 3° difference in the temperature of the air for the past 24 hours.

13. As the preceding nearly, with an increase of temperature. Cockchafers were out for the first time this spring.

14. A summer-like day, with hot sunshine, a shifting wind, and a great increase in the diurnal temperature: a fine night.

15. Nearly as the preceding, and two gentle currents of wind.

16. A cloudless day: some flashes of lightning to the eastward in the evening, followed by *Cirrostratus* clouds.

17. AM. steady rain: PM. calm, with light shifting winds, and an insolation of clouds, which were richly tinged at sunset.

18. As the preceding day and night, nearly.

19 and 20. Fair, calm, and hot sunshine in the day; and much dew after sunset.

21. Fair with light shifting winds, and lofty *Cumuli* in a dark blue sky, which eventually passed to *Cumulostratus*. A *Stratus* was formed over Portsmouth Harbour, both in the morning and evening, by a strong evaporation.

22. AM. fair, with *Cumuli*: PM. a clear sky, but rather hazy near the ground. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc this evening, resembled a dull copper-colour.

23. Fair, with a brisk wind from the east; and the night as the preceding. At 5 o'clock this morning a faint *parhelion* appeared on the east side of the sun, a few degrees above the horizon, and nearly due east.

24. Fair with haze near the ground, and faint sunshine in the morning: PM. a clear sky, and a brisk NE. wind. This and the preceding evening the unilluminated part of the moon's disc was much brighter than in the evening of the 22d.

25. Two winds, which towards noon united the clouds, so that they had a thundery appearance, followed by a brisk shower of rain: PM. fine.

26. AM. rain and a strong gale from the SW.:

PM. fine, with a brisk NW. wind, and a rising barometer.

27. Fair, with frequent beds of *Cirrocumulus* in small and large white flocks: low and dark undulating *Cirrostratus* of an electrical appearance, passed to the NE. under another stratum of cloud in the evening, followed by light rain.

28. Fair, with a brisk SW. wind, and *Cirri* pointing upwards and downwards: a clear sky by night.

29. Fair, with a steady breeze from NW.: the night as the preceding.

30. AM. fair, with *Cirri*, &c. PM. a cloudless sky.

31. Fair, with prevailing *Cirri*, which soon after sunset passed through red and lake colours, which reflected a light crimson tint on the smooth water in Portsmouth Harbour. The planet Mercury appeared visible to the naked eye in the NW. till near the time of his setting. A clear dewy night.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Pride, Uley, Gloucestershire, engineer; for a self-regulating apparatus for spooling and warping woollen or other warps or chains. April 16.

W. Daniell, Aborcarne, Monmouthshire, manufacturer of iron; for certain improvements in the rolling of iron into bars, used for manufacturing tin plates. April 16.

B. Cook, Birmingham, patent tube manufacturer; for a certain mixture, or preparation, which may be used with advantage in preventing the damage of accident from fire. April 16.

J. Grimshaw, Bishopwearmouth, Durham, ropemaker; for a method of stitching, lacing, or manufacturing flat ropes, by means of certain rotative machinery, worked by a steam-engine. April 16.

P. Erard, Great Marlborough-street,

musical instrument-maker; for improvements on harps. Communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. April 24.

E. Dodd, St. Martin's-lane, musical instrument-maker; for improvements on pedal harps. April 24.

J. Delvean, Wardour-street, musical instrument-maker; for certain improvements on harps. April 24.

R. Ford, Abingdon-row, Goswell street-road, chemist; for a chemical liquid or solution of annotto. April 24.

R. Knight, Foster-lane, Cheapside, ironmonger, and R. Kirk, Osborn-place, Whitechapel, dyer; for a process for the more rapid crystallization, and for the evaporation of fluids, at comparative low temperatures, by a peculiar mechanical application of air. May 9.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 June.	Hamburg. 18 June.	Amsterdam. 21 June.	Vienna. 5 June.	Nuremberg 13 June.	Berlin. 15 June.	Naples.	Leipsig. 7 June.	Bremen 17 June.
London ...	25.55	37	40.11	10.42	fl. 10.9	6.13½	—	6.19½	617
Paris.	—	26 3/2	57	118 3/8	fr. 119½	84 3/4	—	80½	17½
Hamburg .	182	—	34 15/16	145	146	151 1/4	—	146 3/4	133
Amsterdam	57 1/2	104 7/8	—	137 1/2	139 1/2	143 3/4	—	140	126 3/4
Vienna. ...	251 1/2	146 1/2	36	—	40	103 3/8	—	101	—
Franckfort.	3 1/4	147 1/2	35 1/2	99	100	102 3/8	—	99 7/8	111 1/4
Augsburg .	250 1/2	146 1/2	35 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	103 3/8	—	100 1/2	—
Genoa.	474	82 3/8	90	61 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig.	—	—	—	—	99 1/2	103 1/4	—	—	111 1/4
Leghorn ...	512	89	98 5/16	56 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon. ...	553	38 3/8	42	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz.	15.50	92 3/8	102 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples. ...	432	—	61 1/4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao. ...	15.50	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid. ...	15.60	93 3/8	103 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto.	553	38 3/8	42 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 17 June.	Breslaw. 12 June.	Christiania. 5 June.	Petersburg. 4 June.	Riga. 7 June.	Antwerp 17 June.	Madrid. 10 June.	Lisbon. 1 June.
London.	153 1/2	7	9 Sp. 24	9 3/4	9 3/4	40.4	37	52 1/2
Paris.	80 3/8	—	—	103 1/2	—	1 1/2	16.1	545
Hamburg.	147 1/2	152 1/2	202	9 1/2	9	34 1/2	—	39
Amsterdam .	140 1/2	142 1/2	187 1/2	10	9 1/2	1 1/2	—	43
Genoa.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From May 21 to June 25.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-8	12-10
Ditto at sight	12-5	12-7
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-9	12-11
Antwerp	12-4	12-6
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-8	37-11
Altona, 2½ U	37-8	38
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-30	25-65
Ditto 2 U	25-60	25-95
Bordeaux	25-60	25-95
Frankfort on the Main	155½	157½
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us	9	9½
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-12	10-20
Trieste ditto	10-12	10-20
Madrid, effective	36½	36
Cadiz, effective	36	35½
Bilboa	36½	35½
Barcelona	36	35½
Seville	36½	35½
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	48	47½
Genoa	43½	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	40½	39½
Palermo, per oz.	118	
Lisbon	50½	51½
Oporto	51½	51½
Rio Janeiro	46	
Bahia	51-50	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	3	17	6
New doubloons	3	14	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	4	9
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	4	11

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 30s. 1½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Ware	£7	0	0	to	10	0	0
Middlings	3	0	0	to	6	0	0
Chats	1	6	0	to	2	6	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	May.	June.	June.	June.	June.
	25	1	8	15	22
Wheat	47 0 46 4	45 11	44 7	43 10	
Rye	22 0 20 10	20 5	16 0	17 4	
Barley	16 11 16 7	16 0	15 10	16 2	
Oats	17 4 17 5	17 0	17 5	17 10	
Beans	22 8 22 4	22 10	22 8	22 4	
Peas	24 6 25 3	24 8	24 3	22 0	

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from May 18 to June 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	47,241	279	—	47,520
Barley	7,358	—	—	7,358
Oats	95,418	3,622	—	99,040
Rye	35	6	—	41
Beans	6,327	—	—	6,327
Pease	1,720	—	—	1,720
Malt	14,668	Qrs.	Flour 39,531 Sacks.	

Foreign Flour—none.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	54s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.		
3 0 to 4	4..4 0 to 4	5..1 16 to 2 2
Whitechapel.		
3 8 to 4	0..3 8 to 4	15..1 8 to 2 2
St. James's.		
3 0 to 4	6..3 9 to 4	4..1 14 to 2 8

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—	Beef	1s. 8d. to 2s. 8d.
	Mutton	1s. 8d. to 2s. 4d.
	Veal	2s. 0d. to 3s. 8d.
	Pork	1s. 8d. to 3s. 4d.
	Lamb	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—	Beef	1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.
	Mutton	1s. 8d. to 2s. 4d.
	Veal	2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.
	Pork	2s. 0d. to 3s. 4d.
	Lamb	3s. 0d. to 3s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from May 24 to June 24, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
12,468	4,125	174,160	2,040

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from May 27 to June 17.

	May 27.	June 3.	June 10.	June 17.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	26 6 to 38 6	28 0 to 36 0	30 0 to 38 3	31 0 to 38 6
Sunderland	30 0 to 39 0	28 0 to 37 6	38 3 to 39 3	28 6 to 39 9

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(June 20th, 1822.)

	Per Share	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark	21 10	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1482	100	Do. new	63	7½ p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	100	4	1760	—	Vauxhall	17	—	3000	100
Basingstoke	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes	100	5	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided)	600	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	33	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	29	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny	80	4	958	150	— Bonds	102	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	93	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100	Barking	30	—	300	100
Coventry	1000	44 3	500	100	Commercial	105	5	1000	100
Croydon	2	—	4546	100	— East-India				
Derby	135	6	600	100	Branch	100	5	—	100
Dudley	63	3	2060½	100	Great Dover Street	33	1 19	492	100
Ellesmere and Chester	61	3	3575½	133	Highgate Archway	4	—	2393	50
Erewash	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway	—	1	1006	65
Forth and Clyde	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.	—	1	1000	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye Do.	31 10	1 10	3762	50
Do. optional Loan	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	245	10	11,815½	100	East London	100	—	3800	100
Grand Surrey	55	3	1521	100	Grand Junction	56	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan	102	5	60,000l.	—	Kent	31 10	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union	21	—	2849½	100	London Bridge	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan	100	5	19,327l.	—	South London	30	—	800	100
Grand Western	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex	54 10	2 5	7540	—
Grantham	145	8	749	150	York Buildings	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield	13 10	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon	18 5	16	25,328	100	Albion	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster	27	1	11,699½	100	Atlas	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool	390	12	2,879½	100	Bath	575	40	—	—
Leicester	300	14	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	80	4	1895	100	British	50	3	—	250
Loughborough	3400	170	70	—	County	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray	221	11	250	100	Eagle	2 12	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—	European	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire	160	8	2409	100	Globe	134	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures	100	5	43,526l.	100	Guardian	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	700	100	Hope	4 5	6	40,000	50
Neath	420	25	247	—	Imperial	93	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts	—	—	1770	25	London	—	1 4	3900	25
Nottingham	200	12	500	150	London Ship	—	1	31,000	25
Oxford	670	32	1720	100	Provident	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest	70	3	2400	100	Rock	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange	260	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's	33	—	12,294	—	Sun Fire	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale	52 10	2	5631	100	Sun Life	23 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	500	125	Union	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company)	71	4	8000	50
Stafford, & Worcestershire	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares	65 10	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge	210	9	800	145	City Gas Light Company	113	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	12	—	3647	—	Do. New	60 10	—	1000	100
Stroudwater	495	22	—	—	Bath Gas	17	16	2500	20
Swansea	180	10	533	100	Brighton Gas	20	1	1500	20
Tavistock	90	—	350	100	Bristol	26 10	1 14	2500	20
Thames and Medway	20	—	2670	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk	—	75	1300	200	London	27	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100	Russel	11	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton	210	10	980	100	Surrey	5	—	700	30gs
Wilts and Berks	6	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.				
Wisbeach	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart	22	1 5	1080	50
Worcester and Birmingham	25	1	6000	—	British Copper Company	52	2 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery	10	—	2299	80
Bristol	14	—	2209	146	Do.	6	—	3447	50
Do. Notes	100	5	268,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms	15	1	2000	150
Commercial	81	3 10	3132	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class	92	4	—	—
East-India	160	8	450,000l.	100	Do. 2d Class	74	3	—	—
East Country	31	—	1038	100	City Bonds	—	5	—	—
London	108½	4	3,114,000l.	100					
West-India	186	10	1,200,000l.	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th May to 24th June.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	New 4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
May															
25	240	78½	79½	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	55	—	3 5	80½
27	Hol.														
28	Hol.														
29	240	78½	79½	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	77½	—	240	53	89½	2d6p	80½
30	240	78½	79½	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	77½	—	239	46	—	1 5	80½
31	240	78½	79½	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
June															
1	239½	78½	79	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	43	—	1 4	80½
3	239½	78½	79½	89½	94½	—	—	19½	—	—	239½	42	89	1 5	80½
4	239½	78½	79	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	—	—	239½	42	—	2 3	80½
5	—	78½	shut.	89½	94½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	42	—	1 1	80½
6	240	78½	—	89½	95	95½	—	20	—	—	—	46	—	1 1	80½
7	240	78½	—	89½	95½	95½	—	20	—	—	—	48	—	1 5	80½
8	—	78½	91	90½	95½	96	—	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 2	80½
10	240½	79½	—	90½	95½	96½	—	20½	—	—	—	47	—	1 4	80½
11	Hol.														
12	240½	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	49	—	1 5	80½
13	240½	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	—	—	—	47	—	par 6	80½
14	240	79½	9	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	48	—	1d6p	80½
15	240	79½	9	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 5	80½
17	239½	79½	—	—	96	—	—	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 1	80½
18	240	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	106	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 5	80½
19	—	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	50	—	1 5	80½
20	240	79½	80	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	51	—	2 5	81½
21	242½	80½	—	90½	97½	98	—	20½	79½	—	—	51	—	par 5	81½
22	—	80½	—	91½	97½	98½	—	20½	—	—	—	—	—	par 6	81½
24	—	80½	—	—	98½	—	—	20½	—	—	—	—	—	—	81½

IRISH FUNDS.

	Bank Stock.	Government Debenture, 3½ per cent.	Government Stock, 3½ per cent.	Government Debenture, 4 per cent.	Government Stock, 4 per cent.	Government Debenture, 5 per cent.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
May											
18	246	90	89½	—	—	—	103	—	—	71	23
21	—	—	90	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	71	—
22	245½	—	90	—	—	103	103	par.	—	71	—
23	245½	90	89	—	—	102½	102½	par.	—	71½	—
25	—	90	89	—	—	103	103	par.	—	—	—
30	246	—	89	—	—	—	103½	—	—	—	—
June											
5	245½	90	89½	—	—	103	103	par.	—	71	—
8	246	90	89½	—	—	—	102½	par.	—	70½	—
13	—	91½	90½	—	—	102½	102½	100½	45½	70½	—
15	—	91½	90½	—	—	102½	102½	100½	46	70½	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From May 25. to June 17

	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
May	fr. c.	fr. c.
25	89 30	1607 50
27	89 60	—
31	89 80	—
June		
3	90 5	—
5	90 30	—
7	90 90	—
10	92 15	1635
12	91 50	1630
15	92	—
17	91 70	1632

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.				NEW YORK.	
	June 4	14	18	21	May 7	15
Bank Shares.....	22	22	22	22	105½	104½
6 per cent..... 1812....	—	—	92½	—	102½	102½
1813....	—	—	—	—	103½	103
1814....	95½	—	—	—	104	104
1815....	—	—	98½	98½	108	107
5 per cent..... 1821....	—	—	95½	95½	—	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.